

ADVENTURE



**Good Reading
for
High
Schools**

**CROSS
SMITH
STAUFFER**





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From a painting by Harold M. Sichel

The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below

From "The *Revenge*," page 127

Good Reading for High Schools

I · ADVENTURE

BY

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Good Reading for High Schools

I · ADVENTURE

II · ACHIEVEMENT

AMERICAN WRITERS

ENGLISH WRITERS

The Athenæum Press

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Preface



THIS book of "Good Reading for High Schools" contains four longer pieces of literature, unabridged, and an equivalent volume of shorter selections also unabridged unless otherwise indicated in the text. It thus presents sufficient material for a year's work (both classroom study and home reading) for an average class in the early years of the high-school course.

The four books of this series supply ample material to meet the requirements of the College Entrance Examination Board. In preparing these books the editors have consulted eighteen state courses of study and twenty-one city courses of study.

Guided by a knowledge of classroom needs gained through years of personal experience as teachers, the editors have kept the needs of the schools constantly in mind. They have chosen for this volume only works which, in their estimation, are adapted to the early years of high school. For instance, pupils in these early years especially enjoy short stories. For this reason *Adventure* presents twenty-one short stories of various kinds, grouped under the following headings: Humorous Tales, Short Stories, Descriptive Sketches, Stories of Achievement, and Simple Narratives. They have so distributed the material and so arranged the study helps that the selections may be read in any order that the judgment of the teacher may suggest in view of the needs, tastes, and capacities of the pupils. They have not only chosen the selections, but they have prepared the study helps very definitely to meet the needs of the younger high-school pupils. They have defined words only where definition is necessary. If a word or a phrase causes no trouble or is unimportant the first time it appears in a selection, it is not annotated, but it is annotated the second time it appears if that is the place where explanation is needed.

The "Study Hints" found at the end of each selection are mere hints. Any well-trained teacher can and will think of many others equally suitable. Few pupils, however, will have time to utilize all the hints in the book. The editors have tried merely to suggest the sort of things that can be done to stimulate class discussion of the various pieces of literature.

The editors especially call the attention of teachers and pupils to two

distinct features of this book: the "headnote" written for each selection, and the "Dictionary of Names and Phrases."

In the "Dictionary of Names and Phrases" you will find explanations of many obscure names and phrases found in the text. Those allusions included in the "Dictionary of Names and Phrases" which should be familiar to all educated men and women are marked with an asterisk in the text.

Words and phrases which are used in the text in a special sense are defined at the foot of the page on which they occur. Wherever they were able to do so, the editors have defined words with synonyms.

With the estimates which the editors have placed upon certain pieces of writing many teachers and many pupils will disagree. So much the better! Such differences of opinion will encourage pupils to form judgments of their own — an end greatly to be desired.

Finally, the editors urge as strongly as they are able that poetry, drama, and the conversation in the prose selections be read aloud; for only when he so reads them will a pupil realize the beauty of these types of literature.

Acknowledgments

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To Martin W. Littleton for "Two Noblemen."

To Elihu Root for "A Pan-American Policy."

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The loss of the brig

"Kidnapped," page 49

Novel of Adventure



Kidnapped

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON* (1850-1894)

["Kidnapped" is a novel of adventure. It is a story of thrilling experiences amid strange and fascinating surroundings. The hero is an orphan boy who left home to seek his only uncle and found him in a house of mystery. The boy was kidnapped and placed on a vessel bound for America, where he was to be sold as a slave. On the ship he met "the man with the belt of gold" and joined forces with him against the slavers, only to meet with further adventures.

Like all other properly written novels of adventure "Kidnapped" is interesting chiefly because of the things that happen to the hero. In most novels love is combined with adventure to make a good story; in "Kidnapped" the author depends entirely upon adventure. "Kidnapped" is, however, far superior to the ordinary adventure stories for two reasons: first, the characters are real human beings instead of mere puppets; second, the language is simple and the style is direct and spirited. Because of its human interest it was Stevenson's favorite among all his books.

Though "Kidnapped" is in many respects a romance, it is founded on fact. There actually was a famous murder case in which Alan Stewart (called Alan Breck "the spotted" because he was pock-marked) attempted to draw suspicion upon himself to shield a kinsman. The incident grew out of the age-old hatreds of the Highland* clans for each other, and their sympathies with the banished royal family of Stuarts* (Stewarts) during the eighteenth century.

But in "Kidnapped," as in many other literary masterpieces, the best part of the story is the product of the author's trained, artistic imagination. David Balfour and his marvelous adventures existed first in the mind of Stevenson, the great wizard of modern romance.

The author spoke aloud the words of all his stories before he wrote them down, acting out, so far as he was able, the part of each character. The best effects will come, therefore, from reading¹ the book aloud, and in this way entering into the spirit of the story.]

NOTE. While you are reading "Kidnapped" follow the course of the action by consulting the map on the inside front cover.

CHAPTER I

I set off upon my Journey to the House of Shaws

I WILL begin the story of my adventures with a certain morning early in the month of June, the year of grace 1751, when I took the key for the last time out of the door of my father's house. The sun began to shine upon the summit of the hills as I went down the road; and by the time I had come as far as the manse,² the black-birds were whistling in the garden lilacs, and the mist that hung around the valley in the time of the dawn was beginning to arise and die away.

Mr. Campbell, the minister of Essendean, was waiting for me by the garden gate, good man! He asked me if I had breakfasted; and hearing that I lacked for nothing, he took my hand in both of his, and clapped it kindly under his arm.

¹ The best chapters to read aloud are Chapters VI, IX, XIV, XVI, XX, XXVI, and XXIX.

² The house occupied by a minister of the Presbyterian church.

"Well, Davie lad," said he, "I will go with you as far as the ford, to set you on the way."

And we began to walk forward in silence.

"Are ye sorry to leave Essendean?" said he, after a while.

"Why, sir," said I, "if I knew where I was going, or what was likely to become of me, I would tell you candidly. Essendean is a good place indeed, and I have been very happy there; but then I have never been anywhere else. My father and mother, since they are both dead, I shall be no nearer to in Essendean than in the Kingdom of Hungary; and to speak truth, if I thought I had a chance to better myself where I was going, I would go with a good will."

"Ay?" said Mr. Campbell. "Very well, Davie. Then it behooves me to tell your fortune; or so far as I may. When your mother was gone, and your father (the worthy, Christian man) began to sicken for his end, he gave me in charge a certain letter, which he said was your inheritance. 'So soon,' says he, 'as I am gone, and the house is redd up¹ and the gear² disposed of' (all which, Davie, hath been done) 'give my boy this letter into his hand, and start him off to the house of Shaws, not far from Cramond. That is the place I came from,' he said, 'and it's where it befits that my boy should return. He is a steady lad,' your father said, 'and a canny goer³'; and I doubt not he will come sae, and be well liked where he goes.'"

"The house of Shaws!" I cried. "What had my poor father to do with the house of Shaws?"

"Nay," said Mr. Campbell, "who can tell that for a surety? But the name of that family, Davie boy, is

the name you bear — Balfours of Shaws: an ancient, honest, reputable house, peradventure in these latter days decayed. Your father, too, was a man of learning as befitted his position; no man more plausibly conducted school; nor had he the manner or the speech of a common dominie¹ but (as ye will yourself remember) I took aye a pleasure to have him to the manse to meet the gentry²; and those of my own house, Campbell of Kilrennet, Campbell of Dunswire, Campbell of Minch, and others, all well-kenned gentlemen, had pleasure in his society. Lastly, to put all the elements of this affair before you, here is the testamentary letter³ itself, superscribed by the own hand of our departed brother."

He gave me the letter, which was addressed in these words: "To the hands of Ebenezer Balfour, Esquire, of Shaws, in his house of Shaws, these will be delivered by my son, David Balfour." My heart was beating hard at this great prospect now suddenly opening before a lad of sixteen years of age, the son of a poor country dominie in the Forest of Ettrick.*

"Mr. Campbell," I stammered, "and if you were in my shoes, would you go?"

"Of a surety," said the minister, "that would I, and without pause. A pretty lad like you should get to Cramond (which is near in by Edinburgh) in two days of walk. If the worst came to the worst, and your high relations (as I cannot but suppose them to be somewhat of your blood) should put you to the door, ye can but walk the two days back again and risp⁴ at the manse door. But I would rather hope that ye shall be well received, as your poor father forecast for you, and for anything that I ken, come to be a great

¹ Set in order.

² Farm tools and household furniture.

³ A cautious person.

¹ Schoolmaster.

² Men belonging to the upper social classes of a community.

³ Will.

⁴ Knock.

man in time. And here, Davie laddie," he resumed, "it lies near upon my conscience to improve this parting, and set you on the right guard against the dangers of the world."

Here he cast about¹ for a comfortable seat, lighted on a big boulder under a birch by the trackside, sate down upon it with a very long, serious upper lip, and the sun now shining in upon us between two peaks, put his pocket-handkerchief over his cocked hat to shelter him. There, then, with uplifted forefinger, he first put me on my guard against a considerable number of heresies,² to which I had no temptation, and urged upon me to be instant³ in my prayers and reading of the Bible. That done, he drew a picture of the great house that I was bound to, and how I should conduct myself with its inhabitants.

"Be soople,⁴ Davie, in things immaterial," said he. "Bear ye this in mind, that, though gentle born, ye have had a country rearing. Dinnae shame us, Davie, dinnae shame us! In yon great, muckle⁵ house, with all these domestics, upper and under, show yourself as nice, as circumspect, as quick at the conception, and as slow of speech as any. As for the laird⁶ — remember he's the laird; I say no more: honor to whom honor. It's a pleasure to obey a laird; or should be, to the young."

"Well, sir," said I, "it may be; and I'll promise you I'll try to make it so."

"Why, very well said," replied Mr. Campbell, heartily. "And now to come to the material, or (to make a quibble) to the immaterial. I have here a little packet which contains four things." He tugged it, as he spoke,

and with some difficulty, from the skirt pocket of his coat. "Of these four things, the first is your legal due: the little pickle money¹ for your father's books and plenishing,² which I have bought (as I have explained from the first) in the design of re-selling at a profit to the incoming dominie. The other three are gifties that Mrs. Campbell and myself would be blithe³ of your acceptance. The first, which is round, will likely please ye best at the first off-go; but, O Davie laddie, it's but a drop of water in the sea; it'll help you but a step, and vanish like the morning. The second, which is flat and square and written upon, will stand by you through life, like a good staff for the road, and a good pillow to your head in sickness. And as for the last, which is cubical, that'll see you, it's my prayerful wish, into a better land."

With that he got upon his feet, took off his hat, and prayed a little while aloud, and in affecting terms, for a young man setting out into the world; then suddenly took me in his arms and embraced me very hard; then held me at arm's length, looking at me with his face all working with sorrow; and then whipped about, and crying good-bye to me, set off backward by the way that we had come at a sort of jogging run. It might have been laughable to another; but I was in no mind to laugh. I watched him as long as he was in sight; and he never stopped hurrying, nor once looked back. Then it came in upon my mind that this was all his sorrow at my departure; and my conscience smote me hard and fast, because I, for my part, was overjoyed to get away out of that quiet countryside, and go to a great, busy house, among rich and respected gentlefolk of my own name and blood.

¹ Looked around.

² Beliefs forbidden by the Church.

³ Earnest.

⁴ Follow the wishes of others in things not important morally.

⁵ Large.

⁶ Lord.

¹ A small sum of money.

² Furniture.

³ Glad.

"Davie, Davie," I thought, "was ever seen such black ingratitude? Can you forget old favors and old friends at the mere whistle of a name? Fy, fy, think shame!"¹

And I sat down upon the boulder the good man had just left, and opened the parcel to see the nature of my gifts. That which he had called cubical, I had never had much doubt of; sure enough it was a little Bible, to carry in a plaid-neuk.² That which he had called round, I found to be a shilling piece; and the third, which was to help me so wonderfully both in health and sickness all the days of my life, was a little piece of coarse yellow paper, written upon thus in red ink:

TO MAKE LILLY OF THE VALLEY WATER
—Take the flowers of lilly of the valley and distil them in sack,³ and drink a spooneful or two as there is occasion. It restores speech to those that have the dumb palsey.⁴ It is good against the Gout; it comforts the heart and strengthens the memory; and the flowers, put into a Glasse, close stopt, and set into ane hill of ants for a month, then take it out, and you will find a liquor which comes from the flowers, which keep in a vial; it is good, ill or well, and whether man or woman.

And then, in the minister's own hand, was added:

Likewise for sprains, rub it in; and for the cholic, a great spoonful in the hour.

To be sure, I laughed over this; but it was rather tremulous laughter; and I was glad to get my bundle on my staff's end and set out over the ford and up the hill upon the farther side; till, just as I came on the green drove-road running wide through the heather, I took my last look of Kirk Essendean, the trees about the manse, and the big rowans⁵ in the kirkyard where my father and my mother lay.

¹ Shame on you!

² The sewed-up corner of a plaid.

³ A dry wine.

⁴ Paralysis.

⁵ Mountain-ash trees.

CHAPTER II

I come to my Journey's End

ON THE forenoon of the second day, coming to the top of a hill, I saw all the country fall away before me down to the sea; and in the midst of this descent, on a long ridge, the city of Edinburgh smoking like a kiln. There was a flag upon the castle, and ships moving or lying anchored in the firth; both of which, for as far away as they were, I could distinguish clearly; and both brought my country heart into my mouth.

Presently after I came by a house where a shepherd lived, and got a rough direction for the neighborhood of Cramond, and so, from one to another, worked my way to the westward of the capital by Colinton, till I came out upon the Glasgow road. And there to my great pleasure and wonder, I beheld a regiment marching to the fifes, every foot in time; an old red-faced general on a gray horse at the one end, and at the other the company of Grenadiers,¹ with their Pope's-hats.² The pride of life seemed to mount into my brain at the sight of the redcoats and the hearing of that merry music.

A little further on, and I was told I was in Cramond parish, and began to substitute in my inquiries the name of the house of Shaws. It was a word that seemed to surprise those of whom I sought my way. At first I thought the plainness of my appearance, in my country habit, and that all dusty from the road, consorted ill with the greatness of the place to which I was bound. But after two, or maybe three, had given me the same look and the same answer, I began to take it in my head there was something strange about the Shaws itself.

The better to set this fear at rest, I

¹ Soldiers of large stature.

² Tall hats, similar to the headdress of the Pope.

changed the form of my inquiries; and spying an honest fellow coming along a lane on the shaft of his cart, I asked him if he had ever heard tell of a house they called the house of Shaws.

He stopped his cart and looked at me, like the others.

"Ay," said he. "What for?"

"It's a great house?" I asked.

"Doubtless," says he. "The house is a big, muckle house."

"Ay," said I, "but the folk that are in it?"

"Folk?" cried he. "Are ye daft? There's nae folk there — to call folk."

"What?" says I; "not Mr. Ebenezer?"

"O, ay," says the man; "there's the laird, to be sure, if it's him you're wanting. What'll like be your business, mannie?"

"I was led to think that I would get a situation," I said, looking as modest as I could.

"What?" cries the carter, in so sharp a note that his very horse started, and then, "Well, mannie," he added, "it's nane of my affairs; but ye seem a decent-spoken lad; and if ye'll take a word from me, ye'll keep clear of the Shaws."

The next person I came across was a dapper little man in a beautiful white wig, whom I saw to be a barber on his rounds; and knowing well that barbers were great gossips, I asked him plainly what sort of a man was Mr. Balfour of the Shaws.

"Hoot, hoot, hoot," said the barber, "nae kind of a man, nae kind of a man at all"; and began to ask me very shrewdly what my business was; but I was more than a match for him at that, and he went on to his next customer no wiser than he came.

I cannot well describe the blow this dealt to my illusions. The more indistinct the accusations were, the less I liked them, for they left the wider field

to fancy. What kind of a great house was this, that all the parish should start and stare to be asked the way to it? or what sort of a gentleman that his ill-fame should be thus current¹ on the wayside? If an hour's walking would have brought me back to Essendean, I had left my adventure then and there, and returned to Mr. Campbell's. But when I had come so far a way already, mere shame would not suffer me to desist till I had put the matter to the touch of proof²; I was bound, out of mere self-respect, to carry it through; and little as I liked the sound of what I heard, and slow as I began to travel, I still kept asking my way and still kept advancing.

It was drawing on to sundown when I met a stout, dark, sour-looking woman coming trudging down a hill; and she, when I had put my usual question, turned sharp about, accompanied me back to the summit she had just left, and pointed to a great bulk of building standing very bare upon a green in the bottom of the next valley. The country was pleasant round about, running in low hills, pleasantly watered and wooded, and the crops, to my eyes, wonderfully good; but the house itself appeared to be a kind of ruin; no road led up to it; no smoke arose from any of the chimneys; nor was there any semblance of a garden. My heart sank. "That!" I cried.

The woman's face lit up with a malignant anger. "That is the house of Shaws!" she cried. "Blood built it; blood stopped the building of it; blood shall bring it down. See here!" she cried again — "I spit upon the ground, and crack my thumb at it! Black be its fall! If ye see the laird, tell him what ye hear; tell him this makes the twelve hunner and nineteen time that Jennet Clouston has called down the curse on him and his house,

¹ Commonly well known.

² Test.

byre¹ and stable, man, guest, and master, wife, miss, or barn — black, black be their fall!"

And the woman, whose voice had risen to a kind of eldritch² sing-song, turned with a skip, and was gone. I stood where she left me, with my hair on end. In those days folk still believed in witches and trembled at a curse; and this one, falling so pat,³ like a wayside omen, to arrest me⁴ ere I carried out my purpose, took the pith⁵ out of my legs.

I sat me down and stared at the house of Shaws. The more I looked the pleasanter that country-side appeared; being all set with hawthorn bushes full of flowers; the fields dotted with sheep; a fine flight of rooks⁶ in the sky; and every sign of a kind soil and climate; and yet the barrack in the midst of it went sore against my fancy.

Country folk went by from the fields as I sat there on the side of the ditch, but I lacked the spirit to give them a good-e'en. At last the sun went down, and then, right up against the yellow sky, I saw a scroll of smoke go mounting not much thicker, as it seemed to me, than the smoke of a candle; but still there it was, and meant a fire, and warmth, and cookery, and some living inhabitant that must have lit it; and this comforted my heart wonderfully — more, I feel sure, than a whole flask of the lily of the valley water that Mrs. Campbell set so great a store by.

So I set forward by a little faint track in the grass that led in my direction. It was very faint indeed to be the only way to a place of habitation; yet I saw no other. Presently it brought me to stone uprights, with an unroofed lodge beside them, and coats of arms upon the top. A main entrance, it was

plainly meant to be, but never finished; instead of gates of wrought iron, a pair of hurdles¹ were tied across with a straw rope; and as there were no park walls, nor any sign of avenue, the track that I was following passed on the right hand of the pillars and went wandering on toward the house.

The nearer I got to that the drearier it appeared. It seemed like the one wing of a house that had never been finished. What should have been the inner end stood open on the upper floors, and showed against the sky with steps and stairs of uncompleted masonry. Many of the windows were unglazed, and bats flew in and out like doves out of a dove-cote.

The night had begun to fall as I got close; and in three of the lower windows, which were very high up, and narrow, and well barred, the changing light of a little fire began to glimmer.

Was this the palace I had been coming to? Was it within these walls that I was to seek new friends and begin great fortunes? Why, in my father's house on Essen-Waterside, the fire and the bright lights would show a mile away, and the door open to a beggar's knock!

I came forward cautiously, and giving ear as I came, heard some one rattling with dishes, and a little dry, eager cough that came in fits; but there was no sound of speech, and not a dog barked.

The door, as well as I could see it in the dim light, was a great piece of wood all studded with nails; and I lifted my hand with a faint heart under my jacket, and knocked once. Then I stood and waited. The house had fallen into a dead silence; a whole minute passed away, and nothing stirred but the bats overhead. I knocked again, and hearkened again. By this time my ears had grown so accustomed to the quiet, that I could hear

¹ Cow barn.

² Wild, unnatural.

³ Happening at so fitting a time.

⁴ A warning to stop me.

⁵ Strength.

⁶ Birds resembling crows.

¹ Movable frames made of twigs woven together.



the ticking of the clock inside as it slowly counted out the seconds; but whoever was in that house kept deadlly still, and must have held his breath.

I was in two minds whether to run away; but anger got the upper hand, and I began instead to rain kicks and buffets on the door, and to shout out aloud for Mr. Balfour. I was in full career, when I heard the cough right overhead, and jumping back and looking up, beheld a man's head in a tall night-cap, and the bell mouth of a blunderbuss,¹ at one of the first story windows.

"It's loaded," said a voice.

"I have come here with a letter," I said, "to Mr. Ebenezer Balfour of Shaws. Is he here?"

"From whom is it?" asked the man with the blunderbuss.

"That is neither here nor there," said I, for I was growing very wroth.

"Well," was the reply, "ye can put it

down upon the doorstep, and be off with ye."

"I will do no such thing," I cried. "I will deliver it into Mr. Balfour's hands, as it was meant I should. It is a letter of introduction."

"A what?" cried the voice, sharply.

I repeated what I had said.

"Who are ye, yourself?" was the next question, after a considerable pause.

"I am not ashamed of my name," said I. "They call me David Balfour."

At that, I made sure the man started, for I heard the blunderbuss rattle on the window-sill; and it was after quite a long pause, and with a curious change of voice, that the next question followed.

"Is your father dead?"

I was so much surprised at this, that I could find no voice to answer, but stood staring.

"Ay," the man resumed, "he'll be dead, no doubt; and that'll be what brings ye chapping¹ to my door."

¹ A gun with a large bore and a bell-shaped muzzle.

¹ Knocking.

Another pause, and then, defiantly, "Well, man," he said. "I'll let ye in"; and he disappeared from the window.

CHAPTER III

I make Acquaintance of my Uncle

PRESENTLY there came a great rattling of chains and bolts, and the door was cautiously opened, and shut to again behind me as soon as I had passed.

"Go into the kitchen and touch naething," said the voice; and while the person of the house set himself to replacing the defences of the door, I groped my way forward and entered the kitchen.

The fire had burned up fairly bright, and showed me the barest room I think I ever put my eyes on. Half-a-dozen dishes stood upon the shelves; the table was laid for supper with a bowl of porridge, a horn spoon, and a cup of small beer.¹ Besides what I have named, there was not another thing in that great, stone-vaulted, empty chamber, but lock-fast chests arranged along the wall and a corner cupboard with a padlock.

As soon as the last chain was up the man rejoined me. He was a mean, stooping, narrow-shouldered, clay-faced creature; and his age might have been anything between fifty and seventy. His nightcap was of flannel, and so was the nightgown that he wore, instead of coat and waistcoat, over his ragged shirt. He was long unshaved; but what most distressed and even daunted me, he would neither take his eyes away from me nor look me fairly in the face. What he was, whether by trade or birth, was more than I could fathom; but he seemed most like an old, unprofitable serving-man, who should have been left² in charge of that big house upon board wages.³

¹ Weak beer, ale.

² Had been left.

³ Wages scarcely sufficient to buy food and clothing.

"Are ye sharp-set¹?" he asked, glancing at about the level of my knee. "Ye can eat that drop parritch."

I said I feared it was his own supper.

"O," said he, "I can do fine wanting² it. I'll take the ale though, for it slockens³ my cough." He drank the cup about half out, still keeping an eye upon me as he drank; and then suddenly held out his hand. "Let's see the letter," said he.

I told him the letter was for Mr. Balfour; not for him.

"And who do ye think I am?" says he. "Give me Alexander's letter!"

"You know my father's name?"

"It would be strange if I didnae," he returned, "for he was my born brother; and little as ye seem to like either me or my house, or my good parritch, I'm your born uncle, Davie my man, and you my born nephew. So give us the letter, and sit down and fill your kyte."⁴

If I had been some years younger, what with shame, weariness, and disappointment, I believe I had burst into tears. As it was, I could find no words, neither black nor white, but handed him the letter, and sat down to the porridge with as little appetite for meat⁵ as ever a young man had.

Meanwhile, my uncle, stooping over the fire, turned the letter over and over in his hands.

"Do ye ken what's in it?" he asked suddenly.

"You see for yourself, sir," said I, "that the seal has not been broken."

"Ay," said he, "but what brought you here?"

"To give the letter," said I.

"No," says he, cunningly, "but ye'll have had some hopes, nae doubt?"

"I confess, sir," said I, "when I was told that I had kinsfolk, well-to-do, I did indeed indulge the hope that they might help me in my life. But I am no

¹ Very hungry.

³ Eases.

⁵ Food.

² Without.

⁴ Stomach.

beggar; I look for no favors at your hands, and I want none that are not freely given. For as poor as I appear, I have friends of my own that will be blithe to help me."

"Hoot-toot!" said Uncle Ebenezer, "dinnae fly up in the snuff¹ at me! We'll agree fine yet. And, Davie my man, if you're done with that bit parritch, I could just take a sup of it myself. Ay," he continued, as soon as he had ousted me from the stool and spoon, "they're fine, halesome food — they're grand food, parritch." He murmured a little grace to himself and fell to. "Your father was very fond of his meat, I mind; he was a hearty, if not a great eater; but as for me, I could never do mair than pyke² at food." He took a pull at the small beer, which probably reminded him of hospitable duties; for his next speech ran thus: "If ye're dry, ye'll find water behind the door."

To this I returned no answer, standing stiffly on my two feet, and looking down upon my uncle with a mighty angry heart. He, on his part, continued to eat like a man under some pressure of time, and to throw out little darting glances now at my shoes and now at my homespun stockings. Once only, when he had ventured to look a little higher, our eyes met; and no thief taken with a hand in a man's pocket could have shown more lively signals of distress. This set me in a muse, whether his timidity arose from too long a disuse of any human company; and whether perhaps, upon a little trial, it might pass off, and my uncle change into an altogether different man. From this I was awakened by his sharp voice.

"Your father's been long dead?" he asked.

"Three weeks, sir," said I.

"He was a secret³ man, Alexander; a secret, silent man," he continued. "He never said muckle when he was

young. He'll never have spoken muckle of me?"

"I never knew, sir, till you told it me yourself, that he had any brother."

"Dear me, dear me!" said Ebenezer. "Nor yet of Shaws, I daresay?"

"Not so much as the name, sir," said I.

"To think o' that!" said he. "A strange nature of a man!" For all that, he seemed singularly satisfied, but whether with himself, or me, or with this conduct of my father's, was more than I could read. Certainly, however, he seemed to be outgrowing that distaste, or ill-will, that he had conceived at first against my person; for presently he jumped up, came across the room behind me, and hit me a smack upon the shoulder. "We'll agree fine yet!" he cried. "I'm just as glad I let you in. And now come awa' to your bed."

To my surprise, he lit no lamp or candle, but set forth into the dark passage, groped his way, breathing deeply, up a flight of steps, and paused before a door, which he unlocked. I was close upon his heels, having stumbled after him as best I might; and then he bade me go in, for that was my chamber. I did as he bid, but paused after a few steps, and begged a light to go to bed with.

"Hoot-toot!" said Uncle Ebenezer, "there's a fine moon."

"Neither moon nor star, sir, and pit-mirk,"¹ said I. "I cannae see the bed."

"Hoot-toot, hoot-toot!" said he. "Lights in a house is a thing I dinnae agree with. I'm unco feared² of fires. Good night to ye, Davie my man." And before I had time to add a further protest, he pulled the door to, and I heard him lock me in from the outside.

I did not know whether to laugh or cry. The room was as cold as a well,

¹ Become angry.

² Pick.

³ Retiring.

¹ Dark as a pit.

² Exceedingly afraid.

and the bed, when I had found my way to it, as damp as a peat-hag¹; but by good fortune I had caught up my bundle and my plaid, and rolling myself in the latter, I lay down upon the floor under the lee² of the big bedstead, and fell speedily asleep.

With the first peep of day I opened my eyes, to find myself in a great chamber, hung with stamped leather, furnished with fine embroidered furniture, and lit by three fair windows. Ten years ago, or perhaps twenty, it must have been as pleasant a room to lie down or to awake in, as a man could wish; but damp, dirt, disuse, and the mice and spiders had done their worst since then. Many of the window-panes, besides, were broken; and indeed this was so common a feature in that house that I believe my uncle must at some time have stood a siege from his indignant neighbors—perhaps with Jennet Clouston at their head.

Meanwhile the sun was shining outside; and being very cold in that miserable room, I knocked and shouted till my gaoler came and let me out. He carried me to the back of the house, where was a draw-well,³ and told me to "wash my face there, if I wanted"; and when that was done, I made the best of my own way back to the kitchen, where he had lit the fire and was making the porridge. The table was laid with two bowls and two horn spoons, but the same single measure of small beer. Perhaps my eye rested on this particular with some surprise, and perhaps my uncle observed it; for he spoke up as if in answer to my thought, asking me if I would like to drink ale — for so he called it.

I told him such was my habit, but not to put himself about.

"Na, na," said he; "I'll deny you nothing in reason."

He fetched another cup from the shelf; and then, to my great surprise, instead of drawing more beer, he poured an accurate half from one cup to the other. There was a kind of nobleness in this that took my breath away; if my uncle was certainly a miser, he was one of that thorough breed that goes near to make the vice respectable.

When we had made an end of our meal, my Uncle Ebenezer unlocked a drawer, and drew out of it a clay pipe and a lump of tobacco, from which he cut one fill before he locked it up again. Then he sat down in the sun at one of the windows and silently smoked. From time to time his eyes came coasting round to me, and he shot out one of his questions. Once it was, "And your mother?" and when I had told him that she, too, was dead, "Ay, she was a bonnie lassie!" Then after another long pause, "Whae were these friends o' yours?"

I told him they were different gentlemen of the name of Campbell; though, indeed, there was only one, and that the minister, that had ever taken the least note of me; but I began to think my uncle made too light of my position, and finding myself all alone with him, I did not wish him to suppose me helpless.

He seemed to turn this over in his mind; and then, "Davie my man," said he, "ye've come to the right bit when ye came to your Uncle Ebenezer. I've a great notion of the family and I mean to do the right by you; but while I'm taking a bit think to mysel' of what's the best thing to put you to — whether the law, or the meenistry, or maybe the army, whilk¹ is what boys are fondest of — I wouldnae like the Balfours to be humbled before a wheen² Hieland³ Campbells, and I'll ask you

¹ A pit from which peat has been dug.

² Shelter.

³ A well from which water is drawn with a bucket.
Read "The Old Oaken Bucket" (p. 406).

¹ Which.

² Few.

³ Highland.*

to keep your tongue within your teeth. Nae letters; nae messages; no kind of word to onybody; or else — there's my door."

"Uncle Ebenezer," said I, "I've no manner of reason to suppose you mean anything but well by me. For all that, I would have you to know that I have a pride of my own. It was by no will of mine that I came seeking you; and if you show me your door again, I'll take you at the word."

He seemed grievously put out. "Hoots-toots," said he, "ca' cannie, man — ca' cannie!¹ Bide a day or two. I'm nae warlock,² to find a fortune for you in the bottom of a parritch bowl; but just you give me a day or two, and say naething to naebody, and as sure as sure, I'll do the right by you."

"Very well," said I, "enough said. If you want to help me, there's no doubt but I'll be glad of it, and none but I'll be grateful."

It seemed to me (too soon, I daresay) that I was getting the upper hand of my uncle; and I began next to say that I must have the bed and bedclothes aired and put to sun-dry; for nothing would make me sleep in such a pickle.³

"Is this my house or yours?" said he, in his keen voice, and then all of a sudden broke off. "Na, na," said he, "I dinnae mean that. What's mine is yours, Davie my man, and what's yours is mine. Blood's thicker than water; and there's naebody but you and me that ought⁴ the name." And then on he rambled about the family, and its ancient greatness, and his father that began to enlarge the house, and himself that stopped the building as a sinful waste; and this put it in my head to give him Jennet Clouston's message.

"The limmer!"⁵ he cried. "Twelve

hunner and fifteen — that's every day since I had the limmer row-pit!¹ Dod, Davie, I'll have her roasted on red peats before I'm by with it! A witch — a proclaimed witch! I'll aff² and see the session clerk."³

And with that he opened a chest, and got out a very old and well-preserved blue coat and waistcoat, and a good enough beaver hat, both without lace. These he threw on anyway, and taking a staff from the cupboard, locked all up again, and was for setting out, when a thought arrested him.

"I cannae leave you by yoursel' in the house," said he. "I'll have to lock you out."

The blood came into my face. "If you lock me out," I said, "it'll be the last you see of me in friendship."

He turned very pale, and sucked his mouth in. "This is no the way," he said, looking wickedly at a corner of the floor — "this is no the way to win my favor, David."

"Sir," says I, "with a proper reverence for your age and our common blood, I do not value your favor at a boddle's⁴ purchase. I was brought up to have a good conceit of myself; and if you were all the uncle, and all the family I had in the world ten times over, I wouldn't buy your liking at such prices."

Uncle Ebenezer went and looked out of the window for a while. I could see him all trembling and twitching, like a man with palsy. But when he turned round, he had a smile upon his face.

"Well, well," said he, "we must bear and forbear. I'll no go; that's all that's to be said of it."

¹ Sold at auction.

² Go.

³ The clerk of the church session (the principal governing body in a Presbyterian church).

⁴ A coin worth a fraction of a cent.

¹ Go cautiously. ² Damp place. ³ Low woman.

³ Wizard. ⁴ Own.

"Uncle Ebenezer," I said, "I can make nothing out of this. You use me like a thief; you hate to have me in this house; you let me see it, every word and every minute; it's not possible that you can like me; and as for me, I've spoken to you as I never thought to speak to any man. Why do you seek to keep me, then? Let me gang¹ back—let me gang back to the friends I have, and that like me!"

"Na, na; na, na," he said, very earnestly. "I like you fine; we'll agree fine yet; and for the honor of the house I couldnae let you leave the way ye came. Bide here quiet, there's a good lad; just you bide here quiet a bittie, and ye'll find that we agree."

"Well, sir," said I, after I had thought the matter out in silence, "I'll stay a while. It's more just I should be helped by my own blood than strangers; and if we don't agree, I'll do my best it shall be through no fault of mine."

CHAPTER IV

I run a Great Danger in the House of Shaws

FOR a day that was begun so ill, the day passed fairly well. We had the porridge cold again at noon, and hot porridge at night; porridge and small beer was my uncle's diet. He spoke but little, and that in the same way as before, shooting a question at me after a long silence; and when I sought to lead him in talk about my future, slipped out of it again. In a room next door to the kitchen, where he suffered me to go, I found a great number of books, both Latin and English, in which I took great pleasure all the afternoon. Indeed the time passed so lightly in this good company, that I began to be almost

reconciled to my residence at Shaws; and nothing but the sight of my uncle, and his eyes playing hide and seek with mine, revived the force of my distrust.

One thing I discovered, which put me in some doubt. This was an entry on the fly-leaf of a chapbook¹ (one of Patrick Walker's) plainly written by my father's hand and thus conceived: "To my brother Ebenezer on his fifth birthday." Now, what puzzled me was this: That as my father was of course the younger brother, he must either have made some strange error, or he must have written, before he was yet five, an excellent, clear, manly hand of writing.

I tried to get this out of my head: but though I took down many interesting authors, old and new, history, poetry, and story-book, this notion of my father's hand of writing stuck to me; and when at length I went back into the kitchen, and sat down once more to porridge and small beer, the first thing I said to Uncle Ebenezer was to ask him if my father had not been very quick at his book.

"Alexander? No him!" was the reply. "I was far quicker mysel'; I was a clever chappie when I was young. Why, I could read as soon as he could."

This puzzled me yet more; and a thought coming into my head, I asked if he and my father had been twins.

He jumped upon his stool, and the horn spoon fell out of his hand upon the floor. "What gars² ye ask that?" he said, and he caught me by the breast of the jacket, and looked this time straight into my eyes; his own, which were little and light, and bright like a bird's, blinking and winking strangely.

"What do you mean?" I asked, very calmly, for I was far stronger than he, and not easily frightened. "Take your

¹ A pocket-size book of poems and tales.

² Makes.

¹ Go.

hand from my jacket. This is no way to behave."

My uncle seemed to make a great effort upon himself. "Dod, man David," he said, "ye shouldnae speak to me about your father. That's where the mistake is." He sat a while and shook, blinking in his plate: "He was all the brother that ever I had," he added, but with no heart in his voice; and then he caught up his spoon and fell to supper again, but still shaking.

Now this last passage, this laying of hands upon my person and sudden profession of love for my dead father, went so clean beyond my comprehension that it put me into both fear and hope. On the one hand, I began to think my uncle was perhaps insane and might be dangerous; on the other, there came up into my mind (quite unbidden by me and even discouraged) a story like some ballad I had heard folk singing, of a poor lad that was a rightful heir and a wicked kinsman that tried to keep him from his own. For why should my uncle play a part with a relative that came, almost a beggar, to his door, unless in his heart he had some cause to fear him?

With this notion, all unacknowledged, but nevertheless getting firmly settled in my head, I now began to imitate his covert¹ looks; so that we sat at table like a cat and a mouse, each stealthily observing the other. Not another word had he to say to me, black or white, but was busy turning something secretly over in his mind; and the longer we sat and the more I looked at him, the more certain I became that the something was unfriendly to myself.

When he had cleared the platter, he got out a single pipeful of tobacco, just as in the morning, turned round a stool into the chimney corner, and sat a while smoking, with his back to me.

"Davie," he said, at length, "I've

¹ Stealthy.

been thinking"; then he paused, and said it again. "There's a wee bit siller¹ that I half promised ye before ye were born," he continued; "promised it to your father. O, naething legal, ye understand; just gentlemen daffing² at their wine. Well, I keepit that bit money separate—it was a great expense, but a promise is a promise—and it has grown by now to be a matter of just precisely—just exactly"—and here he paused and stumbled—"of just exactly forty pounds!"³ This last he rapped out with a sidelong glance over his shoulder; and the next moment added, almost with a scream, "Scots!"⁴

The pound Scots being the same thing as an English shilling, the difference made by this second thought was considerable; I could see, besides, that the whole story was a lie, invented with some end which it puzzled me to guess; and I made no attempt to conceal the tone of raillery in which I answered:

"O, think again, sir! Pounds sterling,⁵ I believe!"

"That's what I said," returned my uncle; "pounds sterling! And if you'll step out-by⁶ to the door a minute, just to see what kind of a night it is, I'll get it out to ye and call ye in again."

I did his will, smiling to myself in my contempt that he should think I was so easily to be deceived. It was a dark night, with a few stars low down; and as I stood just outside the door, I heard a hollow moaning of wind far off among the hills. I said to myself there was something thundery and

¹ A small sum of money.

² Acting foolishly.

³ About \$200.

⁴ The "pound Scots" was worth about one shilling, about twenty-five cents, making the sum \$10 rather than \$200.

⁵ Pounds sterling were worth twenty shillings, about five dollars.

⁶ Outside.

changeable in the weather, and little knew of what a vast importance that should prove to me before the evening passed.

When I was called in again, my uncle counted out into my hand seven and thirty golden guinea pieces; the rest was in his hand, in small gold and silver; but his heart failed him there, and he crammed the change into his pocket.

"There," said he, "that'll show you! I'm a queer man, and strange wi' strangers; but my word is my bond, and there's the proof of it."

Now, my uncle seemed so miserly that I was struck dumb by this sudden generosity, and could find no words in which to thank him.

"No a word!" said he. "Nae thanks; I want nae thanks. I do my duty; I'm no saying that everybody would have done it; but for my part (though I'm a careful body, too) it's a pleasure to me to do the right by my brother's son; and it's a pleasure to me to think that now we'll agree as such near friends should."

I spoke him in return as handsomely as I was able; but all the while I was wondering what would come next, and why he had parted with his precious guineas; for as to the reason he had given, a baby would have refused it.

Presently, he looked toward me sideways: "And see here," says he, "tit for tat."

I told him I was ready to prove my gratitude in any reasonable degree, and then waited, looking for some monstrous demand. And yet, when at last he plucked up courage to speak, it was only to tell me (very properly, as I thought) that he was growing old and a little broken, and that he would expect me to help him with the house and the bit garden.

I answered, and expressed my readiness to serve.

"Well," he said, "let's begin." He pulled out of his pocket a rusty key.

"There," says he, "there's the key of the stair-tower at the far end of the house. Ye can only win into it¹ from the outside, for that part of the house is no finished. Gang ye in there, and up the stairs, and bring me down the chest that's at the top. There's papers in't," he added.

"Can I have a light, sir?" said I.

"Na," said he, very cunningly. "Nae lights in my house."

"Very well, sir," said I. "Are the stairs good?"

"They're grand," said he; and then as I was going, "Keep to the wall," he added; "there's nae bannisters. But the stairs are grand underfoot."

Out I went into the night. The wind was still moaning in the distance, though never a breath of it came near the house of Shaws. It had fallen blacker than ever; and I was glad to feel along the wall, till I came the length of the stair-tower door at the far end of the unfinished wing. I had got the key into the keyhole and had just turned it, when all upon a sudden, without sound of wind or thunder, the whole sky was lighted up with wild fire and went black again. I had to put my hand over my eyes to get back to the color of the darkness; and indeed I was already half blinded when I stepped into the tower.

It was so dark inside, it seemed a body could scarce breathe; but I pushed out with foot and hand, and presently struck the wall with the one, and the lowermost round of the stair with the other. The wall, by the touch, was of fine hewn stone; the steps too, though somewhat steep and narrow, were of polished masonwork, and regular and solid under foot. Mind-ing my uncle's word about the bannisters, I kept close to the tower side, and felt my way up in the pitch darkness with a beating heart.

¹ Make your way into it.

The house of Shaws stood some five full stories high, not counting lofts. Well, as I advanced, it seemed to me the stair grew airier and a thought more lightsome; and I was wondering what might be the cause of this change, when a second blink of the summer lightning came and went. If I did not cry out, it was because fear had me by the throat; and if I did not fall, it was more by Heaven's mercy than my own strength. It was not only that the flash shone in on every side through breaches in the wall, so that I seemed to be clambering aloft upon an open scaffold, but the same passing brightness showed me the steps were of unequal length, and that one of my feet rested that moment within two inches of the well.¹

This was the grand stair! I thought; and with the thought a gust of a kind of angry courage came into my heart. My uncle had sent me here, certainly to run great risks, perhaps to die. I swore I would settle that "perhaps," if I should break my neck for it; got me down upon my hands and knees; and as slowly as a snail, feeling before me every inch, and testing the solidity of every stone, I continued to ascend the stair. The darkness, by contrast with the flash, appeared to have redoubled; nor was that all; for my ears were now troubled and my mind confounded by a great stir of bats in the top part of the tower, and the foul beasts, flying downwards, sometimes beat about my face and body.

The tower, I should have said, was square; and in every corner the step was made of a great stone of a different shape, to join the flights. Well, I had come close to one of these turns, when, feeling forward as usual, my hand slipped upon an edge and found nothing but emptiness beyond it. The stair had been carried no higher: to set a stranger mounting it in the darkness was to send

him straight to his death; and (although, thanks to the lightning and my own precautions, I was safe enough) the mere thought of the peril in which I might have stood, and the dreadful height I might have fallen from, brought out the sweat upon my body and relaxed my joints.

But I knew what I wanted now, and turned and groped my way down again, with a wonderful anger in my heart. About half-way down, the wind sprang up in a clap and shook the tower, and died again; the rain followed; and before I had reached the ground level, it fell in buckets. I put out my head into the storm, and looked along toward the kitchen. The door, which I had shut behind me when I left, now stood open, and shed a little glimmer of light; and I thought I could see a figure standing in the rain, quite still, like a man hearkening. And then there came a blinding flash, which showed me my uncle plainly, just where I had fancied him to stand; and hard upon the heels of it, a great tow-row of thunder.

Now, whether my uncle thought the crash to be the sound of my fall, or whether he heard in it God's voice denouncing murder, I will leave you to guess. Certain it is, at least, that he was seized on by a kind of panic fear, and that he ran into the house and left the door open behind him. I followed as softly as I could, and, coming unheard into the kitchen, stood and watched him.

He had found time to open the corner cupboard and bring out a great case bottle of aqua vitæ¹ and now sat with his back toward me at the table. Ever and again he would be seized with a fit of deadly shuddering and groan aloud, and carrying the bottle to his lips, drink down the raw spirits by the mouthful.

I stepped forward, came close behind him where he sat, and suddenly clapping

¹ The hollow center of the tower, about which the stairway was built.

¹ Distilled liquor.

my two hands down upon his shoulders — "Ah!" cried I.

My uncle gave a kind of broken cry like a sheep's bleat, flung up his arms, and tumbled to the floor like a dead man. I was somewhat shocked at this; but I had myself to look to first of all, and did not hesitate to let him lie as he had fallen. The keys were hanging in the cupboard; and it was my design to furnish myself with arms before my uncle should come again to his senses and the power of devising evil. In the cupboard were a few bottles, some apparently of medicine; a great many bills and other papers, which I should willingly enough have rummaged, had I had the time; and a few necessities, that were nothing to my purpose. Thence I turned to the chests. The first was full of meal; the second of money-bags and papers tied into sheaves; in the third, with many other things (and these for the most part of clothes) I found a rusty ugly-looking Highland dirk¹ without the scabbard. This, then, I concealed inside my waistcoat, and turned to my uncle.

He lay as he had fallen, all huddled, with one knee up and one arm sprawling abroad; his face had a strange color of blue, and he seemed to have ceased breathing. Fear came on me that he was dead; then I got water and dashed it in his face; and with that he seemed to come a little to himself, working his mouth and fluttering his eyelids. At last he looked up and saw me, and there came into his eyes a terror that was not of this world.

"Come, come," said I, "sit up."

"Are ye alive?" he sobbed. "O man, are ye alive?"

"That am I," said I. "Small thanks to you!"

He had begun to seek for his breath with deep sighs. "The blue phial,"²

said he — "in the aumry¹ — the blue phial." His breath came slower still.

I ran to the cupboard, and, sure enough, found there a blue phial of medicine, with the dose written on it on a paper, and this I administered to him with what speed I might.

"It's the trouble,"² said he, reviving a little; "I have a trouble, Davie. It's the heart."

I set him on a chair and looked at him. It is true I felt some pity for a man that looked so sick, but I was full besides of righteous anger; and I numbered over before him the points on which I wanted explanation: why he lied to me at every word; why he feared that I should leave him; why he disliked it to be hinted that he and my father were twins — "Is that because it is true?" I asked; why he had given me money to which I was convinced I had no claim; and, last of all, why he had tried to kill me. He heard me all through in silence; and then, in a broken voice, begged me to let him go to bed.

"I'll tell ye the morn," he said; "as sure as death I will."

And so weak was he that I could do nothing but consent. I locked him into his room, however, and pocketed the key; and then returning to the kitchen, made up such a blaze as had not shone there for many a long year, and wrapping myself in my plaid, lay down upon the chests and fell asleep.

CHAPTER V

I go to the Queen's Ferry

MUCH rain fell in the night; and the next morning there blew a bitter wintry wind out of the north-west, driving scattered clouds. For all that, and before the sun began to peep or the last of the stars had vanished, I made my way to the side of the burn,³ and

¹ A dagger about sixteen inches long, with a three-cornered blade. ² A small bottle.

¹ A small cupboard. ² Ailment. ³ Brook.

had a plunge in a deep whirling pool. All aglow from my bath, I sat down once more beside the fire, which I replenished, and began gravely to consider my position.

There was now no doubt about my uncle's enmity; there was no doubt I carried my life in my hand, and he would leave no stone unturned that he might compass my destruction. But I was young and spirited, and like most lads that have been country-bred, I had a great opinion of my shrewdness. I had come to his door no better than a beggar and little more than a child; he had met me with treachery and violence; it would be a fine consummation to take the upper hand, and drive him like a herd of sheep.

I sat there nursing my knee and smiling at the fire; and I saw myself in fancy smell out his secrets one after another, and grow to be that man's king and ruler. The warlock¹ of Essendean, they say, had made a mirror in which men could read the future; it must have been of other stuff than burning coal; for in all the shapes and pictures that I sat and gazed at, there was never a ship, never a seaman with a hairy cap, never a big bludgeon for my silly head, or the least sign of all those tribulations that were ripe to fall on me.

Presently, all swollen with conceit, I went up-stairs and gave my prisoner his liberty. He gave me good morning civilly; and I gave the same to him, smiling down upon him from the heights of my sufficiency.² Soon we were set to breakfast, as it might have been the day before.

"Well, sir," said I, with a jeering tone, "have you nothing more to say to me?" And then, as he made no articulate reply, "It will be time, I think, to understand each other," I continued. "You took me for a country Johnnie Raw, with no more mother-wit or cour-

age than a porridge-stick. I took you for a good man, or no worse than others at the least. It seems we were both wrong. What cause you have to fear me, to cheat me, and to attempt my life —"

He murmured something about a jest, and that he liked a bit of fun; and then, seeing me smile, changed his tone, and assured me he would make all clear as soon as we had breakfasted. I saw by his face that he had no lie ready for me, though he was hard at work preparing one; and I think I was about to tell him so, when we were interrupted by a knocking at the door.

Bidding my uncle sit where he was, I went to open it, and found on the doorstep a half-grown boy in sea-clothes. He had no sooner seen me than he began to dance some steps of the sea-hornpipe (which I had never before heard of, far less seen), snapping his fingers in the air and footing it right cleverly. For all that, he was blue with the cold; and there was something in his face, a look between tears and laughter, that was highly pathetic and consisted ill with this gayety of manner.

"What cheer,¹ mate?"² says he, with a cracked voice.

I asked him soberly to name his pleasure.

"O, pleasure!" says he; and then began to sing:

For it's my delight, of a shiny night
In the season of the year.

"Well," said I, "if you have no pleasure at all, I will even be so unmannerly as shut you out."

"Stay, brother!" he cried. "Have you no fun about you? or do you want to get me thrashed? I've brought a letter from old Heasy-oasy to Mr. Bel-flower." He showed me a letter as he spoke. "And I say, mate," he added, "I'm mortal hungry."

¹ How are you?

² A common form of address among sailors.

¹ Wizard. ² The good opinion I had of myself.

"Well," said I, "come into the house, and you shall have a bite if I go empty for it."

With that I brought him in and set him down to my own place, where he fell-to greedily on the remains of breakfast, winking to me between whiles, and making many faces, which I think the poor soul considered manly. Meanwhile, my uncle had read the letter and sat thinking; then, suddenly, he got to his feet with a great air of liveliness, and pulled me apart into the farthest corner of the room.

"Read that," said he, and put the letter in my hand.

Here it is, lying before me as I write:

The Hawes Inn, at the Queen's Ferry

Sir, — I lie here with my hawser up and down,¹ and send my cabin-boy to inform. If you have any further commands for overseas, to-day will be the last occasion, as the wind will serve as well out of the firth. I will not seek to deny that I have had crosses with your doer,² Mr. Rankeillor; of which, if not speedily redd up, you may looke to see some losses follow. I have drawn a bill upon you, as per margin, and am, sir, your most obdtd., humble servant

ELIAS HOSEASON

"You see, Davie," resumed my uncle, as soon as he saw that I had done, "I have a venture with this man Hoseason, the captain of a trading brig, the *Covenant*, of Dysart. Now, if you and me was to walk over with yon lad, I could see the captain at the Hawes, or maybe on board the *Covenant*, if there was papers to be signed; and so far from a loss of time, we can jog on to the lawyer, Mr. Rankeillor's. After a' that's come and gone, ye would be swier³ to believe me upon my naked⁴ word; but ye'll can believe Rankeillor. He's factor⁵ to half the gentry in these parts; an auld man, forby⁶: highly respeckit; and he kenned your father."

¹ Ready to set sail.

² Agent.

³ Unwilling.

⁴ Mere.

⁵ Agent.

⁶ Besides.

I stood a while and thought. I was going to some place of shipping, which was doubtless populous, and where my uncle durst attempt no violence, and, indeed, even the society of the cabin-boy so far protected me. Once there, I believed I could force on the visit to the lawyer, even if my uncle were now insincere in proposing it: and perhaps, in the bottom of my heart, I wished a nearer view of the sea and ships. You are to remember I had lived all my life in the inland hills, and just two days before had my first sight of the firth lying like a blue floor, and the sailed ships moving on the face of it, no bigger than toys. One thing with another, I made up my mind.

"Very well," says I, "let us go to the ferry."

My uncle got into his hat and coat, and buckled an old rusty cutlass¹ on; and then we trod the fire out, locked the door, and set forth upon our walk.

The wind, being in that cold quarter, the north-west, blew nearly in our faces as we went. It was the month of June; the grass was all white with daisies and the trees with blossom; but, to judge by our blue nails and aching wrists, the time might have been winter and the whiteness a December frost.

Uncle Ebenezer trudged in the ditch, jogging from side to side like an old ploughman coming home from work. He never said a word the whole way; and I was thrown for talk on the cabin-boy. He told me his name was Ransome, and that he had followed the sea since he was nine, but could not say how old he was, as he had lost his reckoning. He showed me tattoo marks, baring his breast in the teeth of the wind and in spite of my remonstrances, for I thought it was enough to kill him; he swore horribly whenever he remembered, but more like a silly schoolboy than a man; and boasted of many wild and bad

¹ A short, heavy sword.

things that he had done: stealthy thefts, false accusations, ay, and even murder; but all with such a dearth of likelihood in the details, and such a weak and crazy swagger in the delivery, as disposed me rather to pity than to believe him.

I asked him of the brig (which he declared was the finest ship that sailed) and of Captain Hoseason, in whose praise he was equally loud. Heasy-oasy (for so he still named the skipper) was a man, by his account, that minded for nothing either in heaven or earth; one that, as people said, would "crack on all sail into the day of judgment"¹; rough, fierce, unscrupulous, and brutal; and all this my poor cabin-boy had taught himself to admire as something seamanlike and manly. He would only admit one flaw in his idol. "He ain't no seaman," he admitted. "That's Mr. Shuan that navigates the brig; he's the finest seaman in the trade, only for drink; and I tell you I believe it! Why, look 'ere"; and turning down his stocking, he showed me a great, raw, red wound that made my blood run cold. "He done that — Mr. Shuan done it," he said, with an air of pride.

"What!" I cried, "do you take such savage usage at his hands? Why, you are no slave to be so handled!"

"No," said the poor moon-calf,² changing his tune at once, "and so he'll find! See 'ere"; and he showed me a great case-knife, which he told me was stolen. "O," says he, "let me see him try; I dare him to; I'll do for him! O, he ain't the first!" And he confirmed it with a poor, silly, ugly oath.

I have never felt such a pity for any one in this wide world as I felt for that half-witted creature; and it began to come over me that the brig *Covenant* (for all her pious name) was little better than a hell upon the seas.

"Have you no friends?" said I.

He said he had a father in some English seaport, I forget which. "He was a fine man, too," he said; "but he's dead."

"In Heaven's name," cried I, "can you find no reputable life on shore?"

"O, no"; says he, winking and looking very sly; "they would put me to a trade. I know a trick worth two of that, I do!"

I asked him what trade could be so dreadful as the one he followed, where he ran the continual peril of his life, not alone from wind and sea, but by the horrid cruelty of those who were his masters. He said it was very true; and then began to praise the life, and tell what a pleasure it was to get on shore with money in his pocket, and spend it like a man, and buy apples, and swagger, and surprise what he called stick-in-the-mud boys. "And then it's not all as bad as that," says he; "there's worse off than me: there's the twenty-pounders. O, laws! you should see them taking on. Why, I've seen a man as old as you, I dessay" — (to him I seemed old) — "ah, and he had a beard, too — well, and as soon as we cleared out of the river, and he had the drug out of his head — my! how he cried and carried on! I made a fine fool of him, I tell you! And then there's little uns, too: O, little by me! I tell you, I keep them in order. When we carry little uns, I have a rope's end of my own to wallop 'em." And so he ran on, until it came in on me that what he meant by twenty-pounders were those unhappy criminals who were sent overseas to slavery in North America, or the still more unhappy innocents who were kidnapped or trepanned¹ (as the word went) for private interests or vengeance.

¹ Set all the sails of his ship no matter what might happen.

² Stupid fellow.

¹ Trapped. Convicts were sent to America and sold as slaves, usually for a certain number of years. Ship captains sometimes captured innocent persons and sold them as convicts.

Just then we came to the top of the hill, and looked down on the Ferry and the Hope.¹ The Firth of Forth (as is very well known) narrows at this point to the width of a good-sized river, which makes a convenient ferry going north, and turns the upper reach into a land-locked haven for all manner of ships. Right in the midst of the narrows lies an islet with some ruins; on the south shore they have built a pier for the service of the ferry; and at the end of the pier, on the other side of the road, and backed against a pretty garden of holly-trees and hawthorns, I could see the building which they called the Hawes Inn.

The town of Queensferry lies farther west, and the neighborhood of the inn looked pretty lonely at that time of day, for the boat had just gone north with passengers. A skiff, however, lay beside the pier, with some seamen sleeping on the thwarts; this, as Ransome told me, was the brig's boat waiting for the captain; and about half a mile off, and all alone in the anchorage,² he showed me the *Covenant* herself. There was a sea-going bustle on board; yards³ were swinging into place; and as the wind blew from that quarter, I could hear the song of the sailors as they pulled upon the ropes. After all I had listened to upon the way, I looked at that ship with an extreme abhorrence; and from the bottom of my heart I pitied all poor souls that were condemned to sail in her.

We had all three pulled up on the brow of the hill; and now I marched across the road and addressed my uncle. "I think it right to tell you, sir," said I, "there's nothing that will bring me on board that *Covenant*."

He seemed to waken from a dream. "Eh?" he said. "What's that?"

I told him over again.

"Well, well," he said, "we'll have to please ye, I suppose. But what are we standing here for? It's perishing cold: and if I'm no mistaken, they're busking¹ the *Covenant* for sea."

CHAPTER VI

What befell at the Queen's Ferry

AS SOON as we came to the inn, Ransome led us up the stair to a small room, with a bed in it, and heated like an oven by a great fire of coal. At a table hard by the chimney, a tall, dark, sober-looking man sat writing. In spite of the heat of the room, he wore a thick sea-jacket, buttoned to the neck, and a tall hairy cap drawn down over his ears; yet I never saw any man, not even a judge upon the bench, look cooler, or more studious and self-possessed, than this ship captain.

He got to his feet at once, and coming forward, offered his large hand to Ebenezer. "I am proud to see you, Mr. Balfour," said he, in a fine deep voice, "and glad that ye are here in time. The wind's fair, and the tide upon the turn: we'll see the old coal-bucket² burning on the Isle of May before to-night."

"Captain Hoseason," returned my uncle, "you keep your room unco' hot."

"It's a habit I have, Mr. Balfour," said the skipper. "I'm a cold-rife³ man by my nature; I have a cold blood, sir. There's neither fur, nor flannel — no, sir, nor hot rum, will warm up what they call the temperature. Sir, it's the same with most men that have been carbonadoed,⁴ as they call it, in the tropic seas."

¹ The name of a bay.

² The part of a harbor set aside for ships to ride at anchor.

³ Arms extending outward from the masts of a ship.

¹ Getting ready.

² A coal beacon on the Isle of May, in the Firth of Forth.

³ Likely to catch cold.

⁴ To cut and broil. Here, accustomed to great heat.

"Well, well, captain," replied my uncle, "we must all be the way we're made."

But it chanced that this fancy of the captain's had a great share in my misfortunes. For though I had promised myself not to let my kinsman out of sight, I was both so impatient for a nearer look of the sea, and so sickened by the closeness of the room, that when he told me to "run down-stairs and play myself a while," I was fool enough to take him at his word.

Away I went, therefore, leaving the two men sitting down to a bottle and a great mass of papers; and crossing the road in front of the inn, walked down upon the beach. With the wind in that quarter, only little wavelets, not much bigger than I had seen upon a lake, beat upon the shore. But the weeds were new to me—some green, some brown and long, and some with little bladders that crackled between my fingers. Even so far up the firth, the smell of the sea water was exceeding salt and stirring; the *Covenant*, besides, was beginning to shake out her sails, which hung upon the yards in clusters; and the spirit of all that I beheld put me in thoughts of far voyages and foreign places.

I looked, too, at the seamen with the skiff—big brown fellows, some in shirts, some with jackets, some with colored handkerchiefs about their throats, one with a brace of pistols stuck into his pockets, two or three with knotty bludgeons, and all with their case-knives. I passed the time of day with one that looked less desperate than his fellows, and asked him of the sailing of the brig. He said they would get under way as soon as the ebb set, and expressed his gladness to be out of a port where there were no taverns and fiddlers; but all with such horrifying oaths, that I made haste to get away from him.

This threw me back on Ransome, who seemed the least wicked of the gang, and

who soon came out of the inn and ran to me, crying for a bowl of punch. I told him I would give him no such thing, for neither he nor I was of age for such indulgences. "But a glass of ale you may have, and welcome," said I. He mopped and mowed¹ at me, and called me names; but he was glad to get the ale, for all that; and presently we were set down at a table in the front room of the inn, and both eating and drinking with a good appetite.

Here it occurred to me that, as the landlord was a man of that country, I might do well to make a friend of him. I offered him a share, as was much the custom in these days; but he was far too great a man to sit with such poor customers as Ransome and myself, and he was leaving the room, when I called him back to ask if he knew Mr. Rankeillor.

"Hoot, ay," says he, "and a very honest man. And, O, by-the-bye," says he, "was it you that came in with Ebenezer?" And when I had told him yes, "Ye'll be no friend of his?" he asked, meaning, in the Scottish way, that I would be no relative.

I told him no, none.

"I thought not," said he; "and yet ye have a kind of gliff² of Mr. Alexander."

I said it seemed that Ebenezer was ill-seen³ in the country.

"Nae doubt," said the landlord. "He's a wicked auld man, and there's many would like to see him girning in a tow:⁴ Jennet Clouston and mony mair that he has harried out of house and mair. And yet he was ance a fine young fellow, too. But that was before the sough⁵ gaed abroad about Mr. Alexander; that was like the death of him."

"And what was it?" I asked.

"Ou, just that he had killed him," said the landlord. "Did ye never hear that?"

¹ Made faces.

² Look, resemblance.

³ Not well thought of.

⁴ In a noose.

⁵ Rumor.

"And what would he kill him for?" said I.

"And what for, but just to get the place," said he.

"The place?" said I. "The Shaws?"

"Nae other place that I ken," said he.

"Ay, man?" said I. "Is that so? Was my — was Alexander the eldest son?"

"Deed was he," said the landlord. "What else would he have killed him for?"

And with that he went away, as he had been impatient to do from the beginning.

Of course, I had guessed it a long while ago; but it is one thing to guess, another to know; and I sat stunned with my good fortune, and could scarce grow to believe that the same poor lad who had trudged in the dust from Ettrick* Forest not two days ago, was now one of the rich of the earth, and had a house and broad lands, and if he but knew how to ride, might mount his horse to-morrow. All these pleasant things, and a thousand others, crowded into my mind, as I sat staring before me out of the inn window, and paying no heed to what I saw; only I remember that my eye lighted on Captain Hoseason down on the pier among his seamen, and speaking with some authority. And presently he came marching back toward the house, with no mark of a sailor's clumsiness, but carrying his fine, tall figure with a manly bearing, and still with the same sober, grave expression on his face. I wondered if it was possible that Ransome's stories could be true, and half disbelieved them; they fitted so ill with the man's looks. But indeed, he was neither so good as I supposed him, nor quite so bad as Ransome did; for, in fact, he was two men, and left the better one behind as soon as he set foot on board his vessel.

The next thing, I heard my uncle calling me, and found the pair in the road together. It was the captain who addressed me, and that with an air

(very flattering to a young lad) of grave equality.

"Sir," said he, "Mr. Balfour tells me great things of you; and for my own part, I like your looks. I wish I was for longer here, that we might make the better friends; but we'll make the most of what we have. Ye shall come on board my brig for half-an-hour, till the ebb sets, and drink a bowl with me."

Now, I longed to see the inside of a ship more than words can tell; but I was not going to put myself in jeopardy,¹ and I told him my uncle and I had an appointment with a lawyer.

"Ay, ay," said he, "he passed me word of that. But, ye see, the boat'll set ye ashore at the town pier, and that's but a penny stonecast² from Rankeillor's house." And here he suddenly leaned down and whispered in my ear: "Take care of the old tod;³ he means mischief. Come aboard till I can get a word with ye." And then, passing his arm through mine, he continued aloud, as he set off toward his boat: "But come, what can I bring ye from the Carolinas? Any friend of Mr. Balfour's can command. A roll of tobacco? Indian featherwork? a skin of a wild beast? a stone pipe? the mocking-bird that mews for all the world like a cat? the cardinal bird that is as red as blood? — take your pick and say your pleasure."

By this time we were at the boat-side, and he was handing me in. I did not dream of hanging back; I thought (the poor fool!) that I had found a good friend and helper, and I was rejoiced to see the ship. As soon as we were all set in our places, the boat was thrust off from the pier and began to move over the waters; and what with my pleasure in this new movement and my surprise at our low position, and the appearance

¹ Danger.

² The distance a penny-stone (a quoit) might be thrown.

³ Here, a crafty person.

of the shores, and the growing bigness of the brig as we drew near to it, I could hardly understand what the captain said, and must have answered him at random.

As soon as we were alongside (where I sat fairly gaping at the ship's height, the strong humming of the tide against its sides, and the pleasant cries of the seamen at their work) Hoseason, declaring that he and I must be the first aboard, ordered a tackle to be sent down from the main-yard. In this I was whipped into the air and set down again on the deck, where the captain stood ready waiting for me, and instantly slipped back his arm under mine. There I stood some while, a little dizzy with the unsteadiness of all around me, perhaps a little afraid, and yet vastly pleased with these strange sights; the captain meanwhile pointing out the strangest, and telling me their names and uses.

"But where is my uncle?" said I, suddenly.

"Ay," said Hoseason, with a sudden grimness, "that's the point."

I felt I was lost. With all my strength, I plucked myself clear of him and ran to the bulwarks. Sure enough, there was the boat pulling for the town, with my uncle sitting in the stern. I gave a piercing cry — "Help, help! Murder!" — so that both sides of the anchorage rang with it, and my uncle turned round where he was sitting, and showed me a face full of cruelty and terror.

It was the last I saw. Already strong hands had been plucking me back from the ship's side; and now a thunder-bolt seemed to strike me; I saw a great flash of fire, and fell senseless.

CHAPTER VII

I go to Sea in the Brig Covenant of Dysart

I CAME to myself in darkness, in great pain, bound hand and foot, and deafened by many unfamiliar noises. There sounded in my ears a roaring of water

as of a huge mill-dam; the thrashing of heavy sprays, the thundering of the sails, and the shrill cries of seamen. The whole world now heaved giddily up, and now rushed giddily downward; and so sick and hurt was I in body, and my mind so much confounded, that it took me a long while, chasing my thoughts up and down, and ever stunned again by a fresh stab of pain, to realize that I must be lying somewhere bound in the belly of that unlucky ship, and that the wind must have strengthened to a gale. With the clear perception of my plight, there fell upon me a blackness of despair, a horror of remorse at my own folly, and a passion of anger at my uncle, that once more bereft me of my senses.

When I returned again to life, the same uproar, the same confused and violent movements, shook and deafened me; and presently, to my other pains and distresses, there was added the sickness of an unused landsman on the sea. In that time of my adventurous youth, I suffered many hardships; but none that was so crushing to my mind and body, or lit by so few hopes, as these first hours on board the brig.

I heard a gun fire, and supposed the storm had proved too strong for us, and we were firing signals of distress. The thought of deliverance, even by death in the deep sea, was welcome to me. Yet it was no such matter; but (as I was afterwards told) a common habit of the captain's, which I here set down to show that even the worst man may have his kindlier sides. We were then passing, it appeared, within some miles of Dysart, where the brig was built, and where old Mrs. Hoseason, the captain's mother, had come some years before to live; and whether outward or inward bound, the *Covenant* was never suffered to go by that place by day without a gun fired and colors shown.

I had no measure of time; day and night were alike in that ill-smelling cav-

ern of the ship's bowels where I lay; and the misery of my situation drew out the hours to double. How long, therefore, I lay waiting to hear the ship split upon some rock, or to feel her reel head foremost into the depths of the sea, I have not the means of computation. But sleep at length stole from me the consciousness of sorrow.

I was awakened by the light of a hand-lantern shining in my face. A small man of about thirty, with green eyes and a tangle of fair hair, stood looking down at me.

"Well," said he, "how goes it?"

I answered by a sob; and my visitor then felt my pulse and temples, and set himself to wash and dress the wound upon my scalp.

"Ay," said he, "a sore dunt.¹ What, man? Cheer up! The world's no done; you've made a bad start of it, but you'll make a better. Have you had any meat?"

I said I could not look at it; and thereupon he gave me some brandy and water in a tin pannikin,² and left me once more to myself.

The next time he came to see me, I was lying betwixt sleep and waking, my eyes wide open in the darkness, the sickness quite departed, but succeeded by a horrid giddiness and swimming that was almost worse to bear. I ached, besides, in every limb, and the cords that bound me seemed to be of fire. The smell of the hole in which I lay seemed to have become a part of me; and during the long interval since his last visit, I had suffered tortures of fear, now from the scurrying of the ship's rats that sometimes pattered on my very face, and now from the dismal imaginings that haunt the bed of fever.

The glimmer of the lantern, as a trap opened, shone in like the heaven's sunlight; and though it only showed me the strong, dark beams of the ship that was my prison, I could have cried aloud for

gladness. The man with the green eyes was the first to descend the ladder, and I noticed that he came somewhat unsteadily. He was followed by the captain. Neither said a word; but the first set to and examined me, and dressed my wound as before, while Hoseason looked me in my face with an odd, black look.

"Now, sir, you see for yourself," said the first: "a high fever, no appetite, no light, no meat: you see for yourself what that means."

"I am no conjurer, Mr. Riach," said the captain.

"Give me leave, sir," said Riach; "you've a good head upon your shoulders, and a good Scotch tongue to ask with; but I will leave you no manner of excuse: I want that boy taken out of this hole and put in the forecastle."

"What ye may want, sir, is a matter of concern to nobody but yoursel'," returned the captain; "but I can tell ye that which is to be. Here he is: here he shall bide."

"Admitting that you have been paid in a proportion," said the other, "I will crave leave humbly to say that I have not. Paid I am, and none too much, to be the second officer of this old tub; and you ken very well if I do my best to earn it. But I was paid for nothing more."

"If ye could hold back your hand from the tin-pan, Mr. Riach, I would have no complaint to make of ye," returned the skipper; "and instead of asking riddles, I make bold to say that ye would keep your breath to cool your porridge. We'll be required on deck," he added, in a sharper note, and set one foot upon the ladder.

But Mr. Riach caught him by the sleeve.

"Admitting that you have been paid to do a murder —," he began.

Hoseason turned upon him with a flash.

¹ Bruise.

² A small pan.

"What's that?" he cried. "What kind of talk is that?"

"It seems it is the talk that you can understand," said Mr. Riach, looking him steadily in the face.

"Mr. Riach, I have sailed with ye three cruises," replied the captain. "In all that time, sir, ye should have learned to know me: I'm a stiff man, and a dour¹ man; but for what ye say the now — fy, fy! — it comes from a bad heart and a black conscience. If ye say the lad will die —"

"Ay, will he!" said Mr. Riach.

"Well, sir, is not that enough?" said Hoseason. "Flit² him where ye please!"

Thereupon the captain ascended the ladder; and I, who had lain silent throughout this strange conversation, beheld Mr. Riach turn after him and bow as low as to his knees in what was plainly a spirit of derision. Even in my then state of sickness, I perceived two things: that the mate was touched with liquor, as the captain hinted, and that (drunk or sober) he was like to prove a valuable friend.

Five minutes afterwards my bonds were cut, I was hoisted on a man's back, carried up to the forecastle, and laid in a bunk on some sea-blankets; where the first thing that I did was to lose my senses.

It was a blessed thing indeed to open my eyes again upon the daylight, and to find myself in the society of men. The forecastle was a roomy place enough, set all about with berths, in which the men of the watch below were seated smoking, or lying down asleep. The day³ being calm and the wind fair, the scuttle³ was open, and not only the good daylight, but from time to time (as the ship rolled) a dusty beam of sunlight shone in, and dazzled and delighted me. I had no sooner moved, moreover, than

one of the men brought me a drink of something healing which Mr. Riach had prepared, and bade me lie still and I should soon be well again. There were no bones broken, he explained: "A clour¹ on the head was naething. Man," said he, "it was me that gave it ye!"

Here I lay for the space of many days a close prisoner, and not only got my health again, but came to know my companions. They were a rough lot indeed, as sailors mostly are; being men rooted out of all the kindly parts of life, and condemned to toss together on the rough seas, with masters no less cruel. There were some among them that had sailed with the pirates and seen things it would be a shame even to speak of; some were men that had run from the king's ships, and went with a halter round their necks,² of which they made no secret; and all, as the saying goes, were "at a word and a blow" with their best friends. Yet I had not been many days shut up with them before I began to be ashamed of my first judgment, when I had drawn away from them at the Ferry pier, as though they had been unclean beasts. No class of man is altogether bad; but each has its own faults and virtues; and these shipmates of mine were no exception to the rule. Rough they were, sure enough, and bad, I suppose; but they had many virtues. They were kind when it occurred to them, simple even beyond the simplicity of a country lad like me, and had some glimmerings of honesty.

There was one man of maybe forty, that would sit on my berthside for hours, and tell me of his wife and child. He was a fisher that had lost his boat, and thus been driven to the deep-sea voyaging. Well, it is years ago now; but I have never forgotten him. His wife (who was "young by him," as he often

¹ Hard.

² Move.

³ A hole large enough to permit a man to pass through, and having a close-fitting lid.

¹ A bump resulting from a blow.

² Under sentence of death.

told me) waited in vain to see her man return; he would never again make the fire for her in the morning, nor yet keep the bairn¹ when she was sick. Indeed, many of these poor fellows (as the event proved) were upon their last cruise; the deep seas and cannibal fish received them; and it is a thankless business to speak ill of the dead.

Among other good deeds that they did, they returned my money which had been shared among them; and though it was about a third short, I was very glad to get it, and hoped great good from it in the land I was going to. The ship was bound for the Carolinas; and you must not suppose that I was going to that place merely as an exile. The trade² was even then much depressed; since that, and with the rebellion of the colonies and the formation of the United States, it has, of course, come to an end; but in those days of my youth, white men were still sold into slavery on the plantations, and that was the destiny to which my wicked uncle had condemned me.

The cabin-boy Ransome (from whom I had first heard of these atrocities) came in at times from the round-house,³ where he berthed and served, now nursing a bruised limb in silent agony, now raving against the cruelty of Mr. Shuan. It made my heart bleed; but the men had a great respect for the chief mate, who was, as they said, "the only seaman of the whole jing-bang, and none such a bad man when he was sober." Indeed, I found there was a strange peculiarity about our two mates: that Mr. Riach was sullen, unkind, and harsh when he was sober, and Mr. Shuan would not hurt a fly except when he was drinking. I asked about the captain; but I was told drink made no difference upon that man of iron.

I did my best in the small time allowed me to make something like a man,

or rather I should say something like a boy, of the poor creature Ransome. But his mind was scarce truly human. He could remember nothing of the time before he came to sea; only that his father had made clocks, and had a starling in the parlor, which could whistle "The North Countrie"; all else had been blotted out in these years of hardship and cruelties. He had a strange notion of the dry land, picked up from sailors' stories: that it was a place where lads were put to some kind of slavery called a trade, and where apprentices were continually lashed and clapped into foul prisons. In a town, he thought every second person a decoy,¹ and every third house a place in which seamen would be drugged and murdered. To be sure, I would tell him how kindly I had myself been used upon that dry land he was so much afraid of, and how well fed and carefully taught both by my friends and my parents; and if he had been recently hurt, he would weep bitterly and swear to run away; but if he was in his usual crackbrain humor or (still more) if he had had a glass of spirits in the round-house, he would deride the notion.

It was Mr. Riach (Heaven forgive him!) who gave the boy drink; and it was, doubtless, kindly meant; but besides that it was ruin to his health; it was the pitifullest thing in life to see this unhappy, unfriended creature staggering, and dancing, and talking he knew not what. Some of the men laughed, but not all; others would grow as black as thunder (thinking, perhaps, of their own childhood or their own children) and bid him stop that nonsense, and think what he was doing. As for me, I felt ashamed to look at him, and the poor child still comes about me in my dreams.

All this time, you should know, the *Covenant* was meeting continual headwinds and tumbling up and down against

¹ Child.

² Slave trade.

³ A raised cabin on the after part of a ship.

¹ One who leads others into a trap.

head-seas, so that the scuttle was almost constantly shut, and the forecastle lighted only by a swinging lantern on a beam. There was constant labor for all hands; the sails had to be made and shortened every hour¹; the strain told on the men's temper; there was a growl of quarreling all day long from berth to berth; and as I was never allowed to set my foot on deck, you can picture to yourselves how weary of my life I grew to be, and how impatient for a change.

And a change I was to get, as you shall hear; but I must first tell of a conversation I had with Mr. Riach, which put a little heart in me to bear my troubles. Getting him in a favorable stage of drink (for indeed he never looked near me when he was sober) I pledged him to secrecy, and told him my whole story.

He declared it was like a ballad²; that he would do his best to help me; that I should have paper, pen, and ink, and write one line to Mr. Campbell and another to Mr. Rankeillor; and that if I had told the truth, ten to one he would be able (with their help) to pull me through and set me in my rights.

"And in the meantime," says he, "keep your heart up. You're not the only one, I'll tell you that. There's many a man hoeing tobacco over-seas that should be mounting his horse at his own door at home; many and many! And life is all a variorum,³ at the best. Look at me: I'm a laird's son and more than half a doctor, and here I am, man-jack⁴ to Hoseason!"

I thought it would be civil to ask him for his story.

He whistled loud.

"Never had one," said he. "I liked fun, that's all." And he skipped out of the forecastle.

¹ Additional sails had to be set, or some already set had to be furled.

² A romantic story like those told in ballads* or in popular songs.

³ A mixture of many things.

⁴ General helper.

CHAPTER VIII

The Round-house

ONE night, about twelve o'clock, a man of Mr. Riach's watch (which was on deck) came down for his jacket; and instantly there began to go a whisper about the forecastle that "Shuan had done for him at last." There was no need of a name; we all knew who was meant; but we had scarce time to get the idea rightly in our heads, far less to speak of it, when the scuttle was again flung open, and Captain Hoseason came down the ladder. He looked sharply round the bunks in the tossing light of the lantern; and then, walking straight up to me, he addressed me, to my surprise, in tones of kindness.

"My man," said he, "we want ye to serve in the round-house. You and Ransome are to change berths. Run away aft¹ with ye."

Even as he spoke, two seamen appeared in the scuttle, carrying Ransome in their arms; and the ship at that moment giving a great sheer into the sea, and the lantern swinging, the light fell direct on the boy's face. It was as white as wax, and had a look upon it like a dreadful smile. The blood in me ran cold, and I drew in my breath as if I had been struck.

"Run away aft; run away aft with ye!" cried Hoseason.

And at that I brushed by the sailors and the boy (who neither spoke nor moved) and ran up the ladder on deck.

The brig was sheering swiftly and giddily through a long cresting swell. She was on the starboard tack,² and on the left hand, under the arched foot of the foresail, I could see the sunset still quite bright. This, at such an hour of the night, surprised me greatly; but I was

¹ Toward the stern of the ship.

² The wind was blowing from the starboard side: that is, on the right hand of a person who stands on board facing the bow.

too ignorant to draw the true conclusion—that we were going north-about round Scotland, and were now on the high sea between the Orkney and the Shetland Islands, having avoided the dangerous currents of the Pentland Firth. For my part, who had been so long shut in the dark and knew nothing of headwinds, I thought we might be half-way or more across the Atlantic. And indeed (beyond that I wondered a little at the lateness of the sunset light) I gave no heed to it, and pushed on across the decks, running between the seas, catching at ropes, and only saved from going overboard by one of the hands on deck, who had been always kind to me.

The round-house, for which I was bound and where I was now to sleep and serve, stood some six feet above the decks, and considering the size of the brig, was of good dimensions. Inside were a fixed table and bench, and two berths, one for the captain and the other for the two mates, turn and turn about. It was all fitted with lockers from top to bottom, so as to stow away the officers' belongings and a part of the ship's stores; there was a second store-room underneath, which you entered by a hatchway in the middle of the deck; indeed, all the best of the meat and drink and the whole of the powder were collected in this place; and all the fire-arms, except the two pieces of brass ordnance,¹ were set in a rack in the aftermost wall of the round-house. The most of the cutlasses were in another place.

A small window with a shutter on each side, and a sky-light in the roof, gave it light by day; and after dark, there was a lamp always burning. It was burning when I entered, not brightly, but enough to show Mr. Shuan sitting at the table, with the brandy bottle and a tin pannikin in front of him. He was

a tall man, strongly made and very black; and he stared before him on the table like one stupid.

He took no notice of my coming in; nor did he move when the captain followed and leant on the berth beside me, looking darkly at the mate. I stood in great fear of Hoseason, and had my reasons for it; but something told me I need not be afraid of him just then; and I whispered in his ear, "How is he?" He shook his head like one that does not know and does not wish to think, and his face was very stern.

Presently Mr. Riach came in. He gave the captain a glance that meant the boy was dead as plain as speaking, and took his place like the rest of us; so that we all three stood without a word, staring down at Mr. Shuan, and Mr. Shuan (on his side) sat without a word, looking hard upon the table.

All of a sudden he put out his hand to take the bottle; and at that Mr. Riach started forward and caught it away from him, rather by surprise than violence, crying out, with an oath, that there had been too much of this work altogether, and that a judgment would fall upon the ship. And as he spoke (the weather sliding-doors standing open) he tossed the bottle into the sea.

Mr. Shuan was on his feet in a trice; he still looked dazed, but he meant murder, ay, and would have done it, for the second time that night, had not the captain stepped in between him and his victim.

"Sit down!" roars the captain. "Ye sot and swine, do ye know what ye've done? Ye've murdered the boy!"

Mr. Shuan seemed to understand; for he sat down again and put up his hand to his brow.

"Well," he said, "he brought me a dirty pannikin!"

At that word, the captain and I and Mr. Riach all looked at each other for a second with a kind of frightened look;

¹ Cannon.

and then Hoseason walked up to his chief officer, took him by the shoulder, led him across to his bunk, and bade him lie down and go to sleep, as you might speak to a bad child. The murderer cried a little, but he took off his sea-boots and obeyed.

"Ah!" cried Mr. Riach, with a dreadful voice, "ye should have interfered long syne. It's too late now."

"Mr. Riach," said the captain, "this night's work must never be kennt in Dysart. The boy went overboard, sir; that's what the story is; and I would give five pounds out of my pocket it was true!" He turned to the table. "What made ye throw the good bottle away?" he added. "There was nae sense in that, sir. Here, David, draw me another. They're in the bottom locker"; and he tossed me a key. "Ye'll need a glass yourself, sir," he added, to Riach. "Yon was an ugly thing to see."

So the pair sat down and hob-a-nobbed; and while they did so, the murderer, who had been lying and whimpering in his berth, raised himself upon his elbow and looked at them and at me.

That was the first night of my new duties; and in the course of the next day I had got well into the run of them. I had to serve at the meals, which the captain took at regular hours, sitting down with the officer who was off duty; all the day through I would be running with a dram to one or other of my three masters; and at night I slept on a blanket thrown on the deck boards at the aftermost end of the round-house, and right in the draught of the two doors. It was a hard and a cold bed; nor was I suffered to sleep without interruption; for some one would be always coming in from deck to get a dram, and when a fresh watch was to be set, two and sometimes all three would sit down and brew a bowl together. How they kept their health, I know not, any more than how I kept my own,

And yet in other ways it was an easy service. There was no cloth to lay; the meals were either of oatmeal porridge or salt junk,¹ except twice a week, when there was duff²; and though I was clumsy enough and (not being firm on my sea-legs) sometimes fell with what I was bringing them, both Mr. Riach and the captain were singularly patient. I could not but fancy they were making up lee-way with³ their consciences, and that they would scarce have been so good with me, if they had not been worse with Ransome.

As for Mr. Shuan, the drink, or his crime, or the two together, had certainly troubled his mind. I cannot say I ever saw him in his proper wits. He never grew used to my being there, stared at me continually (sometimes, I could have thought, with terror) and more than once drew back from my hand when I was serving him. I was pretty sure from the first that he had no clear mind of what he had done, and on my second day in the round-house I had the proof of it. We were alone, and he had been staring at me a long time, when, all at once, up he got, as pale as death, and came close up to me, to my great terror. But I had no cause to be afraid of him.

"You were not here before?" he asked.

"No, sir," said I.

"There was another boy?" he asked again; and when I had answered him, "Ah!" says he, "I thought that," and went and sat down, without another word, except to call for brandy.

You may think it strange, but for all the horror I had, I was still sorry for him. He was a married man, with a wife in Leith; but whether or no he had a family, I have now forgotten; I hope not.

Altogether it was no very hard life for the time it lasted, which (as you are to hear) was not long. I was as well

¹ Hard salted beef.

³ Quieting.

² Pudding.

fed as the best of them; even their pickles, which were the great dainty, I was allowed my share of; and had I liked, I might have been drunk from morning to night, like Mr. Shuan. I had company, too, and good company of its sort. Mr. Riach, who had been to the college, spoke to me like a friend when he was not sulking, and told me many curious things, and some that were informing; and even the captain, though he kept me at the stick's end the most part of the time, would sometimes unbuckle a bit, and tell me of the fine countries he had visited.

The shadow of poor Ransome, to be sure, lay on all four of us, and on me and Mr. Shuan, in particular, most heavily. And then I had another trouble of my own. Here I was, doing dirty work for three men that I looked down upon, and one of them, at least, should have hung upon a gallows; that was for the present; and as for the future, I could only see myself slaving alongside of negroes in the tobacco fields. Mr. Riach, perhaps from caution, would never suffer me to say another word about my story; the captain, whom I tried to approach, rebuffed me like a dog and would not hear a word; and as the days came and went, my heart sank lower and lower, till I was even glad of the work, which kept me from thinking.

CHAPTER IX

The Man with the Belt of Gold

MORE than a week went by, in which the ill-luck that had hitherto pursued the *Covenant* upon this voyage grew yet more strongly marked. Some days she made a little way; others, she was driven actually back. At last we were beaten so far to the south that we tossed and tacked¹ to and fro the whole

of the ninth day, within sight of Cape Wrath and the wild, rocky coast on either hand of it. There followed on that a council of the officers, and some decision which I did not rightly understand, seeing only the result: that we had made a fair wind of a foul one and were running south.

The tenth afternoon, there was a falling swell¹ and a thick, wet, white fog that hid one end of the brig from the other. All afternoon, when I went on deck, I saw men and officers listening hard over the bulwarks — "for breakers,"² they said; and though I did not so much as understand the word, I felt danger in the air and was excited.

Maybe about ten at night, I was serving Mr. Riach and the captain at their supper, when the ship struck something with a great sound, and we heard voices singing out. My two masters leaped to their feet.

"She's struck," said Mr. Riach.

"No, sir," said the captain. "We've only run a boat down."

And they hurried out.

The captain was in the right of it. We had run down a boat in the fog, and she had parted in the midst and gone to the bottom with all her crew, but one. This man (as I heard afterwards) had been sitting in the stern as a passenger, while the rest were on the benches rowing. At the moment of the blow, the stern had been thrown into the air, and the man (having his hands free, and for all he was encumbered with a frieze³ overcoat that came below his knees) had leaped up and caught hold of the brig's bowsprit. It showed he had luck and much agility and unusual strength, that he should have thus saved himself from such a pass.⁴ And yet, when the cap-

¹ A calming of the waves.

² Waves dashing against the shore or over sunken rocks.

³ Coarse woolen cloth.

⁴ Dangerous situation.

¹ Sailed in a zigzag course to make headway against the wind.

tain brought him into the round-house, and I set eyes on him for the first time, he looked as cool as I did.

He was smallish in stature, but well set and as nimble as a goat; his face was of a good open expression, but sunburnt very dark; and heavily freckled and pitted with the smallpox; his eyes were unusually light and had a kind of dancing madness in them, that was both engaging and alarming; and when he took off his great-coat, he laid a pair of fine, silver-mounted pistols on the table, and I saw that he was belted with a great sword. His manners, besides, were elegant, and he pledged the captain handsomely. Altogether I thought of him, at the first sight, that here was a man I would rather call my friend than my enemy.

The captain, too, was taking his observations, but rather of the man's clothes than his person. And to be sure, as soon as he had taken off the great-coat, he showed forth mighty fine for the round-house of a merchant brig: having a hat with feathers, a red waistcoat, breeches of black plush, and a blue coat with silver buttons and handsome silver lace: costly clothes, though somewhat spoiled with the fog and being slept in.

"I'm vexed, sir, about the boat," says the captain.

"There are some pretty men gone to the bottom," said the stranger, "that I would rather see on the dry land again than half a score of boats."

"Friends of yours?" said Hoseason.

"You have none such friends in your country," was the reply. "They would have died for me like dogs."

"Well, sir," said the captain, still watching him, "there are more men in the world than boats to put them in."

"And that's true, too," cried the other; "and ye seem to be a gentleman of great penetration."¹

¹ Intelligence,

"I have been in France,¹ sir," says the captain; so that it was plain he meant more by the words than showed upon the face of them.

"Well, sir," says the other, "and so has many a pretty man, for the matter of that."

"No doubt, sir," says the captain; "and fine coats."

"Oho!" says the stranger, "is that how the wind sets?" And he laid his hand quickly on his pistols.

"Don't be hasty," said the captain. "Don't do a mischief before ye see the need for it. Ye've a French soldier's coat upon your back and a Scotch tongue in your head, to be sure; but so has many an honest fellow in these days, and I daresay none the worse of it."

"So?" said the gentleman in the fine coat: "Are ye of the honest party?" (meaning, Was he a Jacobite*? for each side, in these sort of civil broils, takes the name of honesty for its own).

"Why, sir," replied the captain, "I am a true-blue Protestant, and I thank God for it." (It was the first word of any religion I had ever heard from him, but I learnt afterwards he was a great church-goer while on shore.) "But, for all that," says he, "I can be sorry to see another man with his back to the wall."

"Can ye so, indeed?" asks the Jacobite. "Well, sir, to be quite plain with ye, I am one of those honest gentlemen that were in trouble about the years forty-five and six²; and (to be still quite plain with ye) if I get into the hands of any of the red-coated gentry, it's like it would go hard with me. Now, sir, I was for France; and there was a French ship cruising here to pick me up; but she gave us the go-by in the fog — as I

¹ The captain, recognizing the stranger's clothes as French, guessed that he might be a Jacobite.

² Years of Jacobite uprisings. The Scots won at Preston Pans, 1745; the English at Culloden,* 1746.

wish from the heart that ye had done yoursel'! And the best that I can say is this: If ye can set me ashore where I was going, I have that upon me will reward you highly for your trouble."

"In France?" said the captain. "No, sir; that I cannot do. But where ye come from — we might talk of that."

And then, unhappily, he observed me standing in my corner, and packed me off to the galley to get supper for the gentleman. I lost no time, I promise you; and when I came back into the round-house, I found the gentleman had taken a money-belt from about his waist, and poured out a guinea or two upon the table. The captain was looking at the guineas, and then at the belt, and then at the gentleman's face; and I thought he seemed excited.

"Half of it," he cried, "and I'm your man!"

The other swept back the guineas into the belt, and put it on again under his waistcoat. "I have told ye, sir," said he, "that not one doit¹ of it belongs to me. It belongs to my chieftain" — and here he touched his hat — "and while I would be but a silly² messenger to grudge some of it that the rest might come safe, I should show myself a hound indeed if I bought my own carcass any too dear. Thirty guineas on the sea-side, or sixty if ye set me on the Linnhe Loch.³ Take it, if ye will; if not, ye can do your worst."

"Ay," said Hoseason. "And if I give ye over to the soldiers?"

"Ye would make a fool's bargain," said the other. "My chief, let me tell you, sir, is forfeited, like every honest man in Scotland. His estate is in the hands of the man they call King George; and it is his officers that collect the rents, or try to collect them. But for the honor of Scotland, the poor tenant bodies take a thought upon their chief lying in exile;

and this money is a part of that very rent for which King George is looking. Now, sir, ye seem to me to be a man that understands things: bring this money within the reach of Government, and how much of it'll come to you?"

"Little enough, to be sure," said Hoseason; and then, "if they knew," he added drily. "But I think, if I was to try, that I could hold my tongue about it."

"Ah, but I'll begowk¹ ye there!" cried the gentleman. "Play me false, and I'll play you cunning. If a hand's laid upon me, they shall ken what money it is."

"Well," returned the captain, "what must be, must. Sixty guineas, and done. Here's my hand upon it."

"And here's mine," said the other.

And thereupon the captain went out (rather hurriedly, I thought), and left me alone in the round-house with the stranger.

At that period (so soon after the forty-five) there were many exiled gentlemen coming back at the peril of their lives, either to see their friends or to collect a little money; and as for the Highland* chiefs that had been forfeited, it was a common matter of talk how their tenants would stint themselves to send them money, and their clansmen outface the soldiery to get it in, and run the gauntlet of our great navy to carry it across. All this I had, of course, heard tell of; and now I had a man under my eyes whose life was forfeit on all these counts and upon one more; for he was not only a rebel and a smuggler of rents, but had taken service with King Louis of France. And as if all this were not enough, he had a belt full of golden guineas round his loins. Whatever my opinions, I could not look on such a man without a lively interest.

"And so you're a Jacobite*?" said I, as I set meat before him.

"Ay," said he, beginning to eat,

¹ Here, a trifling sum.

² Poor,

³ An arm of the sea.

¹ Make a fool of you.

"And you, by your long face, should be a Whig*?"

"Betwixt and between," said I, not to annoy him; for indeed I was as good a Whig as Mr. Campbell could make me.

"And that's naething," said he. "But I'm saying, Mr. Betwixt-and-Between," he added, "this bottle of yours is dry; and it's hard if I'm to pay sixty guineas and be grudged a dram upon the back of it."

"I'll go and ask for the key," said I, and stepped on deck.

The fog was as close as ever, but the swell almost down. They had laid the brig to,¹ not knowing precisely where they were, and the wind (what little there was of it) not serving well for their true course. Some of the hands were still hearkening for breakers; but the captain and the two officers were in the waist² with their heads together. It struck me, I don't know why, that they were after no good: and the first word I heard, as I drew softly near, more than confirmed me.

It was Mr. Riach crying out as if upon a sudden thought:

"Couldn't we wile³ him out of the round-house?"

"He's better where he is," returned Hoseason; "he hasn't room to use his sword."

"Well, that's true," said Riach; "but he's hard to come at."

"Hut!" said Hoseason. "We can get the man in talk, one upon each side, and pin him by the two arms; or if that'll not hold, sir, we can make a run by both the doors and get him under hand before he has time to draw."

At this hearing I was seized with both fear and anger at these treacherous, greedy, bloody men that I sailed with.

My first mind was to run away; my second was bolder.

"Captain," said I, "the gentleman is seeking a dram, and the bottle's out. Will you give me the key?"

They all started and turned about.

"Why, here's our chance to get the firearms!" Riach cried; and then to me: "Hark ye, David," he said, "do ye ken where the pistols are?"

"Ay, ay," put in Hoseason. "David kens; David's a good lad. Ye see, David my man, yon wild Hielandman is a danger to the ship, besides being a rank foe to King George, God bless him!"

I had never been so be-Davied since I came on board; but I said yes, as if all I heard were quite natural.

"The trouble is," resumed the captain, "that all our fire-locks, great and little, are in the round-house under this man's nose; likewise the powder. Now, if I, or one of the officers, was to go in and take them, he would fall to thinking. But a lad like you, David, might snap up a horn and a pistol or two without remark. And if ye can do it cleverly, I'll bear it in mind when it'll be good for you to have friends; and that's when we come to Carolina."

Here Mr. Riach whispered him a little.

"Very right, sir," said the captain; and then to myself: "And see here, David, yon man has a beltful of gold, and I give you my word that you shall have your fingers in it."

I told him I would do as he wished, though indeed I had scarce breath to speak with; and upon that he gave me the key of the spirit locker, and I began to go slowly back to the round-house. What was I to do? They were dogs and thieves; they had stolen me from my own country; they had killed poor Ransome; and was I to hold the candle to another murder? But then, upon the other hand, there was the fear of death very plain before me; for what could a

¹ Turned the ship so that it drifted with its fore part, or bow, pointed against the wind.

² The middle of the ship's deck.

³ Entice.

boy and a man, if they were as brave as lions, against a whole ship's company?

I was still arguing it back and forth, and getting no great clearness, when I came into the round-house and saw the Jacobite eating his supper under the lamp; and at that my mind was made up all in a moment. I have no credit by it; it was by no choice of mine, but as if by compulsion, that I walked right up to the table and put my hand on his shoulder.

"Do ye want to be killed?" said I.

He sprang to his feet and looked a question at me as clear as if he had spoken.

"O!" cried I, "they're all murderers here; it's a ship full of them! They've murdered a boy already. Now it's you."

"Ay, ay," said he; "but they haven't got me yet." And then looking at me curiously. "Will ye stand with me?"

"That will I!" said I. "I'm no thief, nor yet murderer. I'll stand by you."

"Why, then," said he, "what's your name?"

"David Balfour," said I; and then thinking that a man with so fine a coat must like fine people, I added for the first time "of Shaws."

It never occurred to him to doubt me, for a Highlander is used to see great gentfolk in great poverty; but as he had no estate of his own, my words nettled a very childish vanity he had.

"My name is Stewart," he said, drawing himself up. "Alan Breck, they call me. A king's name is good enough for me, though I bear it plain and have the name of no farm-midden¹ to clap to the hind-end of it."

And having administered this rebuke, as though it were something of a chief importance, he turned to examine our defences.

The round-house was built very strong, to support the breachings² of the seas.

¹ Here, a disdainful word for a family estate.

² Surges, blows of the waves.

Of its five apertures, only the skylight and the two doors were large enough for the passage of a man. The doors, besides, could be drawn close: they were of stout oak, and ran in grooves, and were fitted with hooks to keep them either shut or open, as the need arose. The one that was already shut, I secured in this fashion; but when I was proceeding to slide to the other, Alan stopped me.

"David," said he — "for I cannae bring to mind the name of your landed estate, and so will make so bold as call you David — that door, being open, is the best part of my defences."

"It would be better shut," says I.

"Not so, David," says he. "Ye see, I have but one face; but so long as that door is open and my face to it, the best part of my enemies will be in front of me, where I would aye wish to find them."

Then he gave me from the rack a cutlass (of which there were a few besides the firearms), choosing it with great care, shaking his head and saying he had never in all his life seen poorer weapons; and next he set me down to the table with a powder-horn, a bag of bullets, and all the pistols, which he bade me charge.

"And that will be better work, let me tell you," said he, "for a gentleman of decent birth, than scraping plates and raxing¹ drams to a wheen tarry sailors."

Thereupon he stood up in the midst with his face to the door, and drawing his great sword, made trial of the room he had to wield it in.

"I must stick to the point," he said, shaking his head; "and that's a pity, too. It doesn't set² my genius, which is all for the upper guard. And now," said he, "do you keep on charging the pistols, and give heed to me."

I told him I would listen closely. My chest was tight, my mouth dry, the light

¹ Serving. ² Suit.

dark to my eyes; the thought of the numbers that were soon to leap in upon us kept my heart in a flutter; and the sea, which I heard washing round the brig, and where I thought my dead body would be cast ere morning, ran in my mind strangely.

"First of all," said he, "how many are against us?"

I reckoned them up; and such was the hurry of my mind, I had to cast¹ the numbers twice. "Fifteen," said I.

Alan whistled. "Well," said he, "that can't be cured. And now follow me. It is my part to keep this door, where I look for the main battle. In that, ye have no hand. And mind and dinnae fire to this side unless they get me down; for I would rather have ten foes in front of me than one friend like you cracking pistols at my back."

I told him, indeed I was no great shot.

"And that's very bravely said," he cried, in a great admiration of my candor. "There's many a pretty gentleman that wouldnae dare to say it."

"But then, sir," said I, "there is the door behind you, which they may, perhaps, break in."

"Ay," said he, "and that is a part of your work. No sooner the pistols charged, than ye must climb up into yon bed where ye're handy at the window; and if they lift a hand against the door, ye're to shoot. But that's not all. Let's make a bit of a soldier of ye, David. What else have ye to guard?"

"There's the skylight," said I. "But indeed, Mr. Stewart, I would need to have eyes upon both sides to keep the two of them; for when my face is at the one, my back is to the other."

"And that's very true," said Alan. "But have ye no ears to your head?"

"To be sure!" cried I. "I must hear the bursting of the glass!"

"Ye have some rudiments of sense," said Alan, grimly.

¹ Add up.

CHAPTER X

The Siege of the Round-house

BUT now our time of truce was come to an end. Those on deck had waited for my coming till they grew impatient; and scarce had Alan spoken, when the captain showed face in the open door.

"Stand!" cried Alan, and pointed his sword at him.

The captain stood, indeed; but he neither winced nor drew back a foot.

"A naked sword?" says he. "This is a strange return for hospitality."

"Do you see me?" said Alan. "I am come of kings; I bear a king's name. My badge is the oak.¹ Do ye see my sword? It has slashed the heads off mair whigamores² than you have toes upon your feet. Call up your vermin to your back, sir, and fall on! The sooner the clash begins, the sooner ye'll taste this steel throughout your vitals."

The captain said nothing to Alan, but he looked over at me with an ugly look. "David," said he, "I'll mind this"; and the sound of his voice went through me with a jar.

Next moment he was gone.

"And now," said Alan, "let your hand keep your head, for the grip is coming."

Alan drew a dirk, which he held in his left hand in case they should run in under his sword. I, on my part, clambered up into the berth with an armful of pistols and something of a heavy heart, and set open the window where I was to watch. It was a small part of the deck that I could overlook, but enough for our purpose. The sea had gone down, and the wind was steady and kept the sails quiet; so that there was a great stillness in the ship, in which I made sure I heard the sound of muttering voices. A little after, and there came a clash of steel upon the deck, by which

¹ Alan means, "I am a Stewart."

² A term of contempt.

I knew they were dealing out the cutlasses and one had been let fall; and after that silence again.

I do not know if I was what you call afraid; but my heart beat like a bird's, both quick and little; and there was a dimness came before my eyes which I continually rubbed away, and which continually returned. As for hope, I had none; but only a darkness of despair and a sort of anger against all the world that made me long to sell my life as dear as I was able. I tried to pray, I remember, but that same hurry of my mind, like a man running, would not suffer me to think upon the words; and my chief wish was to have the thing begin and be done with it.

It came all of a sudden when it did, with a rush of feet and a roar, and then a shout from Alan, and a sound of blows and some one crying out as if hurt. I looked back over my shoulder, and saw Mr. Shuan in the doorway, crossing blades with Alan.

"That's him that killed the boy!" I cried.

"Look to your window!" said Alan; and as I turned back to my place, I saw him pass his sword through the mate's body.

It was none too soon for me to look to my own part; for my head was scarce back at the window before five men, carrying a spare yard for a battering-ram, ran past me and took post to drive the door in. I had never fired with a pistol in my life, and not often with a gun; far less against a fellow-creature. But it was now or never; and just as they swang the yard, I cried out, "Take that!" and shot into their midst.

I must have hit one of them, for he sang out and gave back a step, and the rest stopped as if a little disconcerted. Before they had time to recover, I sent another ball over their heads; and at my third shot (which went as wide as the second) the whole party threw down the yard and ran for it.

Then I looked around again into the deck-house. The whole place was full of the smoke of my own firing, just as my ears seemed to be burst with the noise of the shots. But there was Alan, standing as before; only now his sword was running blood to the hilt, and himself so swelled with triumph and fallen into so fine an attitude, that he looked to be invincible. Right before him on the floor was Mr. Shuan, on his hands and knees; the blood was pouring from his mouth, and he was sinking slowly lower, with a terrible, white face; and just as I looked, some of those from behind caught hold of him by the heels and dragged him bodily out of the round-house. I believe he died as they were doing it.

"There's one of your Whigs for ye!" cried Alan; and then turning to me, he asked if I had done much execution.

I told him I had winged one, and thought it was the captain.

"And I've settled two," says he. "No, there's not enough blood yet; they'll be back again. To your watch, David. This was but a dram before meat."¹

I settled back to my place, recharging the three pistols I had fired, and keeping watch with both eye and ear.

Our enemies were disputing not far off upon the deck, and that so loudly that I could hear a word or two above the washing of the seas.

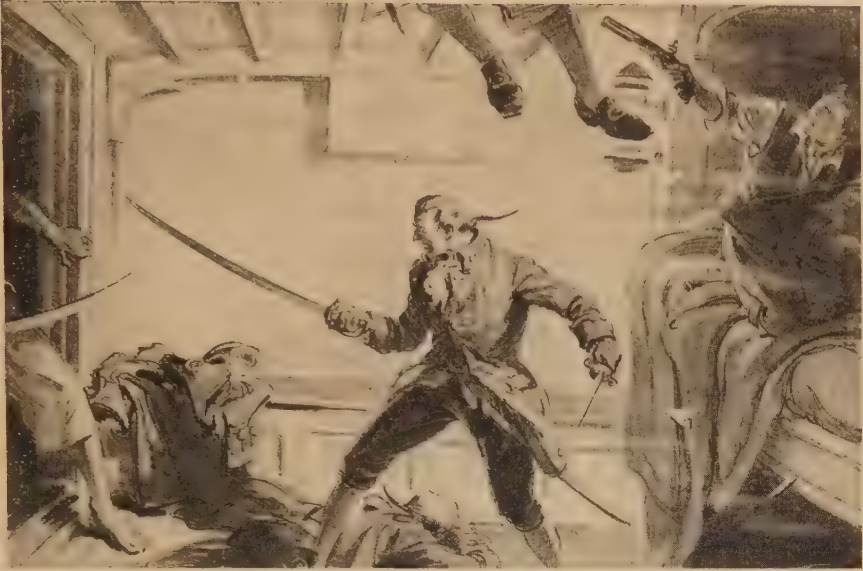
"It was Shuan bauchled² it," I heard one say.

And another answered him with a "Wheesht, man! He's paid the piper."

After that the voices fell again into the same muttering as before. Only now, one person spoke most of the time, as though laying down a plan, and first one and then another answered him briefly, like men taking orders. By this, I made sure they were coming on again, and told Alan.

¹ A mere beginning.

² Bungled.



"It's what we have to pray for," said he. "Unless we can give them a good distaste of us, and done with it, there'll be nae sleep for either you or me. But this time, mind, they'll be in earnest."

By this my pistols were ready, and there was nothing to do but listen and wait. While the brush¹ lasted, I had not the time to think if I was frightened; but now, when all was still again, my mind ran upon nothing else. The thought of the sharp swords and the cold steel was strong in me; and presently, when I began to hear stealthy steps and a brushing of men's clothes against the round-house wall, and knew they were taking their places in the dark, I could have found it in my mind to cry out aloud.

All this was upon Alan's side; and I had begun to think my share of the fight was at an end, when I heard some one drop softly on the roof above me.

Then there came a single call on the sea-pipe, and that was the signal. A

¹ Struggle.

knot of them made one rush of it, cutlass in hand, against the door; and at the same moment, the glass of the skylight was dashed in a thousand pieces, and a man leaped through and landed on the floor. Before he got his feet, I had clapped a pistol to his back, and might have shot him, too; only at the touch of him (and him alive) my whole flesh misgave me, and I could no more pull the trigger than I could have flown.

He had dropped his cutlass as he jumped, and when he felt the pistol, whipped straight round and laid hold of me, roaring out an oath; and at that either my courage came again, or I grew so much afraid as came to the same thing; for I gave a shriek and shot him in the midst of the body. He gave the most horrible, ugly groan and fell to the floor. The foot of a second fellow, whose legs were dangling through the skylight, struck me at the same time upon the head; and at that I snatched another pistol and shot this one through the thigh, so that he slipped through and

tumbled in a lump on his companion's body. There was no talk of missing, any more than there was time to aim; I clapped the muzzle to the very place and fired.

I might have stood and stared at them for long, but I heard Alan shout as if for help, and that brought me to my senses.

He had kept the door so long; but one of the seamen, while he was engaged with others, had run in under his guard and caught him about the body. Alan was dirking him with his left hand, but the fellow clung like a leech. Another had broken in and had his cutlass raised. The door was thronged with their faces. I thought we were lost, and catching up my cutlass, fell on them in flank.

But I had not time to be of help. The wrestler dropped at last; and Alan, leaping back to get his distance, ran upon the others like a bull, roaring as he went. They broke before him like water, turning, and running, and falling one against another in their haste. The sword in his hands flashed like quicksilver into the huddle of our fleeing enemies; and at every flash there came the scream of a man hurt. I was still thinking we were lost, when lo! they were all gone, and Alan was driving them along the deck as a sheep-dog chases sheep.

Yet he was no sooner out than he was back again, being as cautious as he was brave; and meanwhile the seamen continued running and crying out as if he was still behind them; and we heard them tumble one upon another into the forecastle, and clap-to the hatch upon the top.

The round-house was like a shambles¹; three were dead inside, another lay in his death agony across the threshold; and there were Alan and I victorious and unhurt.

He came up to me with open arms. "Come to my arms!" he cried, and em-

¹ A slaughterhouse.

braced and kissed me hard upon both cheeks. "David," said he, "I love you like a brother. And O, man," he cried in a kind of ecstasy, "am I no a bonny fighter?"

Thereupon he turned to the four enemies, passed his sword clean through each of them, and tumbled them out of doors one after the other. As he did so, he kept humming and singing and whistling to himself, like a man trying to recall an air; only what *he* was trying, was to make one. All the while, the flush was in his face, and his eyes were as bright as a five-year-old child's with a new toy. And presently he sat down upon the table, sword in hand; the air that he was making all the time began to run a little clearer, and then clearer still; and then out he burst with a great voice into a Gaelic* song.

I have translated it here, not in verse (of which I have no skill) but at least in the king's English. He sang it often afterwards, and the thing became popular; so that I have heard it, and had it explained to me, many's the time.

This is the song of the sword of Alan :
The smith made it,
The fire set it ;
Now it shines in the hand of Alan Breck.

Their eyes were many and bright,
Swift were they to behold,
Many the hands they guided :
The sword was alone.

The dun deer troop over the hill,
They are many, the hill is one ;
The dun deer vanish,
The hill remains.

Come to me from the hills of heather,
Come from the isles of the sea.
O far-beholding eagles,
Here is your meat.

Now this song which he made (both words and music) in the hour of our victory, is something less than just to me, who stood beside him in the tussle.

Mr. Shuan and five more were either killed outright or thoroughly disabled; but of these, two fell by my hand, the two that came by the skylight. Four more were hurt, and of that number, one (and he not the least important) got his hurt from me. So that, altogether, I did my fair share both of the killing and the wounding, and might have claimed a place in Alan's verses. But poets (as a very wise man once told me) have to think upon their rhymes; and in good prose talk, Alan always did me more than justice.

In the meanwhile, I was innocent of any wrong being done me. For not only I knew no word of the Gaelic; but what with the long suspense of the waiting, and the scurry and strain of our two spirits¹ of fighting, and more than all, the horror I had of some of my own share in it, the thing was no sooner over than I was glad to stagger to a seat. There was that tightness on my chest that I could hardly breathe; the thought of the two men I had shot sat upon me like a nightmare; and all upon a sudden, and before I had a guess of what was coming, I began to sob and cry like any child.

Alan clapped my shoulder, and said I was a brave lad and wanted nothing but sleep.

"I'll take the first watch," said he. "Ye've done well by me, David, first and last; and I wouldn't lose you for all Appin — no, nor for Breadalbane."

So he made up my bed on the floor, and took the first spell, pistol in hand and sword on knee; three hours by the captain's watch upon the wall. Then he roused me up, and I took my turn of three hours; before the end of which it was broad day, and a very quiet morning, with a smooth, rolling sea that tossed the ship and made the blood run to and fro on the round-house floor, and a heavy rain that drummed upon the

roof. All my watch there was nothing stirring; and by the banging of the helm, I knew they had even no one at the tiller. Indeed (as I learned afterwards) they were so many of them hurt or dead, and the rest in so ill a temper, that Mr. Riach and the captain had to take turn and turn (like Alan and me), or the brig might have gone ashore and nobody the wiser. It was a mercy the night had fallen so still, for the wind had gone down as soon as the rain began. Even as it was, I judged by the wailing of a great number of gulls that went crying and fishing round the ship, that she must have drifted pretty near the coast of one of the islands of the Hebrides: and at last, looking out of the door of the round-house, I saw the great stone hills of Skye on the right hand, and, a little more astern, the strange isle of Rum.

CHAPTER XI

The Captain knuckles under

ALAN and I sat down to breakfast about six of the clock. The floor was covered with broken glass and in a horrid mess of blood, which took away my hunger. In all other ways we were in a situation not only agreeable but merry; having ousted the officers from their own cabin, and having at command all the drink in the ship — both wine and spirits — and all the dainty part of what was eatable, such as the pickles and the fine sort of biscuit. This, of itself, was enough to set us in good humor; but the richest part of it was this, that the two thirstiest men that ever came out of Scotland (Mr. Shuan being dead) were now shut in the forepart of the ship and condemned to what they hated most — cold water.

"And depend upon it," Alan said, "we shall hear more of them ere long. Ye may keep a man from the fighting but never from his bottle."

¹ Spurts.

We made good company for each other. Alan, indeed, expressed himself most lovingly; and taking a knife from the table, cut me off one of the silver buttons from his coat.

"I had them," says he, "from my father, Duncan Stewart; and now give ye one of them to be a keepsake for last night's work. And wherever ye go and show that button, the friends of Alan Breck will come around you."

He said this as if he had been Charlemagne* and commanded armies; and indeed, much as I admired his courage, I was always in danger of smiling at his vanity; in danger, I say, for had I not kept my countenance, I would be afraid to think what a quarrel might have followed.

As soon as we were through with our meal, he rummaged in the captain's locker till he found a clothes brush; and then taking off his coat, began to visit¹ his suit and brush away the stains, with such care and labor as I supposed to have been only usual with women. To be sure, he had no other; and besides (as he said) it belonged to a King and so behooved to be royally looked after.

For all that, when I saw what care he took to pluck out the threads where the button had been cut away, I put a higher value on his gift.

He was still so engaged, when we were hailed by Mr. Riach from the deck, asking for a parley; and I, climbing through the skylight and sitting on the edge of it, pistol in hand and with a bold front, though inwardly in fear of broken glass, hailed him back again and bade him speak out. He came to the edge of the round-house, and stood on a coil of rope, so that his chin was on a level with the roof; and we looked at each other a while in silence. Mr. Riach, as I do not think he had been very forward in the battle, so he had got off with nothing worse than a blow upon the cheek; but

he looked out of heart and very weary, having been all night afoot, either standing watch or doctoring the wounded.

"This is a bad job," said he at last, shaking his head.

"It was none of our choosing," said I.

"The captain," says he, "would like to speak with your friend. They might speak at the window."

"And how do we know what treachery he means?" cried I.

"He means none, David," returned Mr. Riach; "and if he did, I'll tell ye the honest truth, we couldnae get the men to follow."

"Is that so?" said I.

"I'll tell ye more than that," said he. "It's not only the men; it's me. I'm frich'ened,¹ Davie." And he smiled across at me. "No," he continued, "what we want is to be shut of him."

Thereupon I consulted with Alan, and the parley was agreed to and parole given upon either side; but this was not the whole of Mr. Riach's business, and he now begged me for a dram with such instancy and such reminders of his former kindness, that at last I handed him a pannikin with about a gill of brandy. He drank a part, and then carried the rest down upon the deck, to share it (I suppose) with his superior.

A little after, the captain came (as was agreed) to one of the windows, and stood there in the rain, with his arm in a sling, and looking stern and pale, and so old that my heart smote me for having fired upon him.

Alan at once held a pistol in his face.

"Put that thing up!" said the captain.

"Have I not passed my word, sir? or do you seek to affront me?"

"Captain," said Alan, "I doubt your word is a breakable. Last night ye haggled² and argle-bargled³ like an apple-wife⁴; and then passed me your word, and gave me your hand to back it;

¹ Frightened.

² Argued.

³ Bargained.

⁴ A woman who sells apples at a public stand.

¹ Inspect.

and ye ken very well what was the upshot. Be damned to your word!" says he.

"Well, well, sir," said the captain, "ye'll get little good by swearing." (And truly that was a fault of which the captain was quite free.) "But we have other things to speak," he continued, bitterly. "Ye've made a sore hash of my brig; I haven't hands enough left to work her; and my first officer (whom I could ill spare) has got your sword throughout his vitals, and passed without speech. There is nothing left me, sir, but to put back into the port of Glasgow after hands; and there (by your leave) ye will find them that are better able to talk to you."

"Ay?" said Alan; "and faith, I'll have a talk with them mysel'! Unless there's naeboddy speaks English in that town, I have a bonny tale for them. Fifteen tarry sailors upon the one side, and a man and halfling boy upon the other! O, man, it's peetiful!"

Hoseason flushed red.

"No," continued Alan, "that'll no do. Ye'll just have to set me ashore as we agreed."

"Ay," said Hoseason, "but my first officer is dead—ye ken best how. There's none of the rest of us acquaint with this coast, sir; and it's one very dangerous to ships."

"I give ye your choice," says Alan. "Set me on dry ground in Appin, or Ardgour, or in Morven, or Arisaig, or Morar; or, in brief where ye please, within thirty miles of my own country; except in a country of the Campbells'. That's a broad target. If ye miss that, ye must be as feckless¹ at the sailing as I have found ye at the fighting. Why, my poor country people in their bit cobbles² pass from island to island in all weathers, ay, and by night too, for the matter of that."

"A coble's not a ship, sir," said the captain. "It has nae draught of water."

"Well, then, to Glasgow if ye list!"

says Alan. "We'll have the laugh of ye at the least."

"My mind runs little upon laughing," said the captain. "But all this will cost money, sir."

"Well, sir," says Alan, "I am nae weathercock.¹ Thirty guineas, if ye land me on the sea-side; and sixty, if ye put me in the Linnhe Loch."

"But see, sir, where we lie, we are but a few hours' sail from Ardnamurchan," said Hoseason. "Give me sixty, and I'll set ye there."

"And I'm to wear² my brogues³ and run jeopardy of the redcoats to please you?" cries Alan. "No, sir, if ye want sixty guineas, earn them, and set me in my own country."

"It's to risk the brig, sir," said the captain, "and your own lives along with her."

"Take it or want⁴ it," says Alan.

"Could ye pilot us at all?" asked the captain, who was frowning to himself.

"Well, it's doubtful," said Alan. "I'm more of a fighting man (as ye have seen for yoursel') than a sailor-man. But I have been often enough picked up and set down upon this coast, and should ken something of the lie of it."

The captain shook his head, still frowning.

"If I had lost less money on this unchancy⁵ cruise," says he, "I would see you in a rope's-end before I risked my brig, sir. But be it as ye will. As soon as I get a slant of wind (and there's some coming, or I'm the more mistaken) I'll put it in hand.⁶ But there's one thing more. We may meet in with a king's ship and she may lay us aboard, sir, with no blame of mine; they keep the cruisers thick upon this coast, ye ken who for. Now, sir, if that was to befall, ye might leave the money."

¹ Not given to frequent changes of mind.

² Wear out.

³ Highland shoes, made of untanned hides with the hair out.

⁴ Do without.

⁵ Unlucky.

⁶ Take advantage of it.

¹ Weak. ² Small flat-bottomed boats.

"Captain," says Alan, "if ye see a pennant,¹ it shall be your part to run away. And now, as I hear you're a little short of brandy in the forepart, I'll offer ye a change: a bottle of brandy against two buckets of water."

That was the last clause of the treaty, and was duly executed on both sides; so that Alan and I could at last wash out the round-house and be quit of the memorials of those whom we had slain, and the captain and Mr. Riach could be happy again in their own way, the name of which was drink.

CHAPTER XII

I hear of the Red Fox

BEFORE we had done cleaning out the round-house, a breeze sprang up from a little to the east of north. This blew off the rain and brought out the sun.

And here I must explain; and the reader would do well to look at a map. On the day when the fog fell and we ran down Alan's boat, we had been running through the Little Minch. At dawn after the battle, we lay becalmed to the east of the Isle of Canna or between that and Isle Eriska in the chain of the Long Island. Now to get from there to the Linnhe Loch the straight course was through the narrows of the Sound of Mull. But the captain had no chart; he was afraid to trust his brig so deep among the islands; and the wind serving well, he preferred to go by west of Tiree and come up under the southern coast of the great Isle of Mull.

All day the breeze held in the same point, and rather freshened than died down; and toward afternoon, a swell began to set in from round the outer Hebrides. Our course, to go round about the inner isles, was to the west of south, so that at first we had this swell upon

our beam,¹ and were much rolled about. But after nightfall, when we had turned the end of Tiree and began to head more to the east, the sea came right astern.

Meanwhile, the early part of the day, before the swell came up, was very pleasant; sailing, as we were, in a bright sunshine and with many mountainous islands upon different sides. Alan and I sat in the round-house with the doors open on each side (the wind being straight astern) and smoked a pipe or two of the captain's fine tobacco. It was at this time we heard each other's stories, which was the more important to me, as I gained some knowledge of that wild Highland country, on which I was so soon to land. In those days, so close on the back of the great rebellion, it was needful a man should know what he was doing when he went upon the heather.²

It was I that showed the example, telling him all my misfortune; which he heard with great good nature. Only, when I came to mention that good friend of mine, Mr. Campbell the minister, Alan fired up and cried out that he hated all that were of that name.

"Why," said I, "he is a man you should be proud to give your hand to."

"I know nothing I would help a Campbell to," says he, "unless it was a leaden bullet. I would hunt all of that name like blackcocks. If I lay dying, I would crawl upon my knees to my chamber window for a shot at one."

"Why, Alan," I cried, "what ails ye at the Campbells?"

"Well," says he, "ye ken very well that I am an Appin Stewart, and the Campbells have long harried and wasted those of my name; ay, and got lands of us by treachery—but never with the sword," he cried loudly, and with the word brought down his fist upon the table. But I paid the less attention to this, for I knew it was usually said by

¹ A long, narrow flag carried at the masthead of a government ship.

¹ Directly against the side of the ship.

² Here, into the Highlands.*

those who have the under hand. "There's more than that," he continued, "and all in the same story: lying words, lying papers, tricks fit for a peddler, and the show of what's legal over all; to make a man the more angry."

"You that are so wasteful of your buttons," said I. "I can hardly think you would be a good judge of business."

"Ah!" says he, falling again to smiling, "I got my wastefulness from the same man I got the buttons from; and that was my poor father, Duncan Stewart, grace be to him! He was the prettiest man of his kindred; and the best swordsman in the Hielands, David, and that is the same as to say, in all the world. I should ken, for it was him that taught me. He was in the Black Watch,* when first it was mustered; and like other gentleman privates, had a gillie¹ at his back to carry his firelock for him on the march. Well, the King, it appears, was wishful to see Hieland swordsmanship; and my father and three more were chosen out and sent to London town, to let him see it at the best. So they were had into the palace and showed the whole art of the sword for two hours at a stretch, before King George and Queen Carline,² and the Butcher Cumberland,* and many more of whom I have nae mind. And when they were through, the King (for all he was a rank usurper) spoke them fair³ and gave each man three guineas in his hand. Now, as they were going out of the palace, they had a porter's lodge to go by; and it came in on my father, as he was perhaps the first private Hieland gentleman that had ever gone by that door, it was right he should give the poor porter a proper notion of their quality. So he gives the King's three guineas into the man's hand, as if it was his common custom; the three others that came behind him did the same; and there they were on

the street, never a penny the better for their pains. Some say it was one, that was the first to fee the King's porter; and some say it was another; but the truth of it is, that it was Duncan Stewart, as I am willing to prove with either sword or pistol. And that was the father that I had, God rest him."

"I think he was not the man to leave you rich," said I.

"And that's true," said Alan. "He left me my breeks¹ to cover me, and little besides. And that was how I came to enlist, which was a black spot upon my character at the best of times, and would still be a sore job for me if I fell among the redcoats."

"What?" cried I, "were you in the English army?"

"That was I," said Alan. "But I deserted to the right side at Preston Pans*—and that's some comfort."

I could scarcely share this view: holding desertion under arms for an unpardonable fault in honor. But for all I was so young, I was wiser than say my thought. "Dear, dear," says I, "the punishment is death."

"Ay," said he, "if they got hands on me, it would be a short shrift and a lang tow² for Alan! But I have the King of France's commission in my pocket, which would aye be some protection."

"I misdoubt it much," said I.

"I have doubts mysel'," said Alan, drily.

"And, good heaven, man," cried I, "you that are a condemned rebel, and a deserter, and a man of the French King's—what tempts ye back into this country? It's a braving of Providence."

"Tut," says Alan, "I have been back every year since forty-six!"

"And what brings ye, man?" cried I.

"Well, ye see, I weary for my friends and country," said he. "France is a braw place, nae doubt; but I weary for the heather and the deer. And then I

¹ A man-servant. ² Spoke kindly to them.

³ Caroline.*

¹ Breeches.

² A short time to repent and then to be hanged.

have bit things that I attend to. Whiles¹ I pick up a few lads to serve the King of France: recruits, ye see; and that's aye a little money. But the heart of the matter is the business of my chief, Ardshiel."

"I thought they called your chief Appin," said I.

"Ay, but Ardshiel is the captain of the clan," said he, which scarcely cleared my mind. "Ye see, David, he that was all his life so great a man, and come of the blood and bearing the name of kings, is now brought down to live in a French town like a poor and private person. He that had four hundred swords at his whistle² I have seen, with these eyes of mine, buying butter in the market-place, and taking it home in a kale-leaf.³ This is not only a pain but a disgrace to us of his family and clan. There are the bairns⁴ forby,⁵ the children and the hope of Appin, that must be learned their letters and how to hold a sword, in that far country. Now, the tenants of Appin have to pay a rent to King George; but their hearts are staunch, they are true to their chief; and what with love and a bit of pressure, and maybe a threat or two, the poor folk scrape up a second rent for Ardshiel. Well, David, I'm the hand that carries it." And he struck the belt about his body, so that the guineas rang.

"Do they pay both?" cried I.

"Ay, David, both," says he.

"What! two rents?" I repeated.

"Ay, David," said he. "I told a different tale to yon captain man; but this is the truth of it. And it's wonderful to me how little pressure is needed. But that's the handiwork of my good kinsman and my father's friend, James of the Glens; James Stewart, that is: Ardshiel's half-brother. He it is that gets the money in, and does the management."

¹ Sometimes.

² Four hundred men at his command.

³ Cabbage leaf. ⁴ Children. ⁵ Also.

This was the first time I heard the name of that James Stewart, who was afterwards so famous at the time of his hanging. But I took little heed at the moment, for all my mind was occupied with the generosity of these poor Highlanders.

"I call it noble," I cried. "I'm a Whig, or little better; but I call it noble."

"Ay," said he, "ye're a Whig, but ye're a gentleman; and that's what does it. Now, if ye were one of the cursed race of Campbell, ye would gnash your teeth to hear tell of it. If ye were the Red Fox" . . . And at that name his teeth shut together, and he ceased speaking. I have seen many a grim face, but never a grimmer than Alan's when he had named the Red Fox.

"And who is the Red Fox?" I asked, daunted, but still curious.

"Who is he?" cried Alan. "Well, and I'll tell you that. When the men of the clans were broken at Culloden, and the good cause went down, and the horses rode over the fetlocks in the best blood of the north, Ardshiel had to flee like a poor deer upon the mountains—he and his lady and his bairns. A sair¹ job we had of it before we got him shipped; and while he still lay in the heather, the English rogues, that couldnae come at his life, were striking at his rights. They stripped him of his powers; they stripped him of his lands; they plucked the weapons from the hands of his clansmen, that had borne arms for thirty centuries; ay, and the very clothes off their backs—so that it's now a sin to wear a tartan plaid, and a man may be cast into a gaol if he has but a kilt² about his legs. One thing they couldnae kill. That was the love the clansmen bore their chief. These guineas are the proof of it. And now, in there steps a man, a Campbell, red-headed Colin of Glenure —"

¹ Difficult.

² A short skirt worn by Highland men.

"Is that him you call the Red Fox?" said I.

"Will ye bring me his brush?" cried Alan, fiercely. "Ay, that's the man. In he steps, and gets papers from King George, to be so-called King's factor on the lands of Appin. And at first he sings small, and is hail-fellow-well-met with Sheamus—that's James of the Glens, my chieftain's agent. But by-and-by, that came to his ears that I have just told you; how the poor commons of Appin, the farmers and the crofters¹ and the boumen,² were wringing their very plaids to get a second rent, and send it over-seas for Ardshiel and his poor bairns. What was it ye called it, when I told ye?"

"I called it noble, Alan," said I.

"And you little better than a common Whig!" cried Alan. "But when it came to Colin Roy, the black Campbell blood in him ran wild. He sat gnashing his teeth at the wine table. What! should a Stewart get a bite of bread, and him not be able to prevent it? Ah! Red Fox, if ever I hold you at a gun's end, the Lord have pity upon ye!" (Alan stopped to swallow down his anger.) "Well, David, what does he do? He declares all the farms to let. And thinks he, in his black heart, 'I'll soon get other tenants that'll overbid these Stewarts, and Maccolls, and Macrobs' (for these are all names in my clan, David), 'and then,' thinks he, 'Ardshiel will have to hold his bonnet³ on a French roadside.'"

"Well," said I, "what followed?"

Alan laid down his pipe, which he had long since suffered to go out, and set his two hands upon his knees.

"Ay," said he, "ye'll never guess that! For these same Stewarts, and Maccolls, and Macrobs (that had two rents to pay, one to King George by stark force, and one to Ardshiel by

natural kindness) offered him a better price than any Campbell in all broad Scotland; and far he sent seeking them—as far as to the sides of the Clyde¹ and the cross of Edinburgh²—seeking and fleeching,³ and begging them to come, where there was a Stewart to be starved and a red-headed hound of a Campbell to be pleased!"

"Well, Alan," said I, "that is a strange story, and a fine one, too. And Whig as I may be, I am glad the man was beaten."

"Him beaten?" echoed Alan. "It's little ye ken of Campbells and less of the Red Fox. Him beaten? No: nor will be, till his blood's on the hillside! But if the day comes, David man, that I can find time and leisure for a bit of hunting, there grows not enough heather in all Scotland to hide him from my vengeance!"

"Man Alan," said I, "ye are neither very wise nor very Christian to blow off so many words of anger. They will do the man ye call the Fox no harm, and yourself no good. Tell me your tale plainly out. What did he next?"

"And that's a good observe, David," said Alan. "Troth and indeed, they will do him no harm; the more's the pity! And barring that about Christianity (of which my opinion is quite otherwise, or I would be nae Christian) I am much of your mind."

"Opinion here or opinion there," said I, "it's a kent thing that Christianity forbids revenge."

"Ah," said he, "it's well seen it was a Campbell taught ye! It would be a convenient world for them and their sort, if there was no such thing as a lad and a gun behind a heather bush! But that's nothing to the point. This is what he did."

"Ay," said I, "come to that."

¹ Small farmers.

² Tenants on dairy farms, who take their stock from their landlords on shares.

³ Beg.

¹ Here, the neighborhood of Glasgow.

² Like many other towns in Scotland, Edinburgh, has a cross standing at its center.

³ Coaxing.

"Well, David," said he, "since he couldnae be rid of the royal commons by fair means, he swore he would be rid of them by foul. Ardshiel was to starve: that was the thing he aimed at. And since them that fed him in his exile wouldnae be bought out right or wrong, he would drive them out. Therefore he sent for lawyers, and papers, and red-coats to stand at his back. And the kindly folk of that country must all pack and tramp, every father's son out of his father's house, and out of the place where he was bred and fed, and played when he was a callant.¹ And who are to succeed them? Bare-leggit beggars! King George is to whistle for his rents; he maun dow² with less, he can spread his butter thinner: what cares Red Colin? If he can hurt Ardshiel, he has his wish; if he can pluck the meat from my chieftain's table, and the bit toys out of his children's hands, he will gang hame singing to Glenure!"

"Let me have a word," said I. "Be sure, if they take less rents, be sure Government has a finger in the pie. It's not this Campbell's fault, man — it's his orders. And if ye killed this Colin tomorrow, what better would ye be? There would be another factor in his shoes, as fast as spur can drive."

"Ye're a good lad in a fight," said Alan; "but man! ye have Whig blood in ye!"

He spoke kindly enough, but there was so much anger under his contempt that I thought it was wise to change the conversation. I expressed my wonder how, with the Highlands covered with troops and guarded like a city in a siege, a man in his situation could come and go without arrest.

"It's easier than ye would think," said Alan. "A bare hillside (ye see) is like all one road; if there's a sentry at one place ye just go by another. And then heather's a great help. And every-

where there are friends' houses and friends' byres and haystacks. And besides, when folk talk of a country covered with troops, it's but a kind of a byword at the best. A soldier covers nae mair of it than his boot-soles. I have fished a water with a sentry on the other side of the brae,¹ and killed a fine trout; and I have sat in a heather bush within six feet of another, and learned a real bonny tune from his whistling. This was it," said he, and whistled me the air.

"And then, besides," he continued, "it's no sae bad now as it was in forty-six. The Hiellands are what they call pacified. Small wonder, with never a gun or a sword left from Cantyre to Cape Wrath, but what tenty² folk have hidden in their thatch?³ But what I would like to ken, David, is just how long? Not long, ye would think, with men like Ardshiel in exile and men like the Red Fox sitting birling⁴ the wine and oppressing the poor at home. But it's a kittle⁵ thing to decide what folk'll bear, and what they will not. Or why would Red Colin be riding his horse all over my poor country of Appin, and never a pretty lad to put a bullet in him?"

And with this Alan fell into a muse, and for a long time sate very sad and silent.

I will add the rest of what I have to say about my friend, that he was skilled in all kinds of music, but principally pipe-music; was a well-considered poet in his own tongue; had read several books both in French and English; was a dead shot, a good angler, and an excellent fencer with the small sword as well as with his own particular weapon. For his faults, they were on his face, and I now knew them all. But the worst of them, his childish propensity to take offence and to pick quarrels, he greatly

¹ A slope or hillside. ² Careful.

³ A roof made of straw or reeds.

⁴ Drinking in company.

⁵ Difficult.

¹ Boy.

² Must get along.

laid aside in my case, out of regard for the battle of the round-house. But whether it was because I had done well myself, or because I had been a witness of his own much greater prowess, is more than I can tell. For though he had a great taste for courage in other men, yet he admired it most in Alan Breck.

CHAPTER XIII

The Loss of the Brig

IT WAS already late at night, and as dark¹ as it ever would be at that season of the year (and that is to say, it was still pretty bright), when Hoseason clapped his head into the round-house door.

"Here," said he, "come out and see if ye can pilot."

"Is this one of your tricks?" asked Alan.

"Do I look like tricks?" cries the captain. "I have other things to think of — my brig's in danger!"

By the concerned look of his face, and, above all, by the sharp tones in which he spoke of his brig, it was plain to both of us he was in deadly earnest; and so Alan and I, with no great fear of treachery, stepped on deck.

The sky was clear; it blew hard, and was bitter cold; a great deal of daylight lingered; and the moon, which was nearly full, shone brightly. The brig was close hauled,² so as to round the south-west corner of the Island of Mull; the hills of which (and Ben More above them all, with a wisp of mist upon the top of it) lay full upon the larboard bow.³ Though it was no good point of sailing for the *Covenant*, she tore through the seas at a great rate, pitching and straining, and pursued by the westerly swell.

Altogether it was no such ill night to

keep the seas in; and I had begun to wonder what it was that sat so heavily upon the captain, when the brig rising suddenly on the top of a high swell, he pointed and cried to us to look. Away on the lee bow,¹ a thing like a fountain rose out of the moonlit sea, and immediately after we heard a low sound of roaring.

"What do ye call that?" asked the captain gloomily.

"The sea breaking on a reef," said Alan. "And now ye ken where it is; and what better would ye have?"

"Ay," said Hoseason, "if it was the only one."

And sure enough just as he spoke there came a second fountain further to the south.

"There!" said Hoseason. "Ye see for yourself. If I had kent of these reefs, if I had had a chart, or if Shuan had been spared, it's not sixty guineas, no, nor six hundred, would have made me risk my brig in sic a stoneyard! But you, sir, that was to pilot us, have ye never a word?"

"I'm thinking," said Alan, "these'll be what they call the Torran Rocks."

"Are there many of them?" says the captain.

"Truly, sir, I am nae pilot," said Alan; "but it sticks in my mind, there are ten miles of them."

Mr. Riach and the captain looked at each other.

"There's a way through them, I suppose?" said the captain.

"Doubtless," said Alan; "but where? But it somehow runs in my mind once more, that it is clearer under the land."

"So?" said Hoseason. "We'll have to haul our wind,² then, Mr. Riach; we'll have to come as near in about the end of Mull as we can take her, sir; and even then we'll have the land to kep the wind off us, and that stoneyard on our

¹ In Scotland the summer nights are very short.

² With the bow pointed almost directly toward the wind.

³ The left side of the fore part of the ship, to one on board facing the bow.

¹ The fore part of the ship opposite the wind.

² Sail more directly toward the wind.

lee. Well, we're in for it now, and may as well crack on."¹

With that he gave an order to the steersman, and sent Riach to the fore-top. There were only five men on deck, counting the officers; these were all that were fit (or, at least, both fit and willing) for their work; and two of these were hurt. So, as I say, it fell to Mr. Riach to go aloft, and he sat there looking out and hailing the deck with news of all he saw.

"The sea to the south is thick," he cried; and then, after a while, "It does seem clearer in by the land."

"Well, sir," said Hoseason to Alan, "we'll try your way of it. But I think I might as well trust to a blind fiddler. Pray God you're right."

"Pray God I am!" says Alan to me. "But where did I hear it? Well, well, it will be as it must."

As we got nearer to the turn of the land the reefs began to be sown here and there on our very path; and Mr. Riach sometimes cried down to us to change the course. Sometimes, indeed, none too soon; for one reef was so close on the brig's weather board² that when a sea burst upon it the lighter sprays fell upon her deck and wetted us like rain.

The brightness of the night showed us these perils as clearly as by day, which was, perhaps, the more alarming. It showed me, too, the face of the captain as he stood by the steersman, now on one foot, now on the other, and sometimes blowing in his hands, but still listening and looking and as steady as steel. Neither he nor Mr. Riach had shown well in the fighting; but I saw they were brave in their own trade, and admired them all the more because I found Alan very white.

"Ochone,³ David," said he, "this is no the kind of death I fancy!"

"What, Alan!" I cried, "you're not afraid?"

"No," said he, wetting his lips, "but you'll allow yourself it's a cold ending."

By this time, now and then sheering¹ to one side or the other to avoid a reef, but still hugging the wind and the land, we had got round Iona and begun to come alongside Mull. The tide at the tail of the land ran very strong, and threw the brig about. Two hands were put to the helm, and Hoseason himself would sometimes lend a help; and it was strange to see three strong men throw their weight upon the tiller, and it (like a living thing) struggle against and drive them back. This would have been the greater danger, had not the sea been for some while free of obstacles. Mr. Riach, besides, announced from the top that he saw clear water ahead.

"Ye were right," said Hoseason to Alan. "Ye have saved the brig, sir; I'll mind that when we come to clear accounts." And I believe he not only meant what he said, but would have done it; so high a place did the *Covenant* hold in his affections.

But this is matter only for conjecture, things having gone otherwise than he forecast.

"Keep her away a point,"² sings out Mr. Riach. "Reef to windward!"

And just at the same time the tide caught the brig, and threw the wind out of her sails. She came round into the wind like a top, and the next moment struck the reef with such a dunch³ as threw us all flat upon the deck, and came near to shake Mr. Riach from his place upon the mast.

I was on my feet in a minute. The reef on which we had struck was close in under the south-west end of Mull, off a little isle they call Earraid, which lay low and black upon the larboard. Sometimes the swell broke clean over us;

¹ Go ahead.

² The side of the ship that is toward the wind.

³ A Gaelic exclamation of sorrow.

¹ Turning.

² Blow.

³ Change the course slightly.

sometimes it only ground the poor brig upon the reef, so that we could hear her beat herself to pieces; and what with the great noise of the sails, and the singing of the wind, and the flying of the spray in the moonlight, and the sense of danger, I think my head was partly turned, for I could scarcely understand the things I saw.

Presently, I observed Mr. Riach and the seamen busy round the skiff; and still in the same blank, ran over to assist them; and as soon as I set my hand to work, my mind came clear again. It was no very easy task, for the skiff lay amidships and was full of hamper,¹ and the breaking of the heavier seas continually forced us to give over² and hold on; but we all wrought like horses while we could.

Meanwhile such of the wounded as could move came clambering out of the fore-scuttle and began to help; while the rest that lay helpless in their bunks harrowed³ me with screaming and begging to be saved.

The captain took no part. It seemed he was struck stupid. He stood holding by the shrouds,⁴ talking to himself and groaning out aloud whenever the ship hammered on the rock. His brig was like wife and child to him; he had looked on, day by day, at the mishandling of poor Ransome; but when it came to the brig, he seemed to suffer along with her.

All the time of our working at the boat, I remember only one other thing: that I asked Alan, looking across at the shore, what country it was; and he answered, it was the worst possible for him, for it was a land of the Campbells.

We had one of the wounded men told off to keep a watch upon the seas and

cry us warning. Well, we had the boat about ready to be launched, when this man sang out pretty shrill: "For God's sake, hold on!" We knew by his tone that it was something more than ordinary; and sure enough, there followed a sea so huge that it lifted the brig right up and canted her over on her beam. Whether the cry came too late or my hold was too weak, I know not; but at the sudden tilting of the ship, I was cast clean over the bulwarks into the sea.

I went down, and drank my fill; and then came up, and got a blink of the moon; and then down again. They say a man sinks the third time for good. I cannot be made like other folk, then; for I would not like to write how often I went down or how often I came up again. All the while, I was being hurled along, and beaten upon and choked, and then swallowed whole; and the thing was so distracting to my wits, that I was neither sorry nor afraid.

Presently, I found I was holding to a spar,¹ which helped me somewhat. And then all of a sudden I was in quiet water, and began to come to myself.

It was the spare yard I had got hold of, and I was amazed to see how far I had traveled from the brig. I hailed her, indeed; but it was plain she was already out of cry. She was still holding together; but whether or not they had yet launched the boat, I was too far off and too low down to see.

While I was hailing the brig, I spied a tract of water lying between us, where no great waves came, but which yet boiled white all over and bristled in the moon with rings and bubbles. Sometimes the whole tract swung to one side, like the tail of a live serpent; sometimes, for a glimpse, it all would disappear and then boil up again. What it was I had no guess, which for the time increased my fear of it; but I now know it must

¹ Any round piece of timber used in handling a ship.

¹ Articles ordinarily needed on shipboard, but in the way in time of distress.

² To stop work.

³ Filled with distress.

⁴ Ropes that support the masts.

have been the roost or tide-race,¹ which had carried me away so fast and tumbled me about so cruelly, and at last, as if tired of that play, had flung out me and the spare yard upon its landward margin.

I now lay quite becalmed, and began to feel that a man can die of cold as well as of drowning. The shores of Earraid were close in; I could see in the moonlight the dots of heather and the sparkling of the mica in the rocks.

"Well," thought I to myself, "if I cannot get as far as that, it's strange!"

I had no skill of swimming, Essen Water being small in our neighborhood; but when I laid hold upon the yard with both arms, and kicked out with both feet, I soon began to find that I was moving. Hard work it was, and mortally slow; but in about an hour of kicking and splashing, I had got well in between the points of a sandy bay surrounded by low hills.

The sea was here quite quiet; there was no sound of any surf; the moon shone clear; and I thought in my heart I had never seen a place so desert and desolate. But it was dry land; and when at last it grew so shallow that I could leave the yard and wade ashore upon my feet, I cannot tell if I was more tired or more grateful. Both at least, I was: tired as I never was before that night; and grateful to God, as I trust I have been often, though never with more cause.

CHAPTER XIV

The Islet

WITH my stepping ashore, I began the most unhappy part of my adventures. It was half-past twelve in the morning, and though the wind was broken by the land, it was a cold night. I dared not sit down (for I thought I should have frozen), but took off my shoes and walked to and fro upon the

sand, barefoot and beating my breast, with infinite weariness. There was no sound of man or cattle; not a cock crew, though it was about the hour of their first waking; only the surf broke outside in the distance, which put me in mind of my perils and those of my friend. To walk by the sea at that hour of the morning, and in a place so desert-like and lonesome, struck me with a kind of fear.

As soon as the day began to break, I put on my shoes and climbed a hill — the ruggedest scramble I ever undertook — falling, the whole way, between big blocks of granite or leaping from one to another. When I got to the top the dawn was come. There was no sign of the brig, which must have lifted from the reef and sunk. The boat, too, was nowhere to be seen. There was never a sail upon the ocean; and in what I could see of the land, was neither house nor man.

I was afraid to think what had befallen my shipmates, and afraid to look longer at so empty a scene. What with my wet clothes and weariness, and my belly that now began to ache with hunger, I had enough to trouble me without that. So I set off eastward along the south coast, hoping to find a house where I might warm myself, and perhaps get news of those I had lost. And at the worst, I considered the sun would soon rise and dry my clothes.

After a little, my way was stopped by a creek or inlet of the sea, which seemed to run pretty deep into the land; and as I had no means to get across, I must needs change my direction to go about the end of it. It was still the roughest kind of walking; indeed the whole, not only of Earraid, but of the neighboring part of Mull (which they call the Ross) is nothing but a jumble of granite rocks with heather in among. At first the creek kept narrowing as I had looked to see; but presently to my surprise it

¹ A strong tide or current.

began to widen out again. At this I scratched my head, but had still no notion of the truth; until at last I came to a rising ground, and it burst upon me all in a moment that I was cast upon a little, barren isle, and cut off on every side by the salt seas.

Instead of the sun rising to dry me, it came on to rain, with a thick mist; so that my case was lamentable.

I stood in the rain, and shivered, and wondered what to do, till it occurred to me that perhaps the creek was fordable. Back I went to the narrowest point and waded in. But not three yards from shore, I plumped in head over ears; and if ever I was heard of more it was rather by God's grace than my own prudence. I was no wetter (for that could hardly be), but I was all the colder for this mishap; and having lost another hope, was the more unhappy.

And now, all at once, the yard came in my head. What had carried me through the roost, would surely serve me to cross this little quiet creek in safety. With that I set off, undaunted, across the top of the isle, to fetch and carry it back. It was a weary tramp in all ways, and if hope had not buoyed me up, I must have cast myself down and given up. Whether with the sea salt, or because I was growing fevered, I was distressed with thirst, and had to stop, as I went, and drink the peaty water out of the hags.

I came to the bay at last, more dead than alive; and at the first glance, I thought the yard was something further out than when I left it. In I went, for the third time, into the sea. The sand was smooth and firm and shelved gradually down; so that I could wade out till the water was almost to my neck, and the little waves splashed into my face. But at that depth my feet began to leave me and I durst venture in no further. As for the yard, I saw it bobbing very quietly some twenty feet in front of me.

I had borne up well until this last disappointment; but at that I came ashore, and flung myself down upon the sands and wept.

The time I spent upon the island is still so horrible a thought to me, that I must pass it lightly over. In all the books I have read of people cast away, they had either their pockets full of tools, or a chest of things would be thrown upon the beach along with them, as if on purpose. My case was very different. I had nothing in my pockets but money and Alan's silver button; and being inland bred, I was as much short of knowledge as of means.

I knew indeed that shell-fish were counted good to eat; and among the rocks of the isle I found a great plenty of limpets,¹ which at first I could scarcely strike from their places, not knowing quickness² to be needful. There were, besides, some of the little shells that we call buckies; I think "periwinkle" is the English name. Of these two I made my whole diet, devouring them cold and raw as I found them; and so hungry was I, that at first they seemed to me delicious.

Perhaps they were out of season, or perhaps there was something wrong in the sea about my island. But at least I had no sooner eaten my first meal than I was seized with giddiness and retching,³ and lay for a long time no better than dead. A second trial of the same food (indeed I had no other) did better with me and revived my strength. But as long as I was on the island, I never knew what to expect when I had eaten; sometimes all was well, and sometimes I was thrown into a miserable sickness; nor could I ever distinguish what particular fish it was that hurt me.

All day it streamed rain; the island ran like a sop; there was no dry spot to

¹ A kind of small shellfish.

² The limpet is obtained by striking it a sharp blow.

³ Vomiting.

be found; and when I lay down that night, between two boulders that made a kind of roof, my feet were in a bog.¹

The second day, I crossed the island to all sides. There was no one part of it better than another; it was all desolate and rocky; nothing living on it but game birds which I lacked the means to kill, and the gulls which haunted the outlying rocks in a prodigious number. But the creek, or strait, that cut off the isle from the main land of the Ross, opened out on the north into a bay, and the bay again opened into the Sound of Iona; and it was the neighborhood of this place that I chose to be my home; though if I had thought upon the very name of home in such a spot, I must have burst out crying.

I had good reasons for my choice. There was in this part of the isle a little hut of a house like a pig's hut, where fishers used to sleep when they came there upon their business; but the turf roof of it had fallen entirely in; so that the hut was of no use to me, and gave me less shelter than my rocks. What was more important, the shell-fish on which I lived grew there in great plenty; when the tide was out I could gather a peck at a time: and this was doubtless a convenience. But the other reason went deeper. I had become in no way used to the horrid solitude of the isle, but still looked round me on all sides (like a man that was hunted) between fear and hope that I might see some human creature coming. Now, from a little up the hill-side over the bay, I could catch a sight of the great, ancient church and the roofs of the people's houses in Iona. And on the other hand, over the low country of the Ross, I saw smoke go up morning and evening, as if from a homestead in a hollow of the land.

I used to watch this smoke, when I was wet and cold, and had my head half turned with loneliness; and think of the

¹ Mingled mud and water.

fireside and the company, till my heart burned. It was the same with the roofs of Iona. Altogether, this sight I had of men's homes and comfortable lives, although it put a point on my own sufferings, yet it kept hope alive, and helped me to eat my raw shell-fish (which had soon grown to be a disgust) and saved me from the sense of horror I had whenever I was quite alone with dead rocks, and fowls, and the rain, and the cold sea.

I say it kept hope alive; and indeed it seemed impossible that I should be left to die on the shores of my own country, and within view of a church tower and the smoke of men's houses. But the second day passed; and though as long as the light lasted I kept a bright look-out for boats on the Sound or men passing on the Ross, no help came near me. It still rained; and I turned in to sleep, as wet as ever and with a cruel sore throat, but a little comforted, perhaps, by having said good night to my next neighbors, the people of Iona.

Charles the Second declared a man could stay outdoors more days in the year in the climate of England than in any other. This was very like a king with a palace at his back and changes of dry clothes. But he must have had better luck on his flight from Worcester* than I had on that miserable isle. It was the height of summer; yet it rained for more than twenty-four hours, and did not clear until the afternoon of the third day.

This was the day of incidents. In the morning I saw a red deer, a buck with a fine spread of antlers, standing in the rain on the top of the island; but he had scarce seen me rise from under my rock, before he trotted off upon the other side. I supposed he must have swum the strait; though what should bring any creature to Earraid, was more than I could fancy.

A little after, as I was jumping about after my limpets, I was startled by a

guinea piece, which fell upon a rock in front of me and glanced off into the sea. When the sailors gave me my money again, they kept back not only about a third of the whole sum, but my father's leather purse; so that from that day out, I carried my gold loose in a pocket with a button. I now saw there must be a hole, and clapped my hand to the place in a great hurry. But this was to lock the stable door after the steed was stolen. I had left the shore at Queensferry with near on fifty pounds; now I found no more than two guinea pieces and a silver shilling.

It is true I picked up a third guinea a little after, where it lay shining on a piece of turf. That made a fortune of three pounds and four shillings, English money, for a lad, the rightful heir of an estate, and now starving on an isle at the extreme end of the wild Highlands.

This state of my affairs dashed me still further; and indeed my plight on that third morning was truly pitiful. My clothes were beginning to rot; my stockings in particular were quite worn through, so that my shanks went naked; my hands had grown quite soft with the continual soaking; my throat was very sore, my strength had much abated, and my heart so turned against the horrid stuff I was condemned to eat, that the very sight of it came near to sicken me.

And yet the worst was not yet come.

There is a pretty high rock on the north-west of Earraid, which (because it had a flat top and overlooked the Sound) I was much in the habit of frequenting; not that ever I stayed in one place, save when asleep, my misery giving me no rest. Indeed, I wore myself down with continual and aimless goings and comings in the rain.

As soon, however, as the sun came out, I lay down on the top of that rock to dry myself. The comfort of the sunshine is a thing I cannot tell. It set me thinking

hopefully of my deliverance, of which I had begun to despair; and I scanned the sea and the Ross with a fresh interest. On the south of my rock, a part of the island jutted out and hid the open ocean, so that a boat could thus come quite near me upon that side, and I be none the wiser.

Well, all of a sudden, a coble with a brown sail and a pair of fishers aboard of it, came flying round that corner of the isle, bound for Iona. I shouted out, and then fell on my knees on the rock and reached up my hands and prayed to them. They were near enough to hear — I could even see the color of their hair; and there was no doubt but they observed me, for they cried out in the Gaelic tongue and laughed. But the boat never turned aside, and flew on, right before my eyes, for Iona.

I could not believe such wickedness, and ran along the shore from rock to rock, crying on them piteously; even after they were out of reach of my voice, I still cried and waved to them; and when they were quite gone, I thought my heart would have burst. All the time of my troubles, I wept only twice. Once, when I could not reach the yard; and now, the second time, when these fishers turned a deaf ear to my cries. But this time I wept and roared like a wicked child, tearing up the turf with my nails and grinding my face in the earth. If a wish would kill men, those two fishers would never have seen morning; and I should likely have died upon my island.

When I was a little over my anger, I must eat again, but with such loathing of the mess as I could now scarcely control. Sure enough, I should have done as well to fast, for my fishes poisoned me again. I had all my first pains; my throat was so sore I could scarce swallow; I had a fit of strong shuddering, which clucked my teeth together; and there came on me that dreadful sense of illness, which

we have no name for either in Scotch or English. I thought I should have died, and made my peace with God, forgiving all men, even my uncle and the fishes; and as soon as I had thus made up my mind to the worst, clearness came upon me: I observed the night was falling dry; my clothes were dried a good deal; truly, I was in a better case than ever before, since I had landed on the isle; and so I got to sleep at last, with a thought of gratitude.

The next day (which was the fourth of this horrible life of mine) I found my bodily strength run very low. But the sun shone, the air was sweet, and what I managed to eat of the shell-fish agreed well with me and revived my courage.

I was scarce back on my rock (where I went always the first thing after I had eaten) before I observed a boat coming down the Sound and with her head, as I thought, in my direction.

I began at once to hope and fear exceedingly; for I thought these men might have thought better of their cruelty and be coming back to my assistance. But another disappointment, such as yesterday's, was more than I could bear. I turned my back, accordingly, upon the sea, and did not look again till I had counted many hundreds. The boat was still heading for the island. The next time I counted the full thousand, as slowly as I could, my heart beating so as to hurt me. And then it was out of all question. She was coming straight to Earraid!

I could no longer hold myself back, but ran to the seaside and out, from one rock to another, as far as I could go. It is a marvel I was not drowned; for when I was brought to a stand at last, my legs shook under me, and my mouth was so dry, I must wet it with the seawater before I was able to shout.

All this time the boat was coming on; and now I was able to perceive it was the same boat and the same two men as

yesterday. This I knew by their hair, which the one had of a bright yellow and the other black. But now there was a third man along with them, who looked to be of a better class.

As soon as they were come within easy speech, they let down their sail and lay quiet. In spite of my supplications, they drew no nearer in, and what frightened me most of all, the new man tee-hee'd with laughter as he talked and looked at me.

Then he stood up in the boat and addressed me a long while, speaking fast and with many wavings of his hand. I told him I had no Gaelic*; and at this he became very angry, and I began to suspect he thought he was talking English. Listening very close, I caught the word "whateffer" several times; but all the rest was Gaelic, and might have been Greek and Hebrew for me.

"Whatever," said I, to show him I had caught a word.

"Yes, yes — yes, yes," says he, and then he looked at the other men, as much as to say, "I told you I spoke English," and began again as hard as ever in the Gaelic.

This time I picked out another word, "tide." Then I had a flash of hope. I remembered he was always waving his hand toward the main land of the Ross.

"Do you mean when the tide is out —?" I cried, and could not finish.

"Yes, yes," said he. "Tide."

At that I turned tail upon their boat (where my adviser had once more begun to tee-hee with laughter), leaped back the way I had come, from one stone to another, and set off running across the isle as I had never run before. In about half an hour I came out upon the shores of the creek; and, sure enough, it was shrunk into a little trickle of water, through which I dashed, not above my knees, and landed with a shout on the main island.

A sea-bred boy would not have stayed

a day on Earraid; which is only what they call a tidal islet, and except in the bottom of the neaps,¹ can be entered and left twice in every twenty-four hours, either dry-shod, or at the most by wading. Even I, who had the tide going out and in before me in the bay, and even watched for the ebbs, the better to get my shell-fish — even I (I say), if I had sat down to think, instead of raging at my fate, must have soon guessed the secret and got free. It was no wonder the fishers had not understood me. The wonder was rather that they had ever guessed my pitiful illusion, and taken the trouble to come back. I had starved with cold and hunger on that island for close upon one hundred hours. But for the fishers, I might have left my bones there, in pure folly. And even as it was, I had paid for it pretty dear, not only in past sufferings, but in my present case; being clothed like a beggar-man, scarce able to walk, and in great pain of my sore throat.

I have seen wicked men and fools, a great many of both; and I believe they both get paid in the end; but the fools first.

CHAPTER XV

The Lad with the Silver Button: through the Isle of Mull

THE Ross of Mull, which I had now got upon, was rugged and trackless, like the isle I had just left; being all bog, and briar, and big stone. There may be roads for them that know that country well; but for my part I had no better guide than my own nose, and no other landmark than Ben More.

I aimed as well as I could for the smoke I had seen so often from the island; and with all my great weariness and the difficulty of the way, came upon the house at the bottom of a little hollow, about

five or six at night. It was low and longish, roofed with turf and built of unmortared stones; and on a mound in front of it, an old gentleman sat smoking his pipe in the sun.

With what little English he had, he gave me to understand that my shipmates had got safe ashore, and had broken bread in that very house on the day after.

"Was there one," I asked, "dressed like a gentleman?"

He said they all wore rough great-coats; but to be sure the first of them, the one that came alone, wore breeches and stockings, while the rest had sailors' trousers.

"Ah," said I, "and he would have a feathered hat?"

He told me no, that he was bare-headed like myself.

At first I thought Alan might have lost his hat; and then the rain came in my mind, and I judged it more likely he had it out of harm's way under his great-coat. This set me smiling, partly because my friend was safe, partly to think of his vanity in dress.

And then the old gentleman clapped his hand to his brow, and cried out that I must be the lad with the silver button.

"Why, yes," said I, in some wonder.

"Well, then," said the old gentleman, "I have a word for you that you are to follow your friend to his country, by Torosay."

He then asked me how I had fared, and I told him my tale. A south-country man would certainly have laughed; but this old gentleman (I call him so because of his manners, for his clothes were dropping off his back) heard me all through with nothing but gravity and pity. When I had done, he took me by the hand, led me into his hut (it was no better) and presented me before his wife, as if she had been the Queen and I a duke.

The good woman set oat-bread before

¹ The lowest tide, occurring just before the full moon.

me and a cold grouse, patting my shoulder and smiling to me all the time, for she had no English; and the old gentleman (not to be behind) brewed me a strong punch out of their country spirit.¹ All the while I was eating, and after that when I was drinking the punch, I could scarce come to believe in my good fortune; and the house, though it was thick with the peat-smoke² and as full of holes as a colander, seemed like a palace.

The punch threw me in a strong sweat and a deep slumber; the good people let me lie; and it was near noon of the next day before I took the road, my throat already easier and my spirits quite restored by good fare and good news. The old gentleman, although I pressed him hard, would take no money, and gave me an old bonnet for my head; though I am free to own I was no sooner out of view of the house than I very jealously washed this gift of his in a wayside fountain.

Thought I to myself: "If these are the wild Highlanders, I could wish my own folk wilder."

I not only started late, but I must have wandered nearly half the time. True, I met plenty of people, grubbing in little miserable fields that would not keep a cat, or herding little kine about the bigness of asses. The Highland dress being forbidden by law since the rebellion, and the people condemned to the lowland habit, which they much disliked, it was strange to see the variety of their array. Some went bare, only for a hanging cloak or great-coat, and carried their trousers on their backs like a useless burthen; some had made an imitation of the tartan with little parti-colored stripes patched together like an old wife's quilt; others, again, still wore the Highland philabeg,³ but

by putting a few stitches between the legs, transformed it into a pair of trousers like a Dutchman's. All those make-shifts were condemned and punished, for the law was harshly applied, in hopes to break up the clan spirit; but in that out-of-the-way, seabound isle, there were few to make remarks and fewer to tell tales.

They seemed in great poverty: which was no doubt natural, now the rapine was put down, and the chiefs kept no longer an open house; and the roads (even such a wandering, country by-track as the one I followed) were infested with beggars. And here, again, I marked a difference from my own part of the country. For our lowland beggars—even the gownsmen themselves, who beg by patent¹—had a louting,² flattering way with them, and if you gave them a plack³ and asked change, would very civilly return you a boddle. But these Highland beggars stood on their dignity, asked alms only to buy snuff (by their account) and would give no change.

To be sure this was no concern of mine, except in so far as it entertained me by the way. What was much more to the purpose, few had any English, and these few (unless they were of the brotherhood of beggars) not very anxious to place it at my service. I knew Torosay to be my destination, and repeated the name to them and pointed; but instead of simply pointing in reply, they would give me a screed⁴ of the Gaelic* that set me foolish; so it was small wonder if I went out of my road as often as I stayed in it.

At last, about eight at night, and already very weary, I came to a lone house, where I asked admittance and was refused, until I bethought me of

¹ Home-made liquor.

² Like many Highland* cottages, the house had no chimney.

³ A short skirt, a kilt.

¹ Certain men got a royal permit (patent) to beg; they wore a peculiar gown.

² Clownish.

³ A trifling coin.

⁴ A long speech.

the power of money in so poor a country, and held up one of my guineas in my finger and thumb. Thereupon, the man of the house, who had hitherto pretended to have no English and driven me from his door by signals, suddenly began to speak as clearly as was needful, and agreed for five shillings to give me a night's lodging and guide me the next day to Torosay.

I slept uneasily that night, fearing I should be robbed; but I might have spared myself the pain; for my host was no robber, only miserably poor and a great cheat. He was not alone in his poverty; for the next morning, we must go five miles about to the house of what he called a rich man to have one of my guineas changed. This was perhaps a rich man for Mull; he would have scarce been thought so in the south; for it took all he had, the whole house was turned upside down, and a neighbor brought under contribution, before he could scrape together twenty shillings in silver. The odd shilling he kept for himself, protesting he could ill afford to have so great a sum of money lying "locked up."¹ For all that he was very courteous and well spoken, made us both sit down with his family to dinner, and brewed punch in a fine china bowl; over which my rascal guide grew so merry that he refused to start.

I was for getting angry, and appealed to the rich man (Hector Maclean was his name) who had been a witness to our bargain and to my payment of the five shillings. But Maclean had taken his share of the punch, and vowed that no gentleman should leave his table after the bowl was brewed; so there was nothing for it but to sit and hear Jacobite toasts and Gaelic songs, till all were tipsy and staggered off to the bed or the barn for their night's rest.

Next day (the fourth of my travels) we were up before five upon the clock, but my rascal guide got to the bottle at once; and it was three hours before I had him clear of the house, and then (as you shall hear) only for a worse disappointment.

As long as we went down a heathery valley that lay before Mr. Maclean's house, all went well; only my guide looked constantly over his shoulder, and when I asked him the cause, only grinned at me. No sooner, however, had we crossed the back of a hill, and got out of sight of the back windows, than he told me Torosay lay right in front, and that hill-top (which he pointed out) was my best landmark.

"I care very little for that," said I, "since you are going with me."

The impudent cheat answered me in the Gaelic that he had no English.

"My fine fellow," I said, "I know very well your English comes and goes. Tell me what will bring it back. Is it more money you wish?"

"Five shillings mair," said he, "and hersel' will bring ye there."

I reflected a while and then offered him two, which he accepted greedily, and insisted on having in his hands at once—"for luck," as he said, but I think it was rather for my misfortune.

The two shillings carried him not quite as many miles; at the end of which distance, he sat down upon the wayside and took off his brogues from his feet, like a man about to rest.

I was now red-hot. "Ha!" said I, "have you no more English?"

He said, impudently, "No."

At that I boiled over and lifted my hand to strike him; and he, drawing a knife from his rags, squatted back and grinned at me like a wild-cat. At that, forgetting everything but my anger, I ran in upon him, put aside his knife with my left and struck him in the mouth with my right. I was a strong lad and

¹ Few men in the community would have change for a guinea, — twenty-one shillings; hence the shillings might be considered as locked up.

very angry, and he but a little man; and he went down before me heavily. By good luck, his knife flew out of his hand as he fell.

I picked up both that and his brogues, wished him a good morning, and set off upon my way, leaving him barefoot and disarmed. I chuckled to myself as I went, being sure I was done with that rogue, for a variety of reasons. First, he knew he could have no more of my money; next, the brogues were worth in that country only a few pence; and lastly, the knife, which was really a dagger, it was against the law for him to carry.

In about half-an-hour of walk, I overtook a great, ragged man, moving pretty fast but feeling before him with a staff. He was quite blind, and told me he was a catechist,¹ which should have put me at my ease. But his face went against me; it seemed dark and dangerous and secret; and presently, as we began to go on alongside, I saw the steel butt of a pistol sticking from under the flap of his coat-pocket. To carry such a thing meant a fine of fifteen pounds sterling upon a first offence, and transportation to the colonies upon a second. Nor could I quite see why a religious teacher should go armed, or what a blind man could be doing with a pistol.

I told him about my guide, for I was proud of what I had done, and my vanity for once got the heels of my prudence. At the mention of the five shillings he cried out so loud that I made up my mind I should say nothing of the other two, and was glad he could not see my blushes.

"Was it too much?" I asked, a little faltering.

"Too much!" cries he. "Why, I will guide you to Torosay myself for a dram of brandy. And give you the great pleasure of my company (me that is a man of some learning) in the bargain."

¹ A religious teacher.

I said I did not see how a blind man could be a guide; but at that he laughed aloud, and said his stick was eyes enough for an eagle.

"In the Isle of Mull, at least," says he, "where I know every stone and heather-bush by mark of head. See, now," he said, striking right and left, as if to make sure, "down there a burn is running; and at the head of it there stands a bit of a small hill with a stone cocked upon the top of that; and it's hard at the foot of the hill, that the way runs by to Torosay; and the way here, being for droves,¹ is plainly trodden, and will show grassy through the heather."

I had to own he was right in every feature, and told my wonder.

"Ha!" says he, "that's nothing. Would ye believe me now, that before the Act² came out, and when there were weepens in this country, I could shoot? Ay, could I!" cries he, and then with a leer: "If ye had such a thing as a pistol here to try with, I would show ye how it's done."

I told him that I had nothing of that sort, and gave him a wider berth. If he had known, his pistol stuck at that time quite plainly out of his pocket, and I could see the sun twinkle on the steel of the butt. But by the better luck for me, he knew nothing, thought all was covered, and lied on in the dark.

He then began to question me cunningly, where I came from, whether I was rich, whether I could change a five shilling piece for him (which he declared he had at that moment in his sporran³), and all the time he kept edging up to me, and I avoiding him. We were now upon a sort of green cattle-track, which crossed the hills toward Torosay, and we kept changing sides upon that like dancers in a reel. I had so plainly the upper hand

¹ Cattle.

² The Act of Parliament by which Highlanders* were forbidden to carry firearms.

³ Usually a purse made of fur with the hair outside, suspended from the belt.

that my spirits rose, and indeed I took a pleasure in this game of blind-man's-buff; but the catechist grew angrier and angrier, and at last began to swear in Gaelic and to strike for my legs with his staff.

Then I told him that sure enough I had a pistol in my pocket as well as he, and if he did not strike across the hill due south I would even blow his brains out.

He became at once very polite; and after trying to soften me for some time, but quite in vain, he cursed me once more in Gaelic and took himself off. I watched him striding along, through bog and briar, tapping with his stick, until he turned the end of a hill and disappeared in the next hollow. Then I struck on again for Torosay, much better pleased to be alone than to travel with that man of learning. This was an unlucky day; and these two, of whom I had just rid myself, one after the other, were the two worst men I met with in the Highlands.

At Torosay, on the Sound of Mull, and looking over to the main land of Morven, there was an inn with an innkeeper, who was a Maclean; it appeared, of a very high family; for to keep an inn is thought ever more genteel in the Highlands than it is with us, perhaps as partaking of hospitality, or perhaps because the trade is idle and drunken. He spoke good English, and finding me to be something of a scholar, tried me first in French, where he easily beat me, and then in Latin, in which I don't know which of us did best. This pleasant rivalry put us at once upon friendly terms; and I sat up and drank punch with him (or, to be more correct, sat up and watched him drink it) until he was so tipsy that he wept upon my shoulder.

I tried him, as if by accident, with a sight of Alan's button; but it was plain he had never seen or heard of it. Indeed, he bore some grudge against the family and friends of Ardshiel, and before he

was drunk he read me a lampoon,¹ in very good Latin, but with a very ill meaning, which he had made in elegiac verses² upon a person of that house.

When I told him of my catechist, he shook his head, and said I was lucky to have got clear off. "That is a very dangerous man," he said; "Duncan Mackiegh is his name; he can shoot by the ear³ at several yards, and has been often accused of highway robberies, and once of murder."

"The cream of it is," says I, "that he called himself a catechist."

"And why should he not?" says he, "when that is what he is. It was Maclean of Duart gave it to him because he was blind. But, perhaps, it was a peety," says my host, "for he is always on the road, going from one place to another to hear the young folk say their religion; and doubtless, that is a great temptation to the poor man."

At last, when my landlord could drink no more, he showed me to a bed, and I lay down in very good spirits; having traveled the greater part of that big and crooked Island of Mull, from Earraid to Torosay, fifty miles as the crow flies, and (with my wanderings) much nearer a hundred, in four days and with little fatigue. Indeed, I was by far in better heart and health of body at the end of that long tramp than I had been at the beginning.

CHAPTER XVI

The Lad with the Silver Button: across Morven

THERE is a regular ferry from Torosay to Kinlochaline on the mainland. Both shores of the Sound are in the country of the strong clan of the Macleans, and the people that passed the

¹ An insulting, or merely humorous, description.

² Verses written in honor of the dead.

³ Shoot by hearing only, and without seeing his mark.

ferry with me were almost all of that clan. The skipper of the boat, on the other hand, was called Neil Roy Macrob; and since Macrob was one of the names of Alan's clansmen, and Alan himself had sent me to that ferry, I was eager to come to private speech of Neil Roy.

In the crowded boat this was of course impossible, and the passage was a very slow affair. There was no wind, and as the boat was wretchedly equipped, we could pull but two oars on one side, and one on the other. The men gave way, however, with a good will, the passengers taking spells to help them, and the whole company giving the time in Gaelic boat-songs. And what with the songs, and the sea air, and the good nature and spirit of all concerned, and the bright weather, the passage was a pretty thing to have seen.

But there was one melancholy part. In the mouth of Loch Aline we found a great sea-going ship at anchor; and this I supposed at first to be one of the King's cruisers which were kept along that coast, both summer and winter, to prevent communication with the French. As we got a little nearer, it became plain she was a ship of merchandise; and what still more puzzled me, not only her decks, but the sea-beach also, were quite black with people, and skiffs were continually plying to and fro between them. Yet nearer, and there began to come to our ears a great sound of mourning, the people on board and those on the shore crying and lamenting one to another so as to pierce the heart.

Then I understood this was an emigrant ship bound for the American colonies.

We put the ferry-boat alongside, and the exiles leaned over the bulwarks, weeping and reaching out their hands to my fellow-passengers, among whom they counted some near friends. How long this might have gone on I do not know, for they seemed to have no sense of

time: but at last the captain of the ship, who seemed near beside himself (and no great wonder) in the midst of this crying and confusion, came to the side and begged us to depart.

Thereupon Neil sheered off; and the chief singer in our boat struck into a melancholy air, which was presently taken up both by the emigrants and their friends upon the beach, so that it sounded from all sides like a lament for the dying. I saw the tears run down the cheeks of the men and women in the boat, even as they bent at their oars; and the circumstances, and the music of the song (which is one called "Lochaber no more") were highly affecting even to myself.

At Kinlochaline I got Neil Roy upon one side on the beach, and said I made sure he was one of Appin's men.

"And what for no?" said he.

"I am seeking somebody," said I; "and it comes in my mind that you will have news of him. Alan Breck Stewart is his name." And very foolishly, instead of showing him the button, I sought to pass a shilling in his hand.

At this he drew back. "I am very much affronted," he said; "and this is not the way that one shentleman should behave to another at all. The man you ask for is in France; but if he was in my sporran," says he, "and your belly full of shillings, I would not hurt a hair upon his body."

I saw I had gone the wrong way to work, and without wasting time upon apologies, showed him the button lying in the hollow of my palm.

"Aweel, aweel," said Neil; "and I think ye might have begun with that end of the stick, whatever! But if ye are the lad with the silver button, all is well, and I have the word to see that ye come safe. But if ye will pardon me to speak plainly," says he, "there is a name that you should never take into your mouth, and that is the name of Alan Breck; and there is a thing that ye would never do,

and that is to offer your dirty money to a Hieland shentleman."

It was not very easy to apologize; for I could scarce tell him (what was the truth) that I had never dreamed he would set up to be a gentleman until he told me so. Neil on his part had no wish to prolong his dealings with me, only to fulfil his orders and be done with it; and he made haste to give me my route. This was to lie¹ the night in Kinlochaline in the public inn; to cross Morven the next day to Ardgour, and lie the night in the house of one John of the Claymore,² who was warned that I might come; the third day to be set across one loch at Corran and another at Balachulish, and then ask my way to the house of James of the Glens, at Aucharn, in Duror of Appin. There was a good deal of ferrying as you hear; the sea in all this part running deep into the mountains and winding about their roots. It makes the country strong to hold and difficult to travel, but full of prodigious wild and dreadful prospects.

I had some other advice from Neil; to speak with no one by the way, to avoid Whigs, Campbells, and the "red soldiers"; to leave the road and lie in a bush, if I saw any of the latter coming, "for it was never chancy to meet in with them"; and, in brief, to conduct myself like a robber or a Jacobite agent, as perhaps Neil thought me.

The inn at Kinlochaline was the most beggarly, vile place that ever pigs were styed in, full of smoke, vermin, and silent Highlanders. I was not only discontented with my lodging, but with myself for my mismanagement of Neil, and thought I could hardly be worse off. But very wrongly, as I was soon to see; for I had not been half-an-hour at the inn (standing at the door most of the time, to ease my eyes from the peat-smoke) when a thunderstorm came close by, the springs broke in a little hill on

which the inn stood, and one end of the house became a running water. Places of public entertainment were bad enough all over Scotland in those days; yet it was a wonder to myself, when I had to go from the fireside to the bed in which I slept, wading over the shoes.

Early in my next day's journey, I overtook a little, stout, solemn man, walking very slowly with his toes turned out, sometimes reading in a book and sometimes marking the place with his finger, and dressed decently and plainly in something of a clerical style.

This I found to be another catechist, but of a different order from the blind man of Mull: being indeed one of those sent out by the Edinburgh Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, to evangelize the more savage places of the Highlands. His name was Henderland; he spoke with the broad south-country tongue, which I was beginning to weary for the sound of; and besides common countryship, we soon found we had a more particular bond of interest. For my good friend, the minister of Essendean, had translated into the Gaelic in his by-time a number of hymns and pious books, which Henderland used in his work and held in great esteem. Indeed it was one of these he was carrying and reading when we met.

We fell in company at once, our ways lying together as far as Kingairloch. As we went, he stopped and spoke with all the wayfarers and workers that we met or passed; and though of course I could not tell what they discoursed about, yet I judged Mr. Henderland must be well liked in the countryside, for I observed many of them to bring out their mulls¹ and share a pinch of snuff with him.

I told him as far in my affairs as I judged wise: as far, that is, as they were none of Alan's; and gave Balachulish as the place I was traveling to, to meet a

¹ Spend. ² The Gaelic word for "sword."

¹ Snuffboxes, each made of the small end of an oxhorn.

friend; for I thought Aucharn, or even Duror, would be too particular and might put him on the scent.

On his part he told me much of his work and the people he worked among, the hiding priests and Jacobites,* the Disarming Act, the dress, and many other curiosities of the time and place. He seemed moderate: blaming Parliament in several points, and especially because they had framed the Act more severely against those who wore the dress than against those who carried weapons.

This moderation put in my mind to question him of the Red Fox and the Appin tenants: questions which, I thought, would seem natural enough in the mouth of one traveling to that country.

He said it was a bad business. "It's wonderful," said he, "where the tenants find the money, for their life is mere starvation. (Ye don't carry such a thing as snuff, do ye, Mr. Balfour? No. Well, I'm better wanting it.) But these tenants (as I was saying) are doubtless partly driven to it. James Stewart in Duror (that's him they call James of the Glens) is half-brother to Ardshiel, the captain of the clan; and he is a man much looked up to, and drives very hard. And then there's one they call Alan Breck —"

"Ah!" cried I, "what of him?"

"What of the wind that bloweth where it listeth?" said Henderland. "He's here and awa; here today and gone tomorrow: a fair heather-cat.¹ He might be glowering at the two of us out of yon whin-bush,² and I wouldnae wonder! Ye'll no carry such a thing as snuff, will ye?"

I told him no, and that he had asked me the same thing more than once.

"It's highly possible," said he, sighing. "But it seems strange ye shouldnae carry it. However, as I was saying, this Alan Breck is a bold, desperate customer, and

well kent to be James' right hand. His life is forfeit already; he would boggle¹ at naething; and maybe, if a tenant-body was to hang back, he would get a dirk in his wame."²

"You make a poor story of it all, Mr. Henderland," said I. "If it is all fear upon both sides, I care to hear no more of it."

"Na," said Mr. Henderland, "but there's love, too, and self-denial that should put the like of you and me to shame. There's something fine about it; no perhap Christian, but humanly fine. Even Alan Breck, by all that I hear, is a chield³ to be respected. There's many a lying sneck-draw⁴ sits close in kirk⁵ in our own part of the country, and stands well in the world's eye, and maybe is a far worse man, Mr. Balfour, than yon misguided shedder of man's blood. Ay, ay, we might take a lesson by them. — Ye'll perhaps think I've been too long in the Hielands?" he added, smiling to me.

I told him not at all; that I had seen much to admire among the Highlanders; and if he came to that, Mr. Campbell himself was a Highlander.

"Ay," said he, "that's true. It's a fine blood."

"And what is the King's agent about?" I asked.

"Colin Campbell?" says Henderland. "Putting his head in a bees' byke⁶!"

"He is to turn the tenants out by force, I hear?" said I.

"Yes," says he, "but the business has gone back and forth, as folk say. First, James of the Glens rode to Edinburgh and got some lawyer (a Stewart, nae doubt — they all hing together like bats in a steeple) and had the proceedings stayed. And then Colin Campbell cam' in again, and had the upper hand before the Barons of Exchequer.* And now

¹ Hesitate.

² Stomach.

³ Fellow.

⁴ Sneak, cheat.

⁵ Attends church piously.

⁶ Nest.

¹ A roving person. ² A clump of furze bushes.

they tell me the first of the tenants are to flit tomorrow. It's to begin at Duror under James' very windows, which doesnae seem wise by my humble way of it."

"Do you think they'll fight?" I asked.

"Well," says Henderland, "they're disarmed — or supposed to be — for there's still a good deal of cold iron lying by in quiet places. And then Colin Campbell has the sogers coming. But for all that, if I was his lady wife, I wouldnae be well pleased till I got him home again. They're queer customers, the Appin Stewarts."

I asked if they were worse than their neighbors.

"No they," said he. "And that's the worst part of it. For if Colin Roy can get his business done in Appin, he has it all to begin again in the next country, which they call Mamore, and which is one of the countries of the Camerons. He's King's factor upon both, and from both he has to drive out the tenants; and indeed, Mr. Balfour (to be open with ye), it's my belief that if he escapes the one lot, he'll get his death by the other."

So we continued talking and walking the great part of the day; until at last, Mr. Henderland, after expressing his delight in my company, and satisfaction at meeting with a friend of Mr. Campbell's ("whom," says he, "I will make bold to call that sweet singer of our covenanted Zion*"), proposed that I should make a short stage, and lie the night in his house a little beyond Kingairloch. To say truth, I was overjoyed; for I had no great desire for John of the Claymore, and since my double misadventure, first with the guide and next with the gentleman skipper, I stood in some fear of any Highland stranger. Accordingly, we shook hands upon the bargain, and came in the afternoon to a small house, standing alone by the shore of the Linnhe Loch. The sun was already gone from

the desert mountains of Ardgour upon the hither side, but shone on those of Appin on the farther; the loch lay as still as a lake, only the gulls were crying round the sides of it; and the whole place seemed solemn and uncouth.¹

We had no sooner come to the door of Mr. Henderland's dwelling, than to my great surprise (for I was now used to the politeness of Highlanders) he burst rudely past me, dashed into the room, caught up a jar and a small horn spoon, and began ladling snuff into his nose in most excessive quantities. Then he had a hearty fit of sneezing, and looked round upon me with a rather silly smile.

"It's a vow I took," says he. "I took a vow upon me that I wouldnae carry it. Doubtless it's a great privation; but when I think upon the martyrs, not only to the Scottish Covenant* but to other points of Christianity, I think shame to mind it."

As soon as we had eaten (and porridge and whey² was the best of the good man's diet) he took a grave face and said he had a duty to perform by Mr. Campbell, and that was to inquire into my state of mind toward God. I was inclined to smile at him, since the business of the snuff; but he had not spoken long before he brought the tears into my eyes. There are two things that men should never weary of, goodness and humility; we get none too much of them in this rough world and among cold, proud people; but Mr. Henderland had their very speech upon his tongue. And though I was a good deal puffed up with my adventures and with having come off, as the saying is, with flying colors; yet he soon had me on my knees beside a simple, poor old man, and both proud and glad to be there.

Before we went to bed he offered me sixpence to help me on my way, out of a

¹ Strange.

² The watery part of milk, left after the curd has been removed.

scanty store he kept in the turf wall of his house; at which excess of goodness I knew not what to do. But at last he was so earnest with me, that I thought it the more mannerly part to let him have his way, and so left him poorer than myself.

CHAPTER XVII

The Death of the Red Fox

THE next day Mr. Henderland found for me a man who had a boat of his own and was to cross the Linnhe Loch that afternoon into Appin, fishing. Him he prevailed on to take me, for he was one of his flock; and in this way I saved a long day's travel and the price of the two public ferries I must otherwise have passed.

It was near noon before we set out; a dark day, with clouds, and the sun shining upon little patches. The sea was here very deep and still, and had scarce a wave upon it; so that I must put the water to my lips before I could believe it to be truly salt. The mountains on either side were high, rough, and barren, very black and gloomy in the shadow of the clouds, but all silver-laced with little watercourses where the sun shone upon them. It seemed a hard country, this of Appin, for people to care as much about as Alan did.

There was but one thing to mention. A little after we had started, the sun shone upon a little moving clump of scarlet close in along the waterside to the north. It was much of the same red as soldiers' coats; every now and then, too, there came little sparks and lightnings, as though the sun had struck upon bright steel.

I asked my boatman what it should be; and he answered he supposed it was some of the red soldiers coming from Fort William in Appin, against the poor tenantry of the country. Well, it was a sad sight to me; and whether it was

because of my thoughts of Alan, or from something prophetic in my bosom, although this was but the second time I had seen King George's troops, I had no good will to them.

At last we came so near the point of land at the entering in of Loch Leven that I begged to be set on shore. My boatman (who was an honest fellow and mindful of his promise to the catechist) would fain have carried me on to Bala-chulish; but as this was to take me farther from my secret destination, I insisted, and was set on shore at last under the wood of Lettermore (or Lettervore, for I have heard it both ways) in Alan's country of Appin.

This was a wood of birches, growing on a steep, craggy side of a mountain that overhung the loch. It had many openings and ferny howes¹; and a road or bridle track ran north and south through the midst of it, by the edge of which, where was a spring, I sat down to eat some oat-bread of Mr. Henderland's and think upon my situation.

Here I was not only troubled by a cloud of stinging midges,² but far more by the doubts of my mind. What I ought to do, why I was going to join myself with an outlaw and a would-be murderer like Alan, whether I should not be acting more like a man of sense to tramp back to the south country direct, by my own guidance and at my own charges, and what Mr. Campbell or even Mr. Henderland would think of me if they should ever learn my folly and presumption: these were the doubts that now began to come in on me stronger than ever.

As I was so sitting and thinking, a sound of men and horses came to me through the wood; and presently after, at a turning of the road, I saw four travelers come into view. The way was in this part so rough and narrow that they came single and led their horses by the

¹ Little valleys.

² Gnats.

reins. The first was a great, red-headed gentleman, of an imperious and flushed face, who carried his hat in his hand and fanned himself, for he was in a breathing heat. The second, by his decent black garb and white wig, I correctly took to be a lawyer. The third was a servant, and wore some part of his clothes in tartan, which showed that his master was of a Highland family, and either an outlaw or else in singular good odor with the Government, since the wearing of tartan was against the Act. If I had been better versed in these things, I would have known the tartan to be of the Argyle (or Campbell) colors. This servant had a good-sized portmanteau strapped on his horse, and a net of lemons (to brew punch with) hanging at the saddle-bow; as was often enough the custom with luxurious travelers in that part of the country.

As for the fourth, who brought up the tail, I had seen his like before, and knew him at once to be a sheriff's officer.

I had no sooner seen these people coming than I made up my mind (for no reason that I can tell) to go through with my adventure; and when the first came alongside of me, I rose up from the bracken and asked him the way to Aucharn.

He stopped and looked at me, as I thought, a little oddly; and then, turning to the lawyer, "Mungo," said he, "there's many a man would think this more of a warning than two pyats.¹ Here I am on my road to Duror on the job ye ken; and here is a young lad starts up out of the bracken, and speers² if I am on the way to Aucharn."

"Glenure," said the other, "this is an ill subject for jesting."

These two had now drawn close up and were gazing at me, while the two followers had halted about a stone-cast in the rear.

"And what seek ye in Aucharn?"

¹ Magpies.

² Asks.

said Colin Roy Campbell of Glenure; him they called the Red Fox; for he it was that I had stopped.

"The man that lives there," said I.

"James of the Glens?" says Glenure, musingly; and then to the lawyer: "Is he gathering his people, think ye?"

"Anyway," says the lawyer, "we shall do better to bide where we are, and let the soldiers rally¹ us."

"If you are concerned for me," said I, "I am neither of his people nor yours, but an honest subject of King George, owing no man and fearing no man."

"Why, very well said," replies the factor. "But if I may make so bold as ask, what does this honest man so far from his country? and why does he come seeking the brother of Ardshiel? I have power here, I must tell you. I am King's Factor upon several of these estates, and have twelve files of soldiers at my back."

"I have heard a waif² word in the country," said I, a little nettled, "that you were a hard man to drive."³

He still kept looking at me, as if in doubt.

"Well," said he, at last, "your tongue is bold; but I am no unfriend to plainness. If ye had asked me the way to the door of James Stewart on any other day but this, I would have set ye right and bidden ye God speed. But today — eh, Mungo?" And he turned again to look at the lawyer.

But just as he turned there came a shot of a firelock from higher up the hill; and with the very sound of it Glenure fell upon the road.

"O, I am dead!" he cried, several times over.

The lawyer had caught him up and held him in his arms, the servant standing over and clasping his hands. And now the wounded man looked from one to another with scared eyes, and there

¹ Catch up with.

³ Do business with.

² Stray.

was a change in his voice that went to the heart.

"Take care of yourselves," says he. "I am dead."

He tried to open his clothes as if to look for the wound, but his fingers slipped on the buttons. With that he gave a great sigh, his head rolled on his shoulder, and he passed away.

The lawyer said never a word, but his face was as sharp as a pen and as white as the dead man's; the servant broke out into a great noise of crying and weeping, like a child; and I, on my side, stood staring at them in a kind of horror. The sheriff's officer had run back at the first sound of the shot, to hasten the coming of the soldiers.

At last the lawyer laid down the dead man in his blood upon the road, and got to his own feet with a kind of stagger.

I believe it was his movement that brought me to my senses; for he had no sooner done so than I began to scramble up the hill, crying out, "The murderer! the murderer!"

So little a time had elapsed, that when I got to the top of the first steepness, and could see some part of the open mountain, the murderer was still moving away at no great distance. He was a big man, in a black coat, with metal buttons, and carried a long fowling-piece.

"Here!" I cried. "I see him!"

At that the murderer gave a little, quick look over his shoulder, and began to run. The next moment he was lost in a fringe of birches; then he came out again on the upper side, where I could see him climbing like a jackanapes, for that part was again very steep; and then he dipped behind a shoulder, and I saw him no more.

All this time I had been running on my side, and had got a good way up, when a voice cried upon me to stand.

I was at the edge of the upper wood, and so now, when I halted and looked back, I saw all the open part of the hill

below me. The lawyer and the sheriff's officer were standing just above the road, crying and waving on me to come back; and on their left, the redcoats, musket in hand, were beginning to struggle singly out of the lower wood.

"Why should I come back?" I cried. "Come you on!"

"Ten pounds if ye take that lad!" cried the lawyer. "He's an accomplice. He was posted here to hold us in talk."

At that word (which I could hear quite plainly, though it was to the soldiers and not to me that he was crying it) my heart came in my mouth with quite a new kind of terror. Indeed, it is one thing to stand the danger of your life, and quite another to run the peril of both life and character. The thing, besides, had come so suddenly, like thunder out of a clear sky, that I was all amazed and helpless.

The soldiers began to spread, some of them to run, and others to put up their pieces and cover me; and still I stood.

"Jouk¹ in here among the trees," said a voice, close by.

Indeed, I scarce knew what I was doing, but I obeyed; and as I did so, I heard the firelocks bang and the balls whistle in the birches.

Just inside of the shelter of the trees I found Alan Breck standing, with a fishing-rod. He gave me no salutation; indeed it was no time for civilities; only "Come!" says he, and set off running along the side of the mountain toward Balachulish; and I, like a sheep, to follow him.

Now he ran among the birches; now stooping behind low humps upon the mountain side; now crawling on all-fours among the heather. The pace was deadly; my heart seemed bursting against my ribs; and I had neither time to think nor breath to speak with. Only I remember seeing with wonder, that Alan every now and then would straighten

¹ Duck, dodge.

himself to his full height and look back; and every time he did so, there came a great far-away cheering and crying of the soldiers.

Quarter of an hour later, Alan stopped, clapped down flat in the heather, and turned to me.

"Now," said he, "it's earnest. Do as I do for your life."

And at the same speed, but now with infinitely more precaution, we traced back again across the mountain side by the same way that we had come, only perhaps higher; till at last Alan threw himself down in the upper wood of Lettermore, where I had found him at the first, and lay with his face in the bracken, panting like a dog.

My own sides so ached, my head so swam, my tongue so hung out of my mouth with heat and dryness, that I lay beside him like one dead.

CHAPTER XVIII

I talk with Alan in the Wood of Lettermore

ALAN was the first to come round. He rose, went to the border of the wood, peered out a little, and then returned and sat down.

"Well," said he, "yon was a hot burst,¹ David."

I said nothing, nor so much as lifted my face. I had seen murder done, and a great, ruddy, jovial gentleman struck out of life in a moment; the pity of that sight was still sore within me, and yet that was but a part of my concern. Here was murder done upon the man Alan hated; here was Alan skulking in the trees and running from the troops; and whether his was the hand that fired or only the head that ordered, signified but little. By my way of it, my only friend in that wild country was blood-guilty² in the first degree; I held

him in horror; I could not look upon his face; I would have rather lain alone in the rain on my cold isle, than in that warm wood beside a murderer.

"Are ye still wearied?" he asked again.

"No," said I, still with my face in the bracken; "no I am not wearied now, and I can speak. You and me must twine,"¹ I said. "I liked you very well, Alan; but your ways are not mine, and they're not God's; and the short and the long of it is just that we must twine."

"I will hardly twine from ye, David, without some kind of reason for the same," said Alan, mighty gravely. "If ye ken anything against my reputation, it's the least thing that ye should do, for old acquaintance sake, to let me hear the name of it; and if ye have only taken a distaste to my society, it will be proper for me to judge if I'm insulted."

"Alan," said I, "what is the sense of this? Ye ken very well yon Campbellman lies in his blood upon the road."

He was silent for a little; then says he, "Did ever ye hear tell of the story of the Man and the Good People?"²—by which he meant the fairies.

"No," said I, "nor do I want to hear it."

"With your permission, Mr. Balfour, I will tell it you, whatever," says Alan. "The man, ye should ken, was cast upon a rock in the sea, where it appears the Good People were in use to come and rest as they went through to Ireland. The name of this rock is called the Skerryvore, and it's not far from where we suffered shipwreck. Well, it seems the man cried so sore, if he could just see his little bairn before he died! that at last the King of the Good People took peety upon him, and sent one flying that brought back the bairn in a poke³ and laid it down beside the man where he lay sleeping. So, when the man woke, there was a poke beside him and something

¹ We had an exciting race.

² Guilty of murder.

¹ Part.

² Fairies.

³ Sack.

into the inside of it that moved. Well, it seems he was one of these gentry that think aye the worst of things; and for greater security, he stuck his dirk throughout that poke before he opened it, and there was his bairn dead. I am thinking to myself, Mr. Balfour, that you and the man are very much alike."

"Do you mean that you had no hand in it?" cried I, sitting up.

"I will tell you first of all, Mr. Balfour of Shaws, as one friend to another," said Alan, "that if I were going to kill a gentleman, it would not be in my own country, to bring trouble on my clan; and I would not go wanting sword and gun, and with a long fishing-rod upon my back."

"Well," said I, "that's true!"

"And now," continued Alan, taking out his dirk and laying his hand upon it in a certain manner, "I swear upon the Holy Iron¹ I had neither art nor part, act nor thought, in it."

"I thank God for that!" cried I, and offered him my hand.

He did not appear to see it.

"And here is a great deal of work about a Campbell!" said he. "They are not so scarce, that I ken!"

"At least," said I, "you cannot justly blame me, for you know very well what you told me in the brig. But the temptation and the act are different, I thank God again for that. We may all be tempted; but to take a life in cold blood, Alan!" And I could say no more for the moment. "And do you know who did it?" I added. "Do you know that man in the black coat?"

"I have nae clear mind about his coat," said Alan, cunningly; "but it sticks in my head that it was blue."

"Blue or black, did ye know him?" said I.

"I couldnae just conscientiously swear

to him," says Alan. "He gaed very close by me, to be sure, but it's a strange thing that I should just have been tying my brogues."

"Can you swear that you don't know him, Alan?" I cried, half angered, half in a mind to laugh at his evasions.

"Not yet," says he; "but I've a grand memory for forgetting, David."

"And yet there was one thing I saw clearly," said I; "and that was, that you exposed yourself and me to draw the soldiers."

"It's very likely," said Alan; "and so would any gentleman. You and me were innocent of that transaction."

"The better reason, since we were falsely suspected, that we should get clear," I cried. "The innocent should surely come before the guilty."

"Why, David," said he, "the innocent have aye a chance to get assoiled¹ in court; but for the lad that shot the bullet, I think the best place for him will be the heather. Them that havenae dipped their hands in any little difficulty, should be very mindful of the case of them that have. And that is the good Christianity. For if it was the other way round about, and the lad whom I couldnae just clearly see had been in our shoes, and we in his (as might very well have been), I think we would be a good deal obliged to him oursel's if he would draw the soldiers."

When it came to this, I gave Alan up. But he looked so innocent all the time, and was in such clear good faith in what he said, and so ready to sacrifice himself for what he deemed his duty, that my mouth was closed. Mr. Henderland's words came back to me: that we ourselves might take a lesson by these wild Highlanders. Well, here I had taken mine. Alan's morals were all tail-first; but he was ready to give his life for them, such as they were.

"Alan," said I, "I'll not say it's the

¹ The hilt of the dirk was in the form of a cross. According to popular belief iron prevented evil influences from working.

¹ Acquitted.

good Christianity as I understand it, but it's good enough. And here I offer ye my hand for the second time."

Whereupon he gave me both of his, saying surely I had cast a spell upon him, for he could forgive me anything. Then he grew very grave, and said we had not much time to throw away, but must both flee that country: he, because he was a deserter, and the whole of Appin would now be searched like a chamber, and every one obliged to give a good account of himself; and I, because I was certainly involved in the murder.

"O!" says I, willing to give him a little lesson. "I have no fear of the justice of my country."

"As if this was your country!" said he. "Or as if ye would be tried here, in a country of Stewarts!"

"It's all Scotland," said I.

"Man, I whiles wonder at ye," said Alan. "This is a Campbell that's been killed. Well, it'll be tried in Inverara, the Campbells's head place; with fifteen¹ Campbells in the jury-box, and the biggest Campbell of all (and that's the Duke) sitting cocking² on the bench. Justice, David? The same justice, by all the world, as Glenure found a while ago at the roadside."

This frightened me a little, I confess, and would have frightened me more if I had known how nearly exact were Alan's predictions; indeed, it was but in one point that he exaggerated, there being but eleven Campbells on the jury; though as the other four were equally in the Duke's dependence, it mattered less than might appear. Still, I cried out that he was unjust to the Duke of Argyle, who (for all he was a Whig) was yet a wise and honest nobleman.

"Hoot!" said Alan, "the man's a Whig, nae doubt; but I would never deny he was a good chieftain to his clan. And what would the clan think if there

was a Campbell shot, and naebody hanged, and their own chief the Justice General?¹ But I have often observed," says Alan, "that you Low-country bodies have no clear idea of what's right and wrong."

At this I did at last laugh out aloud; when to my surprise, Alan joined in and laughed as merrily as myself.

"Na, na," said he, "we're in the Hielands, David, and when I tell ye to run, take my word and run. Nae doubt it's a hard thing to skulk and starve in the heather, but it's harder yet to lie shackled in a redcoat prison."

I asked him whither we should flee; and as he told me "to the Lowlands," I was a little better inclined to go with him; for indeed I was growing impatient to get back and have the upper hand of my uncle. Besides Alan made so sure there would be no question of justice in the matter, that I began to be afraid he might be right. Of all deaths, I would truly like least to die by the gallows; and the picture of that uncanny instrument came into my head with extraordinary clearness (as I had once seen it engraved at the top of a peddler's-ballad) and took away my appetite for courts of justice.

"I'll chance it, Alan," said I. "I'll go with you."

"But mind you," said Alan, "it's no small thing. Ye maun lie bare and hard, and brook many an empty belly. Your bed shall be the moorcock's, and your life shall be like the hunted deer's, and ye shall sleep with your hand upon your weapon. Ay, man, ye shall taigle many a weary foot,² or³ we get clear! I tell ye this at the start, for it's a life that I ken well. But if ye ask what other chance ye have, I answer: Nane. Either take to the heather with me, or else hang."

"And that's a choice very easily

¹ The number of men on a Scottish jury.

² Looking important.

¹ The Chief Justice of Scotland.

² Drag along many a weary foot. ³ Before

made," said I; and we shook hands upon it.

"And now let's take another keek¹ at the redcoats," says Alan, and he led me to the north-eastern fringe of the wood.

Looking out between the trees, we could see a great side of mountain, running down exceeding steep into the waters of the loch. It was a rough part, all hanging stone, and heather, and bit scrogs² of birchwood; and away at the far end toward Balachulish, little wee red soldiers were dipping up and down over hill and howe, and growing smaller every minute. There was no cheering now, for I think they had other uses for what breath was left them; but they still stuck to the trail, and doubtless thought that we were close in front of them.

Alan watched them, smiling to himself.

"Ay," said he, "they'll be gey weary before they've got to the end of that employ! And so you and me, David, can sit down and eat a bite, and breathe a bit longer, and take a dram from my bottle. Then we'll strike for Aucharn, the house of my kinsman, James of the Glens, where I must get my clothes, and my arms, and money to carry us along; and then, David, we'll cry 'Forth, Fortune!' and take a cast among the heather."

So we sat again and ate and drank, in a place whence we could see the sun going down into a field of great, wild, and houseless mountains, such as I was now condemned to wander in with my companion. Partly as we so sat, and partly afterwards, on the way to Aucharn, each of us narrated his adventures; and I shall here set down so much of Alan's as seems either curious or needful.

It appears he ran to the bulwarks as soon as the wave was passed; saw me, and lost me, and saw me again, as I tumbled in the roost; and at last had one

glimpse of me clinging on the yard. It was this that put him in some hope I would maybe get to land after all, and made him leave these clues and messages which had brought me (for my sins) to that unlucky country of Appin.

In the meanwhile, those still on the brig had got the skiff launched, and one or two were on board of her already, when there came a second wave greater than the first, and heaved the brig out of her place, and would certainly have sent her to the bottom, had she not struck and caught on some projection of the reef. When she had struck first, it had been bows-on, so that the stern had hitherto been lowest. But now her stern was thrown in the air, and the bows plunged under the sea; and with that, the water began to pour into the fore-scuttle like the pouring of a mill-dam.

It took the color out of Alan's face, even to tell what followed. For there were still two men lying impotent in their bunks; and these, seeing the water pour in and thinking the ship had foundered, began to cry out aloud, and that with such harrowing cries that all who were on deck tumbled one after another into the skiff and fell to their oars. They were not two hundred yards away, when there came a third great sea; and at that the brig lifted clean over the reef; her canvas filled for a moment, and she seemed to sail in chase of them, but settling all the while; and presently she drew down and down, as if a hand was drawing her; and the sea closed over the *Covenant* of Dysart.

Never a word they spoke as they pulled ashore, being stunned with the horror of that screaming; but they had scarce set foot upon the beach when Hoseason woke up, as if out of a muse, and bade them lay hands upon Alan. They hung back indeed, having little taste for the employment; but Hoseason was like a fiend; crying that Alan was alone, that he had a great sum about him,

¹ Peek.

² Bushes.

that he had been the means of losing the brig and drowning all their comrades, and that here was both revenge and wealth upon a single cast. It was seven against one: in that part of the shore there was no rock that Alan could set his back to; and the sailors began to spread out and come behind him.

"And then," said Alan, "the little man with the red head—I have nae mind of the name that he is called."

"Riach," said I.

"Ay," said Alan, "Riach! Well, it was him that took up the clubs for me, asked the men if they werenae feared of a judgment, and says he, 'Dod, I'll put my back to the Hielandman's mysel'.' That's none such an entirely bad little man, yon little man with the red head," said Alan. "He has some spunks¹ of decency."

"Well," said I, "he was kind to me in his way."

"And so he was to Alan," said he; "and by my troth, I found his way a very good one! But ye see, David, the loss of the ship and the cries of these poor lads sat very ill upon the man; and I'm thinking that would be the cause of it."

"Well, I would think so," said I; "for he was as keen as any of the rest at the beginning. But how did Hoseason take it?"

"It sticks in my mind that he would take it very ill," says Alan. "But the little man cried to me to run, and indeed I thought it was a good observe, and ran. The last that I saw they were all in a knot upon the beach, like folk that were not agreeing very well together."

"What do you mean by that?" said I.

"Well, the fists were going," said Alan; "and I saw one man go down. But I thought it would be better no to wait. Ye see there's a strip of Campbells in that end of Mull, which is no good company for a gentleman like me. If it

hadnae been for that I would have waited and looked for ye mysel', let alone giving a hand to the little man." (It was droll how Alan dwelt on Mr. Riach's stature, for, to say the truth, the one was not much smaller than the other.) "So," says he, continuing, "I set my best foot forward, and whenever I met in with any one I cried out there was a wreck ashore. Man, they didnae stop to fash¹ with me. Ye should have seen them linking² for the beach! And when they got there they found they had had the pleasure of a run, which is aye good for a Campbell. I'm thinking it was a judgment on the clan that the brig went down in the lump and didnae break. But it was a very unlucky thing for you, that same; for if any wreck had come ashore they would have hunted high and low, and would soon have found ye."

CHAPTER XIX

The House of Fear

NIGHT fell as we were walking, and the clouds, which had broken up in the afternoon, settled in and thickened, so that it fell, for the season of the year, extremely dark. The way we went was over rough mountain sides; and though Alan pushed on with an assured manner, I could by no means see how he directed himself.

At last, about half-past ten of the clock, we came to the top of a brae, and saw lights below us. It seemed a house door stood open and let out a beam of fire and candle light; and all round the house and steading,³ five or six persons were moving hurriedly about, each carrying a lighted brand.

"James must have tint⁴ his wits," said Alan. "If this was the soldiers instead of you and me he would be in a bonny mess. But I daresay he'll have a sentry on the road, and he would ken

¹ Bother, trouble.

² Running.

³ Farm buildings.

⁴ Lost.

¹ Sparks.

well enough no soldiers would find the way that we came."

Hereupon he whistled three times, in a particular manner. It was strange to see how, at the first sound of it, all the moving torches came to a stand, as if the bearers were affrighted; and how, at the third, the bustle began again as before.

Having thus set folks' minds at rest, we came down the brae, and were met at the yard gate (for this place was like a well-doing farm) by a tall, handsome man of more than fifty, who cried out to Alan in the Gaelic.

"James Stewart," said Alan, "I will ask ye to speak in Scotch, for here is a young gentleman with me that has nane of the other. This is him," he added, putting his arm through mine, "a young gentleman of the Lowlands, and a laird in his country too, but I am thinking it will be the better for his health if we give his name the go-by."

James of the Glens turned to me for a moment, and greeted me courteously enough; the next he had turned to Alan.

"This has been a dreadful accident," he cried. "It will bring trouble on the country." And he wrung his hands.

"Hoots!" said Alan, "ye must take the sour with the sweet, man. Colin Roy is dead, and be thankful for that!"

"Ay," said James, "and by my troth, I wish he was alive again! It's all very fine to blow and boast beforehand; but now it's done, Alan; and who's to bear the wyte¹ of it? The accident fell out in Appin—mind ye that, Alan; it's Appin that must pay; and I am a man that has a family."

While this was going on, I looked about me at the servants. Some were on ladders, digging in the thatch of the house or the farm buildings, from which they brought out guns, swords, and different weapons of war; others carried

them away; and by the sound of mattock¹ blows from somewhere further down the brae, I suppose they buried them. Though they were all so busy, there prevailed no kind of order in their efforts; men struggled together for the same gun and ran into each other with their burning torches; and James was continually turning about from his talk with Alan, to cry out orders which were apparently never understood. The faces in the torchlight were like those of people overborne with hurry and panic; and, though none spoke above his breath, their speech sounded both anxious and angry.

It was about this time that a lassie came out of the house carrying a pack or bundle; and it has often made me smile to think how Alan's instinct awoke at the mere sight of it.

"What's that the lassie has?" he asked.

"We're just setting the house in order, Alan," said James, in his frightened and somewhat fawning way. "They'll search Appin with candles, and we must have all things straight. We're digging the bit guns and swords into the moss, ye see; and these, I am thinking, will be your ain French clothes. We'll be to bury them, I believe."

"Bury my French clothes!" cried Alan. "Troth, no!" And he laid hold upon the packet and retired into the barn to shift² himself, recommending me in the meanwhile to his kinsman.

James carried me accordingly into the kitchen, and sat down with me at table, smiling and talking at first in a very hospitable manner. But presently the gloom returned upon him; he sat frowning and biting his fingers; only remembered me from time to time; and then gave me but a word or two and a poor smile, and back into his private terrors. His wife sat by the fire and

¹ A pick with a broad blade.

² Change his clothes.

wept, with her face in her hands; his eldest son was crouched upon the floor, running over a great mass of papers and now and again setting one alight and burning it to the bitter end; all the while a servant lass with a red face was rummaging about the room, in a blind hurry of fear, and whimpering as she went; and every now and again, one of the men would thrust in his face from the yard and cry for orders.

At last James could keep his seat no longer, and begged my permission to be so unmannerly as walk about. "I am but poor company altogether, sir," says he, "but I can think of nothing but this dreadful accident, and the trouble it is like to bring upon quite innocent persons."

A little after he observed his son burning a paper, which he thought should have been kept; and at that his excitement burst out so that it was painful to witness. He struck the lad repeatedly.

"Are you gone gyte?"¹ he cried. "Do you wish to hang your father?" and forgetful of my presence, carried on at him a long time together in the Gaelic, the young man answering nothing; only the wife, at the name of hanging, throwing her apron over her face and sobbing out louder than before.

This was all wretched for a stranger like myself to hear and see; and I was right glad when Alan returned, looking like himself in his fine French clothes, though (to be sure) they were now grown almost too battered and withered to deserve that name. I was then taken out in my turn by another of the sons, and given that change of clothing (of which I had stood so long in need), and a pair of Highland brogues, made of deer-leather, rather strange at first, but after a little practice very easy to the feet.

By the time I came back, Alan must have told his story; for it seemed understood that I was to fly with him, and

they were all busy upon our equipment. They gave us each a sword and pistols, though I professed my inability to use the former; and with these, and some ammunition, a bag of oatmeal, an iron pan, and a bottle of right French brandy, we were ready for the heather. Money, indeed, was lacking. I had about two guineas left; Alan's belt having been despatched by another hand, that trusty messenger had no more than seventeen-pence to his whole fortune; and as for James, it appears he had brought himself so low with journeys to Edinburgh and legal expenses on behalf of the tenants, that he could only scrape together three and fivepence halfpenny; the most of it in coppers.

"This'll no do," said Alan.

"Ye must find a safe bit somewhere near by," said James, "and get word sent to me. Ye see, ye'll have to get this business prettily off, Alan. This is no time to be stayed for a guinea or two. They're sure to get wind of ye, sure to seek ye, and by my way of it, sure to lay on ye the wyte of this day's accident. If it falls on you, it falls on me that am your near kinsman and harbored ye while ye were in the country. And if it comes on me—" He paused, and bit his fingers, with a white face. "It would be a painful thing for our friends if I was to hang," said he.

"It would be an ill day for Appin," says Alan.

"It's a day that sticks in my throat," said James. "O man, man, man—man, Alan! you and me have spoken like two fools!" he cried, striking his hand upon the wall so that the house rang again.

"Well, and that's true, too," said Alan; "and my friend from the Lowlands here" (nodding at me) "gave me a good word upon that head, if I would only have listened to him."

"But see here," said James, returning to his former manner, "if they lay me

¹ Mad, crazy.

by the heels, Alan, it's then that you'll be needing the money. For with all that I have said, and that you have said, it will look very black against the two of us; do ye mark that? Well, follow me out, and ye'll see that I'll have to get a paper out against ye mysel'; I'll have to offer a reward for ye; ay, will I! It's a sore thing to do between such near friends; but if I get the dirdum¹ of this dreadful accident, I'll have to fend² for myself, man. Do ye see that?"

He spoke with a pleading earnestness, taking Alan by the breast of the coat.

"Ay," said Alan, "I see that."

"And ye'll have to be clear of the country, Alan — ay, and clear of Scotland — you and your friend from the Lowlands, too. For I'll have to paper³ your friend from the Lowlands. Ye see that, Alan — say that ye see that!"

I thought Alan flushed a bit. "This is unco hard on me that brought him here, James," said he, throwing his head back. "It's like making me a traitor!"

"Now, Alan, man!" cried James, "look things in the face! He'll be papered anyway! Mungo Campbell'll be sure to paper him; what matters if I paper him, too? And then, Alan, I am a man that has a family." And then, after a little pause on both sides: "And, Alan, it'll be a jury of Campbells," said he.

"There's one thing," said Alan, musingly, "that naeboddy kens his name."

"Nor yet they shallnae,⁴ Alan! There's my hand on that," cried James, for all the world as if he had really known my name and was foregoing some advantage. "But just the habit he was in, and what he looked like, and his age, and the like? I couldnae well do less."

"I wonder at your father's son," cried Alan, sternly. "Would ye sell the lad with a gift? would ye change his clothes and then betray him?"

"No, no, Alan," said James. "No, no: the habit he took off — the habit Mungo saw him in." But I thought he seemed crest-fallen; indeed he was clutching at every straw; and all the time, I daresay, saw the faces of his hereditary foes on the bench and in the jury-box, and the gallows in the background.

"Well, sir," says Alan, turning to me, "what say ye to that? Ye are here under the safeguard of my honor; and it's my part to see nothing done but what shall please you."

"I have but one word to say," said I; "for to all this dispute I am a perfect stranger. But the plain common sense is to set the blame where it belongs, and that is on the man that fired the shot. Paper him, as ye call it, set the hunt on him; and let honest, innocent folk show their faces in safety."

But at this both Alan and James cried out in horror; bidding me hold my tongue, for that was not to be thought of; and asking me "What the Camerons would think?" (which again confirmed me, it must have been a Cameron from Mamore that did the act), and if I did not see that the lad might be caught? "Ye havenae surely thought of that?" said they, with such innocent earnestness, that my hands dropped at my side, and I despaired of argument.

"Very well, then," said I, "paper me, if you please, paper Alan, paper King George! We're all three innocent, and that seems to be what's wanted! But at least, sir," said I to James, recovering from my little fit of annoyance, "I am Alan's friend, and if I can be helpful to friends of his, I will not stumble at the risk."

I thought it best to put a fair face on my consent, for I saw Alan troubled; and besides (thinks I to myself) as soon as my back is turned, they will paper me, as they call it, whether I consent or not. But in this I saw I was wrong; for I had no sooner said the words, than Mrs.

¹ Blame.

³ Swear out a warrant for.

² Look out.

⁴ Nor shall they.

Stewart leaped out of her chair, came running over to us, and wept first upon my neck and then on Alan's, blessing God for our goodness to her family.

"As for you, Alan, it was no more than your bounden duty," she said. "But for this lad that has come here and seen us at our worst, and seen the good-man fleeching¹ like a suitor, him that by rights should give his commands like any king — as for you, my lad," she says, "my heart is wae² not to have your name, but I have your face; and as long as my heart beats under my bosom, I will keep it, and think of it, and bless it." And with that she kissed me, and burst once more into such sobbing, that I stood abashed.

"Hoot, hoot!" said Alan, looking mighty silly. "The day comes unco soon in this month of July; and tomorrow there'll be a fine to-do in Appin, a fine riding of dragoons, and crying of 'Cruachan!'³ and running of redcoats; and it behooves you and me to be the sooner gone."

Thereupon we said farewell, and set out again, bending somewhat eastward, in a fine mild dark night, and over much the same broken country as before.

CHAPTER XX

The Flight in the Heather: the Rocks

SOMETIMES we walked, sometimes ran; and as it drew on to morning, walked ever the less and ran the more. Though, upon its face, that country appeared to be a desert, yet there were huts and houses of the people, of which we must have passed more than twenty, hidden in quiet places of the hills. When we came to one of these, Alan would leave me in the way, and go himself and rap upon the side of the house and speak a while at the window with some sleeper awakened. This was to pass the news;

which, in that country, was so much of a duty that Alan must pause to attend to it even while fleeing for his life; and so well attended to by others, that in more than half of the houses where we called, they had heard already of the murder. In the others, as well as I could make out (standing back at a distance and hearing a strange tongue) the news was received with more of consternation than surprise.

For all our hurry, day began to come in while we were still far from any shelter. It found us in a prodigious valley, strewn with rocks and where ran a foaming river. Wild mountains stood around it; there grew there neither grass nor trees, and I have sometimes thought since then, that it may have been the valley called Glencoe, where the massacre was in the time of King William. But for the details of our itinerary, I am all to seek; our way lying now by short cuts, now by great detours; our pace being so hurried; our time of journeying usually by night; and the names of such places as I asked and heard being in the Gaelic tongue and the more easily forgotten.

The first peep of morning, then, showed us this horrible place, and I could see Alan knit his brow.

"This is no fit place for you and me," he said. "This is a place they're bound to watch."

And with that he ran harder than ever down to the waterside, in a part where the river was split in two among three rocks. It went through with a horrid thundering that made my belly quake; and there hung over the lynn¹ a little mist of spray. Alan looked neither to the right nor to the left, but jumped clean upon the middle rock and fell there on his hands and knees to check himself, for that rock was small and he might have pitched over on the far side. I had scarce time to measure the distance or to understand the peril before I had

¹ Coaxing.

² Sad.

³ The rallying call of the Campbell clan.

¹ Waterfall.

followed him, and he had caught and stopped me.

So there we stood, side by side upon a small rock slippery with spray, a far broader leap in front of us, and the river dinning upon all sides. When I saw where I was there came on me a deadly sickness of fear, and I put my hand over my eyes. Alan took me and shook me; I saw he was speaking, but the roaring of the falls and the trouble of my mind prevented me from hearing; only I saw his face was red with anger, and that he stamped upon the rock. The same look showed me the water raging by and the mist hanging in the air; and with that, I covered my eyes again and shuddered.

The next minute Alan had set the brandy bottle to my lips, and forced me to drink about a gill, which sent the blood into my head again. Then, putting his hands to his mouth, and his mouth to my ear, he shouted, "Hang or drown!" and turning his back upon me, leaped over the farther branch of the stream, and landed safe.

I was now alone upon the rock, which gave me the more room; the brandy was singing in my ears; I had this good example fresh before me, and just wit enough to see that if I did not leap at once, I should never leap at all. I bent low on my knees and flung myself forth, with that kind of anger of despair that has sometimes stood me in stead of courage. Sure enough, it was but my hands that reached the full length; these slipped, caught again, slipped again; and I was slithering back into the lynn, when Alan seized me, first by the hair, then by the collar, and with a great strain dragged me into safety.

Never a word he said, but set off running again for his life, and I must stagger to my feet and run after him. I had been weary before, but now I was sick and bruised, and partly drunken with the brandy; I kept stumbling as I ran,

I had a stitch¹ that came near to overmaster me; and when at last Alan paused under a great rock that stood there among a number of others, it was none too soon for David Balfour.

A great rock, I have said; but by rights it was two rocks leaning together at the top, both some twenty feet high, and at the first sight inaccessible. Even Alan (though you may say he had as good as four hands) failed twice in an attempt to climb them; and it was only at the third trial, and then by standing on my shoulders and leaping up with such force as I thought must have broken my collar-bone, that he secured a lodgment. Once there, he let down his leathern girdle; and with the aid of that, and a pair of shallow footholds in the rock, I scrambled up beside him.

Then I saw why we had come there; for the two rocks, both being somewhat hollow on the top and sloping one to the other, made a kind of dish or saucer, where as many as three or four men might have lain hidden.

All this while, Alan had not said a word, and had run and climbed with such a savage, silent frenzy of hurry, that I knew he was in mortal fear of some miscarriage. Even now we were on the rock he said nothing, nor so much as relaxed the frowning look upon his face; but clapped flat down, and keeping only one eye above the edge of our place of shelter, scouted all round the compass. The dawn had come quite clear; we could see the stony sides of the valley, and its bottom, which was bestrewn with rocks, and the river, which went from one side to another and made white falls; but nowhere the smoke of a house, nor any living creature but some eagles screaming round a cliff.

Then at last Alan smiled.

"Ay," said he, "now we have a chance"; and then looking at me with some amusement, "Ye're no very gleg² at the jumping," said he.

¹ Pain in the side.

² Lively.

At this I suppose I colored with mortification, for he added at once, "Hoots! small blame to ye! To be feared of a thing and yet to do it, is what makes the prettiest kind of a man. And then there was water there, and water's a thing that dauntons¹ even me. No, no," said Alan, "it's no you that's to blame, it's me."

I asked him why.

"Why," said he, "I have proved myself a gomeral² this night. For first of all I take a wrong road, and that in my own country of Appin; so that the day has caught us where we should never have been; and thanks to that, we lie here in some danger and mair discomfort. And next (which is the worst of the two, for a man that has been so much among the heather as myself) I have come wanting a water-bottle, and here we lie for a long summer's day with naething but neat spirit.³ Ye may think that a small matter; but before it comes night, David, ye'll give me news of it."

I was anxious to redeem my character, and offered, if he would pour out the brandy, to run down and fill the bottle at the river.

"I wouldnae waste the good spirit either," says he. "It's been a good friend to you this night, or in my poor opinion, ye would still be cocking on yon stone. And what's mair," says he, "ye may have observed (you that's a man of so much penetration) that Alan Breck Stewart was perhaps walking quicker than his ordinar'."

"You!" I cried, "you were running fit to burst."

"Was I so?" said he. "Well, then, ye may depend upon it, there was nae time to be lost. And now here is enough said; gang you to your sleep, lad, and I'll watch."

Accordingly, I lay down to sleep; a little peaty earth had drifted in between

the top of the two rocks, and some bracken grew there, to be a bed to me; the last thing I heard was still the crying of the eagles.

I daresay it would be nine in the morning when I was roughly awakened, and found Alan's hand pressed upon my mouth.

"Wheesht!" he whispered. "Ye were snoring."

"Well," said I, surprised at his anxious and dark face, "and why not?"

He peered over the edge of the rock, and signed to me to do the like.

It was now high day, cloudless, and very hot. The valley was as clear as in a picture. About half-a-mile up the water was a camp of redcoats; a big fire blazed in their midst, at which some were cooking; and near by, on the top of a rock about as high as ours, there stood a sentry, with the sun sparkling on his arms. All the way down along the riverside were posted other sentries; here near together, there widelier scattered; some planted like the first, on places of command, some on the ground level, and marching and counter-marching, so as to meet half-way. Higher up the glen, where the ground was more open, the chain of posts was continued by horse-soldiers, whom we could see in the distance riding to and fro. Lower down, the infantry continued; but as the stream was suddenly swelled by the confluence of a considerable burn, they were more widely set, and only watched the fords and stepping-stones.

I took but one look at them and ducked again into my place. It was strange indeed to see this valley, which had lain so solitary in the hour of dawn, bristling with arms and dotted with the redcoats and breeches.

"Ye see," said Alan, "this was what I was afraid of, Davie: that they would watch the burnside. They began to come in about two hours ago, and, man! but ye're a grand hand at the sleeping!

¹ Daunts. ³ Undiluted distilled liquor.

² Blockhead.

We're in a narrow place. If they get up the sides of the hill, they could easily spy us with a glass; but if they'll only keep in the foot of the valley, we'll do yet. The posts are thinner down the water; and come night, we'll try our hand at getting by them."

"And what are we to do till night?" I asked.

"Lie here," said he, "and birstle."¹

That one good Scotch word, birstle, was indeed the most of the story of the day that we had now to pass. You are to remember that we lay on the bare top of a rock, like scones upon a girdle²; the sun beat upon us cruelly; the rock grew so heated, a man could scarce endure the touch of it; and the little patch of earth and fern, which kept cooler, was only large enough for one at a time. We took turn about to lie on the naked rock, which was indeed like the position of that saint³ that was martyred on a grid-iron; and it ran in my mind how strange it was that, in the same climate and at only a few days' distance, I should have suffered so cruelly, first from cold upon my island, and now from heat upon this rock.

All the while we had no water, only raw brandy for a drink, which was worse than nothing; but we kept the bottle as cool as we could, burying it in the earth, and got some relief by bathing our breasts and temples.

The soldiers kept stirring all day in the bottom of the valley, now changing guard, now in patrolling parties hunting among the rocks. These lay round in so great a number, that to look for men among them was like looking for a needle in a bottle⁴ of hay; and being so hopeless a task, it was gone about with the less care. Yet we could see the soldiers pike⁵ their bayonets among the heather, which sent a cold thrill into my vitals; and they would sometimes hang about

our rock, so that we scarce dared to breathe.

It was in this way that I first heard the right English speech; one fellow as he went by actually clapping his hand upon the sunny face of the rock on which we lay, and plucking it off again with an oath.

"I tell you it's 'ot," says he; and I was amazed at the clipping tones and the odd sing-song in which he spoke, and no less at that strange trick of dropping out the letter "h." To be sure, I had heard Ransome; but he had taken his ways from all sorts of people, and spoke so imperfectly at the best, that I set down the most of it to childishness. My surprise was all the greater to hear that manner of speaking in the mouth of a grown man; and indeed I have never grown used with¹ it; nor yet altogether with the English grammar, as perhaps a very critical eye might here and there spy out even in these memoirs.

The tediousness and pain of these hours upon the rocks grew only the greater as the day went on; the rock getting still the hotter and the sun fiercer. There were giddiness, and sickness, and sharp pangs like rheumatism, to be supported. I minded then, and have often minded since, on the lines in our Scotch Psalm:

The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day;

and indeed it was only by God's blessing that we were neither of us sun-smitten.

At last, about two, it was beyond men's bearing, and there was now temptation to resist, as well as pain to thole.² For the sun being now got a little into the west, there came a patch of shade on the east side of our rock, which was the side sheltered from the soldiers.

"As well one death as another," said Alan, and slipped over the edge and dropped on the ground on the shadowy side.

¹ Scorch. ³ Saint Lawrence.* ⁵ Thrust.

² Griddle. ⁴ Bundle.

¹ To.

² Endure.

I followed him at once, and instantly fell all my length, so weak was I and so giddy with that long exposure. Here, then, we lay for an hour or two, aching from head to foot, as weak as water, and lying quite naked to the eye of any soldier who should have strolled that way. None came, however, all passing by on the other side; so that our rock continued to be our shield even in this new position.

Presently we began again to get a little strength; and as the soldiers were now lying closer along the riverside, Alan proposed that we should try a start. I was by this time afraid of but one thing in the world; and that was to be set back upon the rock; anything else was welcome to me; so we got ourselves at once in marching order, and began to slip from rock to rock one after the other, now crawling flat on our bellies in the shade, now making a run for it, heart in mouth.

The soldiers, having searched this side of the valley after a fashion, and being perhaps somewhat sleepy with the sultriness of the afternoon, had now laid by much of their vigilance, and stood dozing at their posts, or only kept a look-out along the banks of the river; so that in this way, keeping down the valley and at the same time toward the mountains, we drew steadily away from their neighborhood. But the business was the most wearing I had ever taken part in. A man had need of a hundred eyes in every part of him, to keep concealed in that uneven country and within cry of so many and scattered sentries. When we must pass an open place, quickness was not all, but a swift judgment not only of the lie of the whole country, but of the solidity of every stone on which we must set foot; for the afternoon was now fallen so breathless that the rolling of a pebble sounded abroad like a pistol shot, and would start the echo calling among the hills and cliffs.

By sundown, we had made some distance, even by our slow rate of progress, though to be sure the sentry on the rock was still plainly in our view. But now we came on something that put all fears out of season; and that was a deep, rushing burn that tore down, in that part, to join the glen-river. At the sight of this, we cast ourselves on the ground and plunged head and shoulders in the water; and I cannot tell which was the more pleasant, the great shock as the cool stream went over us, or the greed with which we drank of it.

We lay there (for the banks hid us), drank again and again, bathed our chests, let our wrists trail in the running water till they ached with the chill; and at last, being wonderfully renewed, we got out the meal-bag and made drammach¹ in the iron pan. This, though it is but cold water mingled with oatmeal, yet makes a good enough dish for a hungry man; and where there are no means of making fire, or (as in our case) good reason for not making one, it is the chief stand-by of those who have taken to the heather.

As soon as the shadow of night had fallen, we set forth again, at first with the same caution, but presently with more boldness, standing our full height and stepping out at a good pace of walking. The way was very intricate, lying up the steep sides of mountains and along the brows of cliffs; clouds had come in with the sunset, and the night was dark and cool; so that I walked without much fatigue, but in continual fear of falling and rolling down the mountains, and with no guess at our direction.

The moon rose at last and found us still on the road; it was in its last quarter and was long beset with clouds; but after a while shone out, and showed me many dark heads of mountains, and was reflected far underneath us on the narrow arm of a sea-loch.²

¹ Raw meal mixed with water. ² Arm of the sea.

At this sight we both paused: I, struck with wonder to find myself so high and walking (as it seemed to me) upon clouds: Alan, to make sure of his direction.

Seemingly he was well pleased, and he must certainly have judged us out of ear-shot of all our enemies; for throughout the rest of our night-march, he beguiled the way with whistling of many tunes, warlike, merry, plaintive; reel tunes that made the foot go faster; tunes of my own south country that made me fain to be home from my adventures; and all these, on the great, dark, desert mountains, making company upon the way.

CHAPTER XXI

The Flight in the Heather: the Heugh of Corrynakiegh

EARLY as day comes in the beginning of July, it was still dark when we reached our destination, a cleft in the head of a great mountain, with a water running through the midst, and upon the one hand a shallow cave in a rock. Birches grew there in a thin, pretty wood, which a little further on was changed into a wood of pines. The burn was full of trout; the wood of cushat-doves; on the opening side of the mountain beyond, whaups¹ would be always whistling and cuckoos were plentiful. From the mouth of the cleft we looked down upon a part of Mamore, and on the sea-loch that divides that country from Appin; and this from so great a height, as made it my continual wonder and pleasure to sit and behold them.

The name of the cleft was the Heugh² of Corrynakiegh; and although from its height and being so near upon the sea it was often beset with clouds, yet it was on the whole a pleasant place, and the five days we lived in it went happily.

¹ Curlews, shore birds.

² A deep hollow place.

We slept in the cave, making our bed of heather bushes which we cut for that purpose, and covering ourselves with Alan's great-coat. There was a low concealed place, in a turning of the glen, where we were so bold as to make fire: so that we could warm ourselves when the clouds set in, and cook hot porridge, and grill the little trouts that we caught with our hands under the stones and overhanging banks of the burn. This was indeed our chief pleasure and business; and not only to save our meal against worse times, but with a rivalry that much amused us, we spent a great part of our days at the waterside, stripped to the waist, and groping about or (as they say) guddling for these fish. The largest we got might have been three-quarters of a pound; but they were of good flesh and flavor, and when broiled upon the coals, lacked only a little salt to be delicious.

In any by-time Alan must teach me to use my sword, for my ignorance had much distressed him; and I think besides, as I had sometimes the upper hand of him in the fishing, he was not sorry to turn to an exercise where he had so much the upper hand of me. He made it somewhat more of a pain than need have been, for he stormed at me all through the lessons in a very violent manner of scolding, and would push me so close that I made sure he must run me through the body. I was often tempted to turn tail, but held my ground for all that, and got some profit of my lessons; if it was but to stand on guard with an assured countenance, which is often all that is required. So, though I could never in the least please my master, I was not altogether displeased with myself.

In the meanwhile, you are not to suppose that we neglected our chief business, which was to get away.

"It will be many a long day," Alan said to me on our first morning, "before

the redcoats think upon seeking Corrynakiegh; so now we must get word sent to James, and he must find the siller¹ for us."

"And how shall we send that word?" says I. "We are here in a desert place, which yet we dare not leave; and unless ye get the fowls of the air to be your messengers, I see not what we shall be able to do."

"Ay?" said Alan. "Ye're a man of small contrivance, David."

Thereupon he fell in a muse, looking in the embers of the fire; and presently, getting a piece of wood, he fashioned it in a cross, the four ends of which he blackened on the coals. Then he looked at me a little shyly.

"Could ye lend me my button?" says he. "It seems a strange thing to ask a gift again, but I own I am laith² to cut another."

I gave him the button; whereupon he strung it on a strip of his great-coat which he had used to bind the cross; and tying in a little sprig of birch and another of fir, he looked upon his work with satisfaction.

"Now," said he, "there is a little clachan" (what is called a hamlet in the English) "not very far from Corrynakiegh, and it has the name of Koalisnacoan. There, there are living many friends of mine whom I could trust with my life, and some that I am no just so sure of. Ye see, David, there will be money set upon our heads; James himself is to set money on them; and as for the Campbells, they would never spare siller where there was a Stewart to be hurt. If it was otherwise, I would go down to Koalisnacoan whatever, and trust my life into these people's hands as lightly as I would trust another with my glove."

"But being so?" said I.

"Being so," said he, "I would as lief they didnae see me. There's bad folk

everywhere, and what's far worse, weak ones. So when it comes dark again, I will steal down into that clachan, and set this that I have been making in the window of a good friend of mine, John Breck Maccoll, a bouman of Appin's."

"With all my heart," says I; "and if he finds it, what is he to think?"

"Well," says Alan, "I wish he was a man of more penetration, for by my troth I am afraid he will make little enough of it! But this is what I have in mind. This cross is something in the nature of the cross-tarrie, or fiery cross,¹ which is the signal of gathering in our clans; yet he will know well enough the clan is not to rise, for there it is standing in his window, with no word with it. So he will say to himself, *The clan is not to rise, but there is something*. Then he will see my button, and that was Duncan Stewart's. And then he will say to himself, *The son of Duncan is in the heather and has need of me*."

"Well," said I, "it may be. But even supposing so, there is a good deal of heather between here and the Forth."

"And that is a very true word," says Alan. "But then John Breck will see the sprig of birch and the sprig of pine; and he will say to himself (if he is a man of any penetration at all, which I misdoubt²), *Alan will be lying in a wood which is both of pines and birches*. Then he will think to himself, *That is not so very rife³ hereabout*; and then he will come and give us a look up in Corrynakiegh. And if he does not, David, the devil may fly away with him, for what I care; for he will no be worth the salt to his porridge."

"Eh, man," said I, drolling⁴ with him a little, "you're very ingenious! But would it not be simpler for you to write him a few words in black and white?"

¹ *fiery cross*. * Read "The Lady of the Lake," Canto Third, stanza VIII, p. 199.

² Suspect he is not.

³ Plentiful.

⁴ Joking.

¹ Here, money.

² Loath, unwilling.

"And that is an excellent observe, Mr. Balfour of Shaws," says Alan, drolling with me; "and it would certainly be much simpler for me to write to him, but it would be a sore job for John Breck to read it. He would have to go to the school for two-three years; and it's possible we might be wearied waiting on him."

So that night Alan carried down his fiery cross and set it in the bouman's window. He was troubled when he came back; for the dogs had barked and the folk run out from their houses; and he thought he had heard a clatter of arms and seen a redcoat come to one of the doors. On all accounts, we lay the next day in the borders of the wood and kept a close look-out; so that if it was John Breck that came, we might be ready to guide him, and if it was the redcoats, we should have time to get away.

About noon a man was to be spied, stragglng up the open side of the mountain in the sun, and looking round him as he came, from under his hand. No sooner had Alan seen him than he whistled; the man turned and came a little toward us: then Alan would give another "peep!" and the man would come still nearer; and so by the sound of whistling, he was guided to the spot where we lay.

He was a ragged, wild, bearded man, about forty, grossly disfigured with the small-pox, and looked both dull and savage. Although his English was very bad and broken, yet Alan (according to his very handsome use, whenever I was by) would suffer him to speak no Gaelic. Perhaps the strange language made him appear more backward than he really was; but I thought he had little goodwill to serve us, and what he had was the child of terror.

Alan would have had him carry a message to James; but the bouman would hear of no message. "She was forget

it," he said in his screaming voice; and would either have a letter or wash his hands of us.

I thought Alan would be gravelled¹ at that, for we lacked the means of writing in that desert. But he was a man of more resources than I knew; searched the wood until he found a quill of a cushat-dove, which he shaped into a pen; made himself a kind of ink with gunpowder from his horn and water from the running stream; and tearing a corner from his French military commission (which he carried in his pocket, like a talisman to keep him from the gallows), he sat down and wrote as follows:

DEAR KINSMAN,— Please send the money by the bearer to the place he kens of.

Your affectionate cousin,
A. S.

This he intrusted to the bouman, who promised to make what manner of speed he best could, and carried it off with him down the hill.

He was three full days gone, but about five in the evening of the third, we heard a whistling in the wood, which Alan answered; and presently the bouman came up the waterside, looking for us, right and left. He seemed less sulky than before, and indeed he was no doubt well pleased to have got to the end of such a dangerous commission.

He gave us the news of the country; that it was alive with redcoats; that arms were being found, and poor folk brought in trouble daily; and that James and some of his servants were already clapped in prison at Fort William, under strong suspicion of complicity. It seemed, it was noised on all sides that Alan Breck had fired the shot; and there was a bill² issued for both him and me, with one hundred pounds reward.

This was all as bad as could be; and the little note the bouman had carried

¹ Puzzled, balked.

² Poster.

us from Mrs. Stewart was of a miserable sadness. In it she besought Alan not to let himself be captured, assuring him, if he fell in the hands of the troops, both he and James were no better than dead men. The money she had sent was all that she could beg or borrow, and she prayed heaven we could be doing with it. Lastly, she said she enclosed us one of the bills in which we were described.

This we looked upon with great curiosity and not a little fear, partly as a man may look in a mirror, partly as he might look into the barrel of an enemy's gun to judge if it be truly aimed. Alan was advertised as "a small, pock-marked, active man of thirty-five or thereby, dressed in a feathered hat, a French side-coat of blue with silver buttons and lace a great deal tarnished, a red waistcoat and breeches of black shag¹"; and I as "a tall strong lad of about eighteen, wearing an old blue coat, very ragged, an old Highland bonnet, a long homespun waistcoat, blue breeches; his legs bare; low-country shoes, wanting the toes; speaks like a Lowlander, and has no beard."

Alan was well enough pleased to see his finery so fully remembered and set down; only when he came to the word "tarnish," he looked upon his lace like one a little mortified. As for myself, I thought I cut a miserable figure in the bill, and yet was well enough pleased, too; for since I had changed these rags, the description had ceased to be a danger and become a source of safety.

"Alan," said I, "you should change your clothes."

"Na, troth!" said Alan, "I have nae others. A fine sight I would be if I went back to France in a bonnet!"

This put a second reflection in my mind: that if I were to separate from Alan and his tell-tale clothes, I should be safe against arrest, and might go openly

about my business. Nor was this all; for suppose I was arrested when I was alone, there was little against me; but suppose I was taken in company with the reputed murderer, my case would begin to be grave. For generosity's sake, I dare not speak my mind upon this head; but I thought of it none the less.

I thought of it all the more, too, when the bouman brought out a green purse with four guineas in gold, and the best part of another in small change. True, it was more than I had. But then Alan, with less than five guineas, had to get as far as France; I, with my less than two, not beyond Queensferry; so that, taking things in their proportion, Alan's society was not only a peril to my life but a burden on my purse.

But there was no thought of the sort in the honest head of my companion. He believed he was serving, helping, and protecting me. And what could I do but hold my peace, and chafe, and take my chance of it?

"It's little enough," said Alan, putting the purse in his pocket, "but it'll do my business. And now, John Breck, if ye will hand me over my button, this gentleman and me will be for taking the road."

But the bouman, after feeling about in a hairy purse that hung in front of him in the Highland manner (though he wore otherwise the Lowland habit, with sea-trousers) began to roll his eyes strangely, and at last said, "Her nainsel will loss it," meaning he thought he had lost it.

"What!" cried Alan, "you will lose my button, that was my father's before me? Now, I will tell you what is in my mind, John Breck: it is in my mind this is the worst day's work that ever ye did since ye were born."

And as Alan spoke, he set his hands on his knees and looked at the bouman with a smiling mouth, and that dancing

¹ Coarse cloth with a long nap.

light in his eyes that meant mischief to his enemies.

Perhaps the bouman was honest enough; perhaps he had meant to cheat and then, finding himself alone with two of us in a desert place, cast back to honesty as being safer; at least, and all at once, he seemed to find the button and handed it to Alan.

"Well, and it is a good thing for the honor of the Maccolls," said Alan, and then to me, "Here is my button back again, and I thank you for parting with it, which is of a piece with all your friendships to me." Then he took the warmest parting of the bouman. "For," says he, "ye have done very well by me, and set your neck at a venture, and I will always give you the name of a good man."

Lastly, the bouman took himself off by one way; and Alan and I (getting our chattels together) struck into another to resume our flight.

CHAPTER XXII

The Flight in the Heather: the Muir

MORE than eleven hours of incessant, hard traveling brought us early in the morning to the end of a range of mountains. In front of us there lay a piece of low, broken, desert land, which we must now cross. The sun was not long up and shone straight in our eyes; a little, thin mist went up from the face of the moorland like a smoke; so that (as Alan said) there might have been twenty squadrons of dragoons there, and we none the wiser.

We sat down, therefore, in a howe of the hillside, till the mist should have risen, and made ourselves a dish of drammach, and held a council of war.

"David," said Alan, "this is the kittle bit.¹ Shall we lie here till it comes night, or shall we risk it and stave on ahead?"

"Well," said I, "I am tired indeed, but I could walk as far again, if that was all."

¹ Tight place.

"Ay, but it isnae," said Alan, "nor yet the half. This is how we stand: Appin's fair death to us. To the south, it's all Campbells, and no to be thought of. To the north; well, there's no muckle to be gained, by going north; neither for you, that wants to get to Queensferry, nor yet for me, that wants to get to France. Well, then, we'll can strike east."

"East be it!" says I, quite cheerily; but I was thinking, in to myself: "O man, if you would only take one point of the compass and let me take any other, it would be the best for both of us."

"Well, then, east, ye see, we have the Muirs," said Alan. "Once there, David, it's mere pitch-and-toss. Out on yon bald, naked, flat place, where can a body turn to? Let the redcoats come over a hill, they can spy you miles away; and the sorrow's in their horses' heels! they would soon ride you down. It's no good place, David; and I'm free to say, it's worse by daylight than by dark."

"Alan," said I, "hear my way of it. Appin's death for us; we may have none too much money, nor yet meal; the longer they seek, the nearer they may guess where we are; it's all a risk; and I give my word to go ahead until we drop."

Alan was delighted. "There are whiles," said he, "when ye are altogether too canny and Whiggish to be company for a gentleman like me; but there come other whiles when ye show yoursel' a mettle spark; and it's then, David, that I love ye like a brother."

The mist rose and died away, and showed us that country lying as waste as the sea; only the moorfowl and the peewees crying upon it, and far over to the east, a herd of deer, moving like dots. Much of it was red heather; much of the rest broken up with bogs and hags and peaty pools; some had been burnt black in a heath-fire; and in another place

there was quite a forest of dead firs, standing like skeletons. A wearier looking desert man never saw; but at least it was clear of troops, which was our point.

We went down accordingly into the waste, and began to make our toilsome and devious travel toward the eastern verge. There were the tops of mountains all round (you are to remember) from whence we might be spied at any moment; so it behooved us to keep in the hollow parts of the moor, and when these turned aside from our direction, to move upon its naked face with infinite care. Sometimes for half-an-hour together we must crawl from one heather-bush to another, as hunters do when they are hard upon the deer. It was a clear day again, with a blazing sun; the water in the brandy bottle was soon gone; and altogether, if I had guessed what it would be to crawl half the time upon my belly and to walk much of the rest stooping nearly to the knees, I should certainly have held back from such a killing enterprise.

Toiling and resting and toiling again, we wore away the morning; and about noon lay down in a thick bush of heather to sleep. Alan took the first watch; and it seemed to me I had scarce closed my eyes before I was shaken up to take the second. We had no clock to go by; and Alan stuck a sprig of heath in the ground to serve instead; so that as soon as the shadow of the bush should fall so far to the east, I might know to rouse him. But I was by this time so weary that I could have slept twelve hours at a stretch; I had the taste of sleep in my throat; my joints slept even when my mind was waking; the hot smell of the heather, and the drone of the wild bees, were like possets¹ to me; and every now and again I would give a jump and find I had been dozing.

The last time I woke, I seemed to come back from further away, and

thought the sun had taken a great start in the heavens. I looked at the sprig of heath, and at that I could have cried aloud; for I saw I had betrayed my trust. My head was nearly turned with fear and shame; and at what I saw, when I looked out around me on the muir, my heart was like dying in my body. For sure enough, a body of horse-soldiers had come down during my sleep, and were drawing near to us from the south-east, spread out in the shape of a fan and riding their horses to and fro in the deep parts of the heather.

When I waked Alan, he glanced first at the soldiers, then at the mark and the position of the sun, and knitted his brows with a sudden, quick look, both ugly and anxious, which was all the reproach I had of him.

"What are we to do now?" I asked.

"We'll have to play at being hares," said he. "Do ye see yon mountain?" pointing to one on the north-eastern sky.

"Ay," said I.

"Well, then," says he, "let us strike for that. It's name is Ben Alder; it is a wild, desert mountain full of hills and hollows, and if we can win to it before the morn, we may do yet."

"But, Alan," cried I, "that will take us across the very coming of the soldiers!"

"I ken that fine," said he; "but if we are driven back on Appin, we are two dead men. So now, David man, be brisk!"

With that he began to run forward on his hands and knees with an incredible quickness, as though it were his natural way of going. All the time, too, he kept winding in and out in the lower parts of the moorland where we were the best concealed. Some of these had been burned or at least scathed with fire; and there rose in our faces (which were close to the ground) a blinding, choking dust as fine as smoke. The water was long out; and this posture of running on the hands and knees brings an overmastering weakness and weariness, so that the

¹ Sleep-producing drinks.

joints ache and the wrists faint under your weight.

Now, and then, indeed, where was a big bush of heather, we lay a while and panted, and putting aside the leaves, looked back at the dragoons. They had not spied us, for they held straight on; a half-troop, I think, covering about two miles of ground and beating it mighty thoroughly as they went. I had awakened just in time; a little later, and we must have fled in front of them, instead of escaping on one side. Even as it was, the least misfortune might betray us; and now and again, when a grouse rose out of the heather with a clap of wings, we lay as still as the dead and were afraid to breathe.

The aching and faintness of my body, the laboring of my heart, the soreness of my hands, and the smarting of my throat and eyes in the continual smoke of dust and ashes, had soon grown to be so unbearable that I would gladly have given up. Nothing but the fear of Alan lent me enough of a false kind of courage to continue. As for himself (and you are to bear in mind that he was cumbered with a great-coat) he had first turned crimson, but as time went on, the redness began to be mingled with patches of white; his breath cried and whistled as it came; and his voice, when he whispered his observations in my ear during our halts, sounded like nothing human. Yet he seemed in no way dashed in spirits, nor did he at all abate in his activity; so that I was driven to marvel at the man's endurance.

At length, in the first gloaming of the night, we heard a trumpet sound, and looking back from among the heather, saw the troop beginning to collect. A little after, they had built a fire and camped for the night, about the middle of the waste.

At this I begged and besought that we might lie down and sleep.

"There shall be no sleep the night!"

said Alan. "From now on, these weary dragoons of yours will keep the crown of Appin but winged fowls. We got through in the nick of time, and shall we jeopard¹ what we've gained? Na, na, when the day comes, it shall find you and me in a fast place on Ben Alder."

"Alan," I said, "it's not the want of will: it's the strength that I want. If I could, I would; but as sure as I'm alive, I cannot."

"Very well, then," said Alan. "I'll carry ye."

I looked to see if he were jesting; but no, the little man was in dead earnest; and the sight of so much resolution shamed me.

"Lead away!" said I. "I'll follow."

He gave me one look, as much as to say, "Well done, David!" and off he set again at his top speed.

It grew cooler and even a little darker (but not much) with the coming of the night. The sky was cloudless; it was still early in July, and pretty far north; in the darkest part of that night, you would have needed pretty good eyes to read, but for all that, I have often seen it darker in a winter midday. Heavy dew fell and drenched the moor like rain; and this refreshed me for a while. When we stopped to breathe, and I had time to see all about me the clearness and sweetness of the night, the shapes of the hills like things asleep, and the fire dwindling away behind us, like a bright spot in the midst of the moor, anger would come upon me in a clap that I must still drag myself in agony and eat the dust like a worm.

By what I have read in books, I think few that have held a pen were ever really wearied, or they would write of it more strongly. I had no care of my life, neither past nor future, and I scarce remembered there was such a lad as David Balfour. I did not think of myself, but

¹ Risk.

just of each fresh step, which I was sure would be my last, with despair — and of Alan, who was the cause of it, with hatred. Alan was in the right trade as a soldier; this is the officer's part to make men continue to do things, they know not wherefore, and when, if the choice was offered, they would lie down where they were and be killed. And I daresay I would have made a good enough private; for in these last hours it never occurred to me that I had any choice, but just to obey as long as I was able, and die obeying.

Day began to come in, after years, I thought; and by that time, we were past the greatest danger, and could walk upon our feet like men, instead of crawling like brutes. But, dear heart, have mercy! what a pair we must have made, going double like old grandfathers, stumbling like babes, and as white as dead folk. Never a word passed between us; each set his mouth and kept his eyes in front of him, and lifted up his foot and set it down again, like people lifting weights at a country play¹; all the while, with the moorfowl crying "peep!" in the heather, and the light coming slowly clearer in the east.

I say Alan did as I did: not that ever I looked at him, for I had enough ado to keep my feet; but because it is plain he must have been as stupid with weariness as myself, and looked as little where we were going, or we should not have walked into an ambush like blind men.

It fell in this way. We were going down a heathery brae, Alan leading and I following a pace or two behind, like a fiddler and his wife; when upon a sudden the heather gave a rustle, three or four ragged men leaped out, the next moment we were lying on our backs, each with a dirk at his throat.

I don't think I cared: the pain of this rough handling was quite swallowed up by the pains of which I was already full;

and I was too glad to have stopped walking to mind about a dirk. I lay looking up in the face of the man that held me; and I mind his face was black with the sun, and his eyes very light, but I was not afraid of him. I heard Alan and another whispering in the Gaelic; and what they said was all one to me.

Then the dirks were put up, our weapons were taken away, and we were set face to face, sitting in the heather.

"They are Cluny's men," said Alan. "We couldnae have fallen better. We're just to bide here with these, which are his out-sentries, till they can get word to the chief of my arrival."

Now Cluny Macpherson, the chief of the clan Vourich, had been one of the leaders of the great rebellion six years before;¹ there was a price on his life; and I had supposed him long ago in France, with the rest of the heads of that desperate party. Even tired as I was, the surprise of what I heard half-wakened me.

"What?" I cried. "Is Cluny still here?"

"Ay is he so!" said Alan. "Still in his own country and kept by his own clan. King George can do no more."

I think I would have asked farther, but Alan gave me the put-off. "I am rather wearied," he said, "and I would like fine to get a sleep." And without more words, he rolled on his face in a deep heather-bush, and seemed to sleep at once.

There was no such thing possible for me. You have heard grasshoppers whirring in the grass in the summer time? Well, I had no sooner closed my eyes, than my body, and above all my head, belly, and wrists, seemed to be filled with whirring grasshoppers; and I must open my eyes again at once, and tumble and toss, and sit up and lie down; and look at the sky which dazzled me, or at Cluny's wild and dirty sentries, peering out over the top of the brae and chattering to each other in the Gaelic.

¹ Village games.

¹ Battle of Culloden.*

That was all the rest I had, until the messenger returned; when, as it appeared that Cluny would be glad to receive us, we must get once more upon our feet and set forward. Alan was in excellent good spirits, much refreshed by his sleep, very hungry, and looking pleasantly forward to a dram and a dish of hot collops,¹ of which, it seems, the messenger had brought him word. For my part, it made me sick to hear of eating. I had been dead-heavy before, and now felt a kind of dreadful lightness, which would not suffer me to walk. I drifted like a gossamer; the ground seemed to me a cloud, the hills a feather-weight, the air to have a current, like a running burn, which carried me to and fro. With all that, a sort of horror of despair sat on my mind, so that I could have wept at my own helplessness.

I saw Alan knitting his brows at me, and supposed it was in anger; and that gave me a pang of light-headed fear, like what a child may have. I remember, too, that I was smiling, and could not stop smiling, hard as I tried; for I thought it was out of place at such a time. But my good companion had nothing in his mind but kindness; and the next moment, two of the gillies² had me by the arms, and I began to be carried forward with great swiftness (or so it appeared to me, although I daresay it was slowly enough in truth) through a labyrinth of dreary glens and hollows and into the heart of that dismal mountain of Ben Alder.

CHAPTER XXIII

Cluny's Cage

WE CAME at last to the foot of an exceeding steep wood, which scrambled up a craggy hillside, and was crowned by a naked precipice.

"It's here," said one of the guides, and we struck up hill.

The trees clung upon the slope, like sailors on the shrouds of a ship; and their trunks were like the rounds of a ladder by which we mounted.

Quite at the top, and just before the rocky face of the cliff sprang above the foliage, we found that strange house which was known in the country as "Cluny's Cage." The trunks of several trees had been wattled¹ across, the intervals strengthened with stakes, and the ground behind this barricade leveled up with earth to make the floor. A tree, which grew out from the hillside, was the living center beam of the roof. The walls were of wattle and covered with moss. The whole house had something of an egg shape; and it half hung, half stood in that steep, hill-side thicket, like a wasp's nest in a green hawthorn.

Within, it was large enough to shelter five or six persons with some comfort. A projection of the cliff had been cunningly employed to be the fireplace; and the smoke rising against the face of the rock, and being not dissimilar in color, readily escaped notice from below.

This was but one of Cluny's hiding-places; he had caves, besides, and underground chambers in several parts of his country; and following the reports of his scouts, he moved from one to another as the soldiers drew near or moved away. By this manner of living, and thanks to the affection of his clan, he had not only stayed all this time in safety, while so many others had fled or been taken and slain, but stayed four or five years longer, and only went to France at last by the express command of his master.² There he soon died; and it's strange to reflect that he may have regretted his Cage upon Ben Alder.

When we came to the door, he was

¹ Small pieces of meat prepared by stewing.

² Menservants.

¹ The space between had been closed with woven branches.

² Charles Edward Stewart.*

seated by his rock chimney, watching a gillie about some cookery. He was mighty plainly habited, with a knitted nightcap drawn over his ears, and smoked a foul cutty¹ pipe. For all that he had the manners of a king, and it was quite a sight to see him rise out of his place to welcome us.

"Well, Mr. Stewart, come awa,² sir!" said he, "and bring in your friend that as yet I dinna ken the name of."

"And how is yourself, Cluny?" said Alan. "I hope ye do brawly, sir. And I am proud to see ye, and to present to ye my friend, the Laird of Shaws, Mr. David Balfour."

Alan never referred to my estate without a touch of a sneer, when we were alone; but with strangers, he rang the words out like a herald.

"Step in by, the both of ye, gentlemen," says Cluny. "I make ye welcome to my house, which is a queer, rude place for certain, but one where I have entertained a royal personage.³ Mr. Stewart — ye doubtless ken the personage I have in my eye. We'll take a dram for luck, and as soon as this handless man of mine has the collops ready, we'll dine and take a hand at the cartes⁴ as gentlemen should. My life is a bit driegh,⁵" says he, pouring out the brandy; "I see little company, and sit and twirl my thumbs, and mind upon⁶ a great day that is gone by, and weary for another great day that we all hope will be upon the road. And so here's a toast to ye: The Restoration!"

Thereupon we all touched glasses and drank. I am sure I wished no ill to King George; and if he had been there himself in proper person, it's like he would have done as I did. No sooner had I taken out⁷ the dram than I felt hugely better, and I could look on and

listen, still a little mistily perhaps, but no longer with the same groundless horror and distress of mind.

It was certainly a strange place, and we had a strange host. In his long hiding, Cluny had grown to have all manner of precise habits, like those of an old maid. He had a particular place, where no one else must sit; the Cage was arranged in a particular way, which none must disturb; cookery was one of his chief fancies, and even while he was greeting us in, he kept an eye to the collops.

It appears he sometimes visited or received visits from his wife and one or two of his nearest friends, under the cover of night; but for the more part lived quite alone, and communicated only with his sentinels and the gillies that waited on him in the Cage. The first thing in the morning, one of them, who was a barber, came and shaved him, and gave him the news of the country, of which he was immoderately greedy. There was no end to his questions; he put them as earnestly as a child; and at some of the answers, laughed out of all bounds of reason, and would break out again laughing at the mere memory, hours after the barber was gone.

To be sure, there might have been a purpose in his questions; for though he was thus sequestered and, like the other landed gentlemen of Scotland, stripped by the late Act of Parliament* of legal powers, he still exercised a patriarchal justice in his clan. Disputes were brought to him in his hiding hole to be decided; and the men of his country, who would have snapped their fingers at the Court of Session,* laid aside revenge and paid down money at the bare word of this forfeited and hunted outlaw. When he was angered, which was often enough, he gave his commands and breathed threats of punishment like any king; and his gillies trembled and crouched away from him like children before a hasty father. With each of

¹ Short.

² Come in.

³ Charles Edward Stewart.*

⁴ Cards.

⁵ Tiresome.

⁶ Call to mind.

⁷ Finished.

them, as he entered, he ceremoniously shook hands, both parties touching their bonnets at the same time in a military manner. Altogether, I had a fair chance to see some of the inner workings of a Highland clan; and this with a proscribed,¹ fugitive chief; his country conquered; the troops riding upon all sides in quest of him, sometimes within a mile of where he lay; and when the least of the ragged fellows whom he rated and threatened could have made a fortune by betraying him.

On that first day, as soon as the collops were ready, Cluny gave them with his own hand a squeeze of a lemon (for he was well supplied with luxuries) and bade us draw in to our meal.

"They," said he, meaning the collops, "are such as I gave His Royal Highness in this very house; bating² the lemon-juice, for at that time we were glad to get the meat and never fashed for kitchen.³ Indeed, there were mair dra-goons than lemons in my country in the year forty-six."

I do not know if the collops were truly very good, but my heart rose against the very sight of them, and I could eat but little. All the while Cluny entertained us with stories of Prince Charlie's stay in the Cage, giving us the very words of the speakers and rising from his place to show us where they stood. By these, I gathered the Prince was a gracious, spirited boy, like the son of a race of polite kings, but not so wise as Solomon.* I gathered, too, that while he was in the Cage, he was often drunk; so the fault that has since, by all accounts, made such a wreck of him, had even then begun to show itself.

We were no sooner done eating, than Cluny brought out an old, thumbbed, greasy pack of cards, such as you may find in a mean inn; and his eyes brightened in his face as he proposed that we should fall to playing.

Now this was one of the things I had been brought up to eschew¹ like disgrace: it being held by my father neither the part of a Christian nor yet of a gentleman, to set² his own livelihood and fish for that of others, on the cast of painted pasteboard. To be sure, I might have pleaded my fatigue, which was excuse enough; but I thought it behooved that I should bear a testimony. I must have got very red in the face, but I spoke steadily, and told them I had no call to be a judge of others, but for my own part, it was a matter in which I had no clearness.

Cluny stopped mingling the cards. "What in deil's name is this?" says he. "What kind of Whiggish, canting talk is this, for the house of Cluny Macpherson?"

"I will put my hand in the fire for Mr. Balfour," says Alan. "He is an honest and a mettle³ gentleman, and I would have ye bear in mind wha says it. I bear a king's name," says he, cocking his hat; "and I and any that I call friend are company for the best. But the gentleman is tired, and should sleep; if he has no mind to the cartes, it will never hinder you and me. And I'm fit and willing, sir, to play ye any game that ye can name."

"Sir," says Cluny, "in this poor house of mine, I would have you ken that any gentleman may follow his pleasure. If your friend would like to stand on his head, he is welcome. And if either he, or you, or any other man, is not preceesely satisfied, I will be proud to step outside with him."

I had no will that these two friends should cut their throats for my sake.

"Sir," said I, "I am very wearied, as Alan says; and what's more, as you are a man that likely has sons of your own, I may tell you it was a promise to my father."

¹ Outlawed.

² Excepting.

³ Relish.

¹ Avoid.

² Risk.

³ Spirited.

"Say nae mair, say nae mair," said Cluny, and pointed me to a bed of heather in a corner of the Cage. For all that, he was displeased enough, looked at me askance, and grumbled when he looked. And indeed it must be owned that both my scruples and the words in which I declared them smacked somewhat of the Covenanter,* and were little in their place among wild Highland Jacobites.*

What with the brandy and the venison, a strange heaviness had come over me; and I had scarce lain down upon the bed before I fell into a kind of trance in which I continued almost the whole time of our stay in the Cage. Sometimes I was broad awake and understood what passed; sometimes I only heard voices or men snoring, like the voice of a silly¹ river; and the plaids upon the wall dwindled down and swelled out again, like firelight shadows on the roof. I must sometimes have spoken or cried out, for I remember I was now and then amazed at being answered; yet I was conscious of no particular nightmare, only of a general, black, abiding horror — a horror of the place I was in, and the bed I lay in, and the plaids on the wall, and the voices and the fire, and myself.

The barber-gillie, who was a doctor, too, was called in to prescribe for me; but as he spoke in the Gaelic, I understood not a word of his opinion, and was too sick even to ask for a translation. I knew well enough I was ill, and that was all I cared about.

I paid little heed while I lay in this poor pass. But Alan and Cluny were most of the time at cards, and I am clear that Alan must have begun by winning; for I remember sitting up, and seeing them hard at it, and a great glittering pile of as much as sixty or a hundred guineas on the table. It looked strange enough to see all this wealth in a nest upon a cliffside, wattled about growing

trees. And even then, I thought it seemed deep water for Alan to be riding, who had no better battle-horse than a green purse and a matter of five pounds.

The luck, it seems, changed on the second day. About noon I was awakened as usual for dinner, and as usual refused to eat, and was given a dram with some bitter infusion which the barber had prescribed. The sun was shining in at the open door of the Cage, and this dazzled and offended me. Cluny sat at the table, biting the pack of cards. Alan had stooped over the bed, and had his face close to my eyes; to which, troubled as they were with fever, it seemed of the most shocking bigness.

He asked me for a loan of my money.

"What for?" said I.

"O, just for a loan," said he.

"But, why?" I repeated. "I don't see."

"Hut, David!" said Alan, "ye would-nae grudge me a loan?"

I would, though, if I had my senses! But all I thought of then was to get his face away, and I handed him my money.

On the morning of the third day when we had been forty-eight hours in the Cage, I awoke with a great relief of spirits, very weak and weary indeed, but seeing things of the right size and with their honest, every-day appearance. I had a mind to eat, moreover; rose from bed of my own movement; and as soon as we had breakfasted, stepped to the entry of the Cage and sat down outside in the top of the wood. It was a gray day with a cool, mild air: and I sat in a dream all morning, only disturbed by the passing by of Cluny's scouts and servants coming with provisions and reports; for as the coast was at that time clear, you might almost say he held court openly.

When I returned, he and Alan had laid the cards aside and were questioning a gillie; and the chief turned about and spoke to me in the Gaelic.

¹ Small.

"I have no Gaelic, sir," said I.

Now, since the card question, everything I said or did had the power of annoying Cluny. "Your name has more sense than yourself, then," said he, angrily; "for it's good Gaelic. But the point is this. My scout reports all clear in the south, and the question is, have ye the strength to go?"

I saw cards on the table but no gold; only a heap of little written papers, and these all on Cluny's side. Alan besides had an odd look, like a man not very well content; and I began to have a strong misgiving.

"I do not know if I am as well as I should be," said I, looking at Alan; "but the little money we have has a long way to carry us."

Alan took his underlip into his mouth, and looked upon the ground.

"David," says he, at last, "I've lost it; there's the naked truth."

"My money, too?" said I.

"Your money, too," says Alan, with a groan. "Ye shouldnae have given it me. I'm daft when I get to the cartes."

"Hoot-toot, hoot-toot," said Cluny. "It was all daffing; it's all nonsense. Of course, ye'll have your money back again, and the double of it, if ye'll make so free with me. It would be a singular thing for me to keep it. It's not to be supposed that I would be any hindrance to gentlemen in your situation; that would be a singular thing!" cries he, and began to pull gold out of his pocket, with a mighty red face.

Alan said nothing, only looked on the ground.

"Will you step to the door with me, sir?" said I.

Cluny said he would be very glad, and followed me readily enough, but he looked flustered and put out.

"And now, sir," says I, "I must first acknowledge your generosity."

"Nonsensical nonsense!" cries Cluny. "Where's the generosity? This is just

a most unfortunate affair; but what would ye have me do — boxed up in this beeskep¹ of a cage of mine — but just set my friends to the cartes, when I can get them? And if they lose, of course, it's not to be supposed —" And here he came to a pause.

"Yes," said I, "if they lose, you give them back their money; and if they win, they carry away yours in their pouches! I have said before that I grant your generosity; but to me, sir, it's a very painful thing to be placed in this position."

There was a little silence, in which Cluny seemed always as if he was about to speak, but said nothing. All the time he grew redder and redder in the face.

"I am a young man," said I, "and I ask your advice. Advise me as you would advise your son. My friend fairly lost this money, after having fairly gained a far greater sum of yours; can I accept it back again? Would that be the right part for me to play? Whatever I do, you can see for yourself it must be hard upon a man of any pride."

"It's rather hard on me, too, Mr. Balfour," said Cluny, "and ye give me very much the look of a man that has entrapped poor people to their hurt. I wouldnae have my friends come to any house of mine to accept affronts; no," he cried, with a sudden heat of anger, "nor yet to give them!"

"And so, you see, sir," said I, "there is something to be said upon my side; and this gambling is a very poor employ for gentlefolks. But I am still waiting your opinion."

I am sure if ever Cluny hated any man, it was David Balfour. He looked me all over with a warlike eye, and I saw the challenge at his lips. But either my youth disarmed him, or perhaps his own sense of justice. Certainly, it was a mortifying matter for all concerned, and not least for Cluny; the more credit that he took it as he did.

¹ A beehive.

"Mr. Balfour," said he, "I think you are too nice and covenanting, but for all that you have the spirit of a very pretty gentleman. Upon my honest word, ye may take this money—it's what I would tell my son—and here's my hand along with it."

CHAPTER XXIV

The Flight in the Heather: the Quarrel

ALAN and I were put across Loch Errocht under cloud of night, and went down its eastern shore to another hiding-place near the head of Loch Rannoch, whither we were led by one of the gillies from the Cage. This fellow carried all our luggage and Alan's great-coat in the bargain, trotting along under the burden, far less than half of which used to weigh me to the ground, like a stout hill pony with a feather; yet he was a man that, in plain contest, I could have broken on my knee.

Doubtless it was a great relief to walk disencumbered; and perhaps without that relief, and the consequent sense of liberty and lightness, I could not have walked at all. I was but new risen from a bed of sickness, and there was nothing in the state of our affairs to hearten me for much exertion; traveling, as we did, over the most dismal deserts in Scotland, under a cloudy heaven, and with divided hearts among the travelers.

For long we said nothing; marching alongside or one behind the other, each with a set countenance; I, angry and proud, and drawing what strength I had from these two violent and sinful feelings: Alan, angry and ashamed, ashamed that he had lost my money, angry that I should take it so ill.

The thought of a separation ran always the stronger in my mind; and the more I approved of it, the more ashamed I grew of my approval. It would be a fine, handsome, generous thing, indeed,

for Alan to turn round and say to me: "Go, I am in the most danger, and my company only increases yours." But for me to turn to the friend who certainly loved me, and say to him: "You are in great danger, I am in but little; your friendship is a burden; go, take your risks and bear your hardships alone—" no, that was impossible; and even to think of it privily to myself, made my cheeks to burn.

And yet Alan had behaved like a child and (what is worse) a treacherous child. Wheedling my money from me while I lay half-conscious was scarce better than theft; and yet here he was trudging by my side, without a penny to his name, and by what I could see, quite blithe to sponge upon the money he had driven me to beg. True, I was ready to share it with him; but it made me rage to see him count upon my readiness.

These were the two things uppermost in my mind; and I could open my mouth upon neither without black ungenerosity. So I did the next worse, and said nothing, nor so much as looked once at my companion, save with the tail of my eye.

At last, upon the other side of Loch Errocht, going over a smooth, rushy place, where the walking was easy, he could bear it no longer, and came close to me.

"David," says he, "this is no way for two friends to take a small accident. I have to say that I'm sorry; and so that's said. And now if you have anything, ye'd better say it."

"O," says I, "I have nothing."

He seemed disconcerted; at which I was meanly pleased.

"No," said he, with rather a trembling voice, "but when I say I was to blame?"

"Why, of course, ye were to blame," said I, coolly; "and you will bear me out that I have never reproached you."

"Never," says he; "but ye ken very well that ye've done worse. Are we to

part? Ye said so once before. Are ye to say it again? There's hills and heather enough between here and the two seas, David; and I will own I'm no very keen to stay where I'm no wanted."

This pierced me like a sword, and seemed to lay bare my private disloyalty.

"Alan Breck!" I cried; and then: "Do you think I am one to turn my back on you in your chief need? You dursn't say it to my face. My whole conduct's there to give the lie to it. It's true, I fell asleep upon the Muir; but that was from weariness, and you do wrong to cast it up to me —"

"Which is what I never did," said Alan.

"But, aside from that," I continued, "what have I done that you should even me to¹ dogs by such a supposition? I never yet failed a friend, and it's not likely I'll begin with you. There are things between us that I can never forget, even if you can."

"I will only say this to ye, David," said Alan, very quietly, "that I have long enough been owing ye my life, and now I owe ye money. Ye should try to make that burden light for me."

This ought to have touched me, and in a manner it did, but the wrong manner. I felt I was behaving badly; and was now not only angry with Alan, but angry with myself in the bargain; and it made me the more cruel.

"You asked me to speak," said I. "Well, then, I will. You own yourself that you have done me a disservice²; I have had to swallow an affront; I have never reproached you, I never named the thing till you did. And now you blame me," cried I, "because I cannae laugh and sing as if I was glad to be affronted. The next thing will be that I'm to go down upon my knees and thank you for it! Ye should think more of others, Alan Breck. If ye thought more of others, ye

would perhaps speak less about yourself; and when a friend that liked you very well has passed over an offence without a word, you would be blithe to let it lie, instead of making it a stick to break his back with. By your own way of it, it was you that was to blame; then it shouldnae be you to seek the quarrel."

"Aweel," said Alan, "say nae mair."

And we fell back into our former silence; and came to our journey's end and supped, and lay down to sleep, without another word.

The gillie put us across Loch Rannoch in the dusk of the next day, and gave us his opinion as to our best route. This was to get us up at once into the tops of the mountains: to go round by a circuit, turning the heads of Glen Lyon, Glen Lochay, and Glen Dochart, and come down upon the Lowlands by Kippen and the upper waters of the Forth. Alan was little pleased with a route which led us through the country of his blood-foes, the Glenorchy Campbells. He objected that by turning to the east, we should come almost at once among the Athole Stewarts, a race of his own name and lineage, although following a different chief, and come besides by a far easier and swifter way to the place whither we were bound. But the gillie, who was indeed the chief man of Cluny's scouts, had good reasons to give him on all hands, naming the force of troops in every district, and alleging finally (as well as I could understand) that we should nowhere be so little troubled as in a country of the Campbells.

Alan gave way at last, but with only half a heart. "It's one of the dowiest¹ countries in Scotland," said he. "There's naething there that I ken, but heath, and crows, and Campbells. But I see that ye're a man of some penetration; and be it as ye please!"

We set forth accordingly by this itinerary; and for the best part of three

¹ Make me as low as.

² Injury.

¹ Dreariest.

nights traveled on eerie¹ mountains and among the well-heads of wild rivers; often buried in mist, almost continually blown and rained upon, and not once cheered by any glimpse of sunshine. By day, we lay and slept in the drenching heather; by night, incessantly clambered upon breakneck hills and among rude crags. We often wandered; we were often so involved in fog, that we must lie quiet till it lightened. A fire was never to be thought of. Our only food was drummach² and a portion of cold meat that we had carried from the Cage; and as for drink, Heaven knows we had no want of water.

This was a dreadful time, rendered the more dreadful by the gloom of the weather and the country. I was never warm; my teeth chattered in my head; I was troubled with a very sore throat, such as I had on the isle; I had a painful stitch in my side, which never left me; and when I slept in my wet bed, with the rain beating above and the mud oozing below me, it was to live over again in fancy the worst part of my adventures — to see the tower of Shaws lit by lightning, Ransome carried below on the men's backs, Shuan dying on the round-house floor, or Colin Campbell grasping at the bosom of his coat. From such broken slumbers, I would be aroused in the gloaming, to sit up in the same puddle where I had slept and sup cold drammach; the rain driving sharp in my face or running down my back in icy trickles; the mist enfolding us like as in a gloomy chamber — or perhaps, if the wind blew, falling suddenly apart and showing us the gulf of some dark valley where the streams were crying aloud.

The sound of an infinite number of rivers came up from all round. In this steady rain, the springs of the mountains were broken up; every glen gushed water like a cistern; every stream was in

high spate,¹ and had filled and overflowed its channel. During our night tramps, it was solemn to hear the voice of them below in the valleys, now booming like thunder, now with an angry cry. I could well understand the story of the Water Kelpie, that demon of the streams, who is fabled to keep wailing and roaring at the ford until the coming of the doomed traveler. Alan, I saw, believed it, or half believed it; and when the cry of the river rose more than usually sharp, I was little surprised (though, of course, I would still be shocked) to see him cross himself in the manner of the Catholics.

During all these horrid wanderings, we had no familiarity, scarcely even that of speech. The truth is that I was sickening for my grave, which is my best excuse. But besides that I was of an unforgiving disposition from my birth, slow to take offence, slower to forget it, and now incensed both against my companion and myself. For the best part of two days, he was unweariedly kind; silent, indeed, but always ready to help, and always hoping (as I could very well see) that my displeasure would blow by. For the same length of time, I stayed in myself, nursing my anger, roughly refusing his services, and passing him over with my eyes as if he had been a bush or a stone.

The second night, or rather the peep of the third day, found us upon a very open hill, so that we could not follow our usual plan and lie down immediately to eat and sleep. Before we had reached a place of shelter, the gray had come pretty clear, for though it still rained, the clouds ran higher; and Alan, looking in my face, showed some marks of concern.

"Ye had better let me take your pack," said he, for perhaps the ninth time since we parted from the scout beside Loch Rannoch.

"I do very well, I thank you," said I, as cold as ice.

¹ Gloomy, weird. ² Same as drammach.

¹ Flood.

Alan flushed darkly. "I'll not offer it again," he said. "I'm not a patient man, David."

"I never said you were," said I, which was exactly the rude silly speech of a boy of ten.

Alan made no answer at the time, but his conduct answered for him. Henceforth, it is to be thought, he quite forgave himself for the affair at Cluny's; cocked his hat again, walked jauntily, whistled airs, and looked at me upon one side with a provoking smile.

The third night we were to pass through the western end of the country of Balquidder. It came clear and cold, with a touch in the air like frost, and a northerly wind that blew the clouds away and made the stars bright. The streams were full, of course, and still made a great noise among the hills; but I observed that Alan thought no more upon the Kelpie and was in high good spirits. As for me, the change of weather came too late; I had lain in the mire so long that (as the Bible has it) my very clothes "abhorred me"; I was dead weary, deadly sick and full of pains and shiverings; the chill of the wind went through me, and the sound of it confused my ears. In this poor state, I had to bear from my companion something in the nature of a persecution. He spoke a good deal, and never without a taunt. "Whig" was the best name he had to give me. "Here," he would say, "here's a dub¹ for ye to jump, my Whiggie! I ken you're a fine jumper!" And so on; all the time with a gibing voice and face.

I know it was my own doing, and no one else's; but I was too miserable to repent. I felt I could drag myself but little farther; pretty soon, I must lie down and die on these wet mountains like a sheep or a fox, and my bones must whiten there like the bones of a beast. My head was light, perhaps; but I

¹ Puddle.

began to love the prospect, I began to glory in the thought of such a death, alone in the desert, with the wild eagles besieging my last moments. Alan would repent then, I thought; he would remember, when I was dead, how much he owed me, and the remembrance would be torture. So I went like a sick, silly, and bad-hearted schoolboy, feeding my anger against a fellow-man, when I would have been better on my knees, crying on God for mercy. And at each of Alan's taunts, I hugged myself. "Ah!" thinks I to myself, "I have a better taunt in readiness; when I lie down and die, you will feel it like a buffet in your face; ah, what a revenge! Ah, how you will regret your ingratitude and cruelty!"

All the while I was growing worse and worse. Once I had fallen, my legs simply doubling under me, and this had struck Alan for the moment; but I was afoot so briskly, and set off again with such a natural manner, that he soon forgot the incident. Flushes of heat went over me, and then spasms of shuddering. The stitch in my side was hardly bearable. At last, I began to feel that I could trail myself no farther; and with that there came on me all at once the wish to have it out with Alan, let my anger blaze, and be done with my life in a more sudden manner. He had just called me "Whig." I stopped.

"Mr. Stewart," said I, in a voice that quivered like a fiddle-string, "you are older than I am, and should know your manners. Do you think it either very wise or very witty to cast my politics in my teeth?" I thought, where folk differed, it was the part of gentlemen to differ civilly; and if I did not, I may tell you I could find a better taunt than some of yours."

Alan had stopped opposite to me, his hat cocked, his hands in his breeches' pockets, his head a little to one side. He listened, smiling evilly, as I could see by the starlight; and when I had

done he began to whistle a Jacobite air. It was the air made in mockery of General Cope's defeat at Preston Pans* :

Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?
And are your drums a-beatin' yet?

And it came in my mind that Alan, on the day of that battle, had been engaged upon the royal side.

"Why do ye take that air, Mr. Stewart?" said I. "Is that to remind me that you have been beaten on both sides?"

The air stopped on Alan's lips. "David!" said he.

"But it's time these manners ceased," I continued; "and I mean that you shall henceforth speak civilly of my King and my good friends the Campbells."

"I am a Stewart —" began Alan.

"O!" says I, "I ken ye bear a king's name. But you are to remember, since I have been in the Highlands, I have seen a good many of those that bear it; and the best I can say of them is this, that they would be none the worse of washing."

"Do you know that you insult me?" said Alan, very low.

"I am sorry for that," said I, "for I am not done; and if you distaste the sermon, I doubt the pirlicue¹ will please you as little. You have been chased in the field by the grown men of my party; it seems a poor kind of pleasure to out-face a boy. Both the Campbells and the Whigs have beaten you; you have run before them like a hare. It behooves you to speak of them as of your betters."

Alan stood quite still, the tails of his great-coat clapping behind him in the wind.

"This is a pity," he said, at last. "There are things said that cannot be passed over."

"I never asked you to," said I. "I am as ready as yourself."

"Ready?" said he.

"Ready," I repeated. "I am no blower and boaster like some that I could name. Come on!" And drawing my sword, I fell on guard as Alan himself had taught me.

"David"! he cried. "Are ye daft? I cannae draw upon ye, David. It's fair¹ murder."

"That was your look-out when you insulted me," said I.

"It's the truth!" cried Alan, and he stood for a moment, wringing his mouth in his hand like a man in sore perplexity. "It's the bare truth," he said, and drew his sword. But before I could touch his blade with mine, he had thrown it from him and fallen to the ground. "Na, na," he kept saying, "na, na — I cannae, I cannae."

At this the last of my anger oozed all out of me; and I found myself only sick, and sorry, and blank, and wondering at myself. I would have given the world to take back what I had said; but a word once spoken, who can recapture it? I minded me of Alan's kindness and courage in the past, how he had helped and cheered and borne with me in our evil days; and then recalled my own insults, and saw that I had lost for ever that doughty friend. At the same time, the sickness that hung upon me seemed to redouble, and the pang in my side was like a sword for sharpness. I thought I must have swooned where I stood.

This it was that gave me a thought. No apology could blot out what I had said; it was needless to think of one; none could cover the offence; but where an apology was vain, a mere cry for help might bring Alan back to my side. I put my pride away from me. "Alan!" I said; "if you cannae help me, I must just die here."

He started up sitting, and looked at me.

"It's true," said I. "I'm by with it. O, let me get into the bield² of a house —

¹ Summary.

¹ Actual.

² Shelter.

"I'll can die there easier." I had no need to pretend; whether I chose or not, I spoke in a weeping voice that would have melted a heart of stone.

"Can ye walk?" asked Alan.

"No," said I, "not without help. This last hour, my legs have been fainting under me; I've a stitch in my side like a red-hot iron; I cannae breathe right. If I die, ye'll can forgive me, Alan? In my heart, I liked ye fine — even when I was the angriest."

"Wheesht, wheesht!" cried Alan. "Dinnae say that! David, man, ye ken —" He shut his mouth upon a sob. "Let me get my arm about ye," he continued; "that's the way! Now lean upon me hard. Gude kens where there's a house! We're in Balwhidder, too; there should be no want of houses, no, nor friends' houses here. Do you gang easier so, Davie?"

"Ay," said I, "I can be doing this way"; and I pressed his arm with my hand.

Again he came near sobbing. "Davie," said he, "I'm no a right man at all; I have neither sense nor kindness; I couldnae remember ye were just a bairn, I couldnae see ye were dying on your feet; Davie, ye'll have to try and forgive me."

"O, man, let's say no more about it!" said I. "We're neither one of us to mend the other — that's the truth! We must just bear and forbear, man Alan! O, but my stitch is sore! Is there nae house?"

"I'll find a house to ye, David," he said, stoutly. "We'll follow down the burn, wherethere's bound to be houses. My poor man, will ye no be, better on my back?"

"O, Alan," says I, "and me a good twelve inches taller?"

"Ye're no such a thing," cried Alan, with a start. "There may be a trifling matter of an inch or two; I'm no saying I'm just exactly what ye would call a tall man, whatever; and I daresay," he added, his voice tailing off in a laughable

manner, "now when I come to think of it, I daresay ye'll be just about right. Ay, it'll be a foot, or near hand; or maybe even mair!"

It was sweet and laughable to hear Alan eat his words up in the fear of some fresh quarrel. I could have laughed, had not my stitch caught me so hard; but if I had laughed, I think I must have wept, too.

"Alan," cried I, "what makes ye so good to me? What makes ye care for such a thankless fellow?"

"Deed, and I don't know," said Alan. "For just precisely what I thought I liked about ye, was that ye never quarreled; — and now I like ye better!"

CHAPTER XXV

*In Balquidder**

AT THE door of the first home we came to, Alan knocked, which was no very safe enterprise in such a part of the Highlands as the Braes of Balquidder. No great clan held rule there; it was filled and disputed by small septs,¹ and broken remnants, and what they call chiefless folk, driven into the wild country about the springs of Forth and Teith by the advance of the Campbells. Here were Stewarts and Maclarens, which, came to the same thing, for the Maclarens followed Alan's chief in war, and made but one clan with Appin. Here, too, were many of that old, proscribed, nameless, red-handed clan of the Macgregors. They had always been ill considered, and now worse than ever, having credit with no side or party in the whole country of Scotland. Their chief, Macgregor of Macgregor, was in exile; the more immediate leader of that part of them about Balquidder, James More, Rob Roy's eldest son, lay waiting his trial in Edinburgh Castle; they were in

¹ Used here to mean clans too small to be regarded as important.

ill blood with Highlander* and Lowlander,* with the Grahames, the MacLarens, and the Stewarts; and Alan, who took up the quarrel of any friend, however distant, was extremely wishful to avoid them.

Chance served us very well; for it was a household of MacLarens that we found, where Alan was not only welcome for his name's sake but known by reputation. Here, then, I was got to bed without delay, and a doctor fetched, who found me in a sorry plight. But whether because he was a very good doctor, or I a very young, strong man, I lay bedridden for no more than a week, and before a month I was able to take the road again with a good heart.

All this time Alan would not leave me; though I often pressed him, and indeed his foolhardiness in staying was a common subject of outcry with the two or three friends that were let into the secret. He hid by day in a hole of the braes under a little wood; and at night, when the coast was clear, would come into the house to visit me. I need not say if I was pleased to see him; Mrs. Maclaren, our hostess, thought nothing good enough for such a guest; and as Duncan Dhu (which was the name of our host) had a pair of pipes¹ in his house and was much of a lover of music, the time of my recovery was quite a festival, and we commonly turned night into day.

The soldiers let us be; although once a party of two companies and some dragoons went by in the bottom of the valley, where I could see them through the window as I lay in bed. What was much more astonishing, no magistrate came near me, and there was no question put of whence I came or whither I was going; and in that time of excitement, I was as free of all inquiry as though I had lain in a desert. Yet my presence was known before I left to all the people in Balquidder and the adjacent parts;

¹ Bagpipes.

many coming about the house on visits, and these (after the custom of the country) spreading the news among their neighbors. The bills, too, had now been printed. There was one pinned near the foot of my bed, where I could read my own not very flattering portrait and, in larger characters, the amount of blood-money¹ that had been set upon my life. Duncan Dhu and the rest that knew that I had come there in Alan's company could have entertained no doubt of who I was; and many others must have had their guess. For though I had changed my clothes, I could not change my age or person; and Lowland boys of eighteen were not so rife in these parts of the world, and above all about that time, that they could fail to put one thing with another and connect me with the bill. So it was, at least. Other folk keep a secret among two or three near friends, and somehow it leaks out; but among these clansmen, it is told to a whole countryside, and they will keep it for a century.

There was but one thing happened worth narrating; and that is the visit I had of Robin Oig,² one of the sons of the notorious Rob Roy. He was sought upon all sides on a charge of carrying a young woman from Balfron and marrying her (as was alleged) by force; yet he stept about Balquidder like a gentleman in his own walled policy.³ It was he who had shot James Maclaren at the plough stilts,⁴ a quarrel never satisfied; yet he walked into the house of his blood enemies as a rider⁵ might into a public inn.

Duncan had time to pass me word of who it was; and we looked at one another in concern. You should understand, it was then close upon the time of Alan's coming; the two were little likely

¹ Reward.

² The young.

³ A private pleasure park.

⁴ Handles, — while he was unarmed and had no chance to defend himself.

⁵ A traveling salesman.

to agree; and yet if we sent word or sought to make a signal, it was sure to arouse suspicion in a man under so dark a cloud as the Macgregor.

He came in with a great show of civility, but like a man among inferiors; took off his bonnet to Mrs. Maclaren, but clapped it on his head again to speak to Duncan; and having thus set himself (as he would have thought) in a proper light, came to my bedside and bowed.

"I am given to know, sir," says he, "that your name is Balfour."

"They call me David Balfour," said I, "at your service."

"I would give ye my name in return, sir," he replied, "but it's one somewhat blown upon¹ of late days; and it'll perhaps suffice if I tell ye that I am own brother to James More Drummond, or Macgregor, of whom ye will scarce have failed to hear."

"No, sir," said I, a little alarmed; "nor yet of your father, Macgregor-Campbell." And I sat up and bowed in bed; for I thought best to compliment him, in case he was proud of having had an outlaw to² his father.

He bowed in return. "But what I am come to say, sir," he went on, "is this. In the year '45, my brother raised a part of the Gregara,³ and marched six companies to strike a stroke for the good side; and the surgeon that marched with our clan and cured my brother's leg when it was broken in the brush at Preston Pans, was a gentleman of the same name precisely as yourself. He was brother to Balfour of Baith; and if you are in any reasonable degree of nearness one of that gentleman's kin, I have come to put myself and my people at your command."

You are to remember that I knew no more of my descent than any cadger's⁴ dog; my uncle, to be sure, had prated of some of our high connections, but nothing to the present purpose; and

there was nothing left me but that bitter disgrace of owning that I could not tell.

Robin told me shortly he was sorry he had put himself about,¹ turned his back upon me without a sign of salutation, and as he went toward the door, I could hear him telling Duncan that I was "only some kinless loon that didn't know his own father." Angry as I was at these words and ashamed of my own ignorance, I could scarce keep from smiling that a man who was under the lash of the law (and was indeed hanged some three years later) should be so nice as to the descent of his acquaintances.

Just in the door, he met Alan coming in; and the two drew back and looked at each other like strange dogs. They were neither of them big men, but they seemed fairly to swell out with pride. Each wore a sword, and by a movement of his haunch, thrust clear the hilt of it, so that it might be the more readily grasped and the blade drawn.

"Mr. Stewart, I am thinking," says Robin.

"Troth, Mr. Macgregor, it's not a name to be ashamed of," answered Alan.

"I did not know ye were in my country, sir," says Robin.

"It sticks in my mind that I am in the country of my friends the Maclarens," says Alan.

"That's a kittle point," returned the other. "There may be two words to say to that. But I think I will have heard that you are a man of your sword?"

"Unless ye were born deaf, Mr. Macgregor, ye will have heard a good deal more than that," says Alan. "I am not the only man that can draw steel in Appin; and when my kinsman and captain, Ardshiel, had a talk with a gentleman of your name, not so many years back, I could never hear that the Macgregor had the best of it."

"Do ye mean my father, sir?" says Robin.

¹ Brought into discredit.

² For.

³ Men of the clan Macgregor.

⁴ Peddler's.

¹ Put himself out.

"Well, I wouldnae wonder," said Alan. "The gentleman I have in my mind had the ill taste to clap Campbell to his name."

"My father was an old man," returned Robin. "The match was unequal. You and me would make a better pair, sir."

"I was thinking that," said Alan.

I was half out of bed, and Duncan had been hanging at the elbow of these fighting cocks, ready to intervene upon the least occasion. But when that word was uttered, it was a case of now or never; and Duncan, with something of a white face to be sure, thrust himself between.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I will have been thinking of a very different matter, whateffer. Here are my pipes, and here are you two gentlemen who are baith acclaimed pipers. It's an auld dispute which one of ye's the best. Here will be a brow chance to settle it."

"Why, sir," said Alan, still addressing Robin, from whom indeed he had not so much as shifted his eyes, nor yet Robin from him, "why, sir," says Alan, "I think I will have heard some sough¹ of the sort. Have ye music, as folk say? Are ye a bit of a piper?"

"I can pipe like a Macrimmon!" cries Robin.

"And that is a very bold word," quoth Alan.

"I have made bolder words good before now," returned Robin, "and that against better adversaries."

"It is easy to try that," says Alan.

Duncan Dhu made haste to bring out the pair of pipes that was his principal possession, and to set before his guests a mutton ham and a bottle of that drink which they call Athole brose,² and which is made of old whiskey, strained honey and sweet cream, slowly beaten together in the right order and proportion. The two enemies were still

on the very breach of a quarrel; but down they sat, one upon each side of the peat fire, with a mighty show of politeness. Maclaren pressed them to taste his mutton ham and "the wife's brose," reminding them the wife was out of Athole and had a name far and wide for her skill in that confection. But Robin put aside these hospitalities as bad for the breath.

"I would have ye to remark, sir," said Alan, "that I havenae broken bread for near upon ten hours, which will be worse for the breath than any brose in Scotland."

"I will take no advantages, Mr. Stewart," replied Robin. "Eat and drink; I'll follow you."

Each ate a small portion of the ham and drank a glass of the brose to Mrs. Maclaren; and then, after a great number of civilities, Robin took the pipes and played a little spring¹ in a very ranting² manner.

"Ay, ye can blow," said Alan; and taking the instrument from his rival, he first played the same spring in a manner identical with Robin's; and then wandered into variations, which, as he went on, he decorated with a perfect flight of grace-notes, such as pipers love, and call the "warblers."

I had been pleased with Robin's playing; Alan's ravished me.

"That's no very bad, Mr. Stewart," said the rival, "but ye show a poor device in your warbler."

"Me!" cried Alan, the blood starting to his face. "I give ye the lie."

"Do ye own yourself beaten at the pipes, then," said Robin, "that ye seek to change them for the sword?"

"And that's very well said, Mr. Macgregor," returned Alan; "and in the meantime" (laying a strong accent on the word) "I take back the lie. I appeal to Duncan."

"Indeed, ye need appeal to naebody,"

¹ Rumor.

² Broth.

¹ A lively dance tune.

² Spirited.

said Robin. "Ye're a far better judge than any Maclaren in Balwhidder: for it's a God's truth that you're a very creditable piper for a Stewart. Hand me the pipes."

Alan did as he asked; and Robin proceeded to imitate and correct some part of Alan's variations, which it seemed that he remembered perfectly.

"Ay, ye have music," said Alan, gloomily.

"And now be the judge yourself, Mr. Stewart," said Robin; and taking up the variations from the beginning, he worked them throughout to so new a purpose, with such ingenuity and sentiment, and with so odd a fancy and so quick a knack in the grace-notes, that I was amazed to hear him.

As for Alan, his face grew dark and hot, and he sat and gnawed his fingers, like a man under some deep affront. "Enough!" he cried. "Ye can blow the pipes — make the most of that." And he made as if to rise.

But Robin only held out his hand as if to ask for silence, and struck into the slow music of a pibroch.¹ It was a fine piece of music in itself, and nobly played; but it seems besides it was a piece peculiar to the Appin Stewarts and a chief favorite with Alan. The first notes were scarce out, before there came a change in his face; when the time quickened, he seemed to grow restless in his seat; and long before that piece was at an end, the last signs of his anger died from him, and he had no thought but for the music.

"Robin Oig," he said, when it was done, "ye are a great piper. I am not fit to blow in the same kingdom with ye. Body of me! ye have mair music in your sporran than I have in my head! And though it still sticks in my mind that I could maybe show ye another of it with the cold steel, I warn ye beforehand —

it'll no be fair! It would go against my heart to haggle¹ a man that can blow the pipes as you can!"

Thereupon the quarrel was made up; all night long the brose was going and the pipes changing hands; and the day had come pretty bright, and the three men were none the better for what they had been taking, before Robin as much as thought upon the road.

It was the last I saw of him, for I was in the Low Countries at the University of Leyden, when he stood his trial, and was hanged in the Grassmarket. And I have told this at so great length, partly because it was the last incident of any note that befell me on the wrong side of the Highland Line, and partly because (as the man came to be hanged) it's in a manner history.

CHAPTER XXVI

We pass the Forth

THE month, as I have said, was not yet out, but it was already far through August, and beautiful warm weather, with every sign of an early and great harvest, when I was pronounced able for my journey. Our money was now run to so low an ebb that we must think first of all on speed; for if we came not soon to Mr. Rankeillor's, or if when we came there he should fail to help me, we must surely starve. In Alan's view, besides, the hunt must have now greatly slackened; and the line of the Forth, and even Stirling* Bridge, which is the main pass over that river, would be watched with little interest.

"It's a chief principle in military affairs," said he, "to go where ye are least expected. Forth is our trouble; ye ken the saying, 'Forth bridles the wild Hielandman.' Well, if we seek to creep round about the head of that river and come down by Kippen or Balfron, it's just precisely there that they'll be look-

¹ Highland martial air. (Read "The Lady of the Lake," Canto Second, stanza XVII, p. 189.)

¹ Haggle.

ing to lay hands on us. But if we stave¹ on straight to the auld Brig of Stirling, I'll lay my sword they let us pass unchallenged."

The first night, accordingly, we pushed to the house of a Maclaren in Strathire, a friend of Duncán's, where we slept the twenty-first of the month, and whence we set forth again about the fall of night to make another easy stage. The twenty-second we lay in a heather-bush on a hillside in Uam Var, within view of a herd of deer, the happiest ten hours of sleep in a fine, breathing sunshine and on bone-dry ground, that I have ever tasted. That night we struck Allan Water, and followed it down; and coming to the edge of the hills saw the whole Carse² of Stirling underfoot, as flat as a pancake, with the town and castle on a hill in the midst of it, and the moon shining on the Links³ of Forth.

"Now," said Alan, "I kenna if ye care, but ye're in your own land again. We passed the Hieland Line in the first hour; and now if we could but pass yon crooked water, we might cast our bonnets in the air."

In Allan Water, near by where it falls into the Forth, we found a little sandy islet, overgrown with burdock, butterbur, and the like low plants, that would just cover us if we lay flat. Here it was we made our camp, within plain view of Stirling Castle, whence we could hear the drums beat as some part of the garrison paraded. Shearers⁴ worked all day in a field on one side of the river, and we could hear the stones going on the hooks⁵ and the voices and even the words of the men talking. It behooved to lie close and keep silent. But the sand of the little isle was sun-warm, the green plants gave us shelter for our heads, we had

food and drink in plenty; and to crown all, we were within sight of safety.

As soon as the shearers quit their work and the dusk began to fall, we waded ashore and struck for the Bridge of Stirling, keeping to the fields and under the field fences.¹

The bridge is close under the castle hill, an old, high, narrow bridge with pinnacles along the parapet; and you may conceive with how much interest I looked upon it, not only as a place famous in history, but as the very doors of salvation to Alan and myself. The moon was not yet up when we came there; a few lights shone along the front of the fortress, and lower down a few lighted windows in the town; but it was all mighty still, and there seemed to be no guard upon the passage.

I was for pushing straight across; but Alan was more wary.

"It looks unco' quiet," said he; "but for all that we'll lie down here cannily behind a dyke, and make sure."

So we lay for about a quarter of an hour, whiles whispering, whiles lying still and hearing nothing earthly but the washing of the water on the piers. At last there came by an old, hobbling woman with a crutch stick; who first stopped a little, close to where we lay, and bemoaned herself and the long way she had traveled; and then set forth again up the steep spring² of the bridge. The woman was so little, and the night still so dark, that we soon lost sight of her; only heard the sound of her steps, and her stick, and a cough that she had by fits, draw slowly farther away.

"She's bound to be across now," I whispered.

"Na," said Alan, "her foot still sounds boss³ upon the bridge."

And just then — "Who goes?" cried a voice, and we heard the butt of a musket rattle on the stones. I must suppose the sentry had been sleeping,

¹ Push.

² Meadow.

³ The flat or rolling land along the River Forth; compare "golf links."

⁴ Reapers.

⁵ Whetstones being used to sharpen the hooks, or sickles.

¹ Probably hedges.

² Ascent.

³ Hollow.

so that had we tried, we might have passed unseen; but he was awake now, and the chance forfeited.

"This'll never do," said Alan. "This'll never, never do for us, David."

And without another word, he began to crawl away through the fields; and a little after, being well out of eyeshot, got to his feet again, and struck along a road that led to the eastward. I could not conceive what he was doing; and indeed I was so sharply cut by the disappointment that I was little likely to be pleased with anything. A moment back, and I had seen myself knocking at Mr. Rankeillor's door to claim my inheritance, like a hero in a ballad; and here was I back again, a wandering, hunted blackguard on the wrong side of the Forth.

"Well?" said I.

"Well," said Alan, "what would ye have? They're none such fools as I took them for. We have still the Forth to pass, Davie — weary fall the rains that fed and the hillsides that guided it!"

"And why go east?" said I.

"Ou, just upon the chance!" said he. "If we cannae pass the river, we'll have to see what we can do for the firth."

"There are fords upon the river, and none upon the firth," said I.

"To be sure there are fords, and a bridge forbye," quoth Alan; "and of what service when they are watched?"

"Well," said I, "but a river can be swum."

"By them that have the skill of it," returned he; "but I have yet to hear that either you or me is much of a hand at that exercise; and for my own part, I swim like a stone."

"I'm not up to you in talking back, Alan," I said; "but I can see we're making bad worse. If it's hard to pass a river, it stands to reason it must be worse to pass a sea."

"But there's such a thing as a boat," says Alan, "or I'm the more deceived."

"Ay, and such a thing as money," says I. "But for us that have neither one nor other, they might just as well not have been invented."

"Ye think so?" said Alan.

"I do that," said I.

"David," says he, "ye're a man of small invention and less faith. But let me set my wits upon the hone,¹ and if I cannae beg, borrow, nor yet steal a boat, I'll make one!"

"I think I see ye!" said I. "And what's more than all that: if ye pass a bridge, it can tell no tales; but if we pass the firth, there's the boat on the wrong side — somebody must have brought it — the countryside will all be in a bizz —"

"Man!" cried Alan, "if I make a boat, I'll make a body to take it back again! So deave² me with no more of your nonsense, but walk (for that's what you've got to do) — and let Alan think for ye."

All night, then, we walked through the north side of the Carse under the high line of the Ochil mountains; and by Alloa and Clackmannan and Culross, all of which we avoided; and about ten in the morning, mighty hungry and tired, came to the little clachan³ of Limekilns. This is a place that sits near in by the waterside, and looks across the Hope to the town of the Queensferry. Smoke went up from both of these, and from other villages and farms upon all hands. The fields were being reaped; two ships lay anchored, and boats were coming and going on the Hope. It was altogether a right pleasant sight to me; and I could not take my fill of gazing at these comfortable, green, cultivated hills and the busy people both of the field and sea.

For all that, there was Mr. Rankeillor's house on the south shore, where I had no doubt wealth awaited me; and here was I upon the north, clad in poor enough attire of an outlandish fashion,

¹ Sharpen my wits. ² Bother. ³ Village.

with three silver shillings left to me of all my fortune, a price set upon my head, and an outlawed man for my sole company.

"O, Alan!" said I, "to think of it! Over there, there's all that heart could want waiting me; and the birds go over, and the boats go over — all that please can go, but just me only! O, man, but it's a heartbreak!"

In Limekilns we entered a small change-house,¹ which we only knew to be a public by the wand² over the door, and bought some bread and cheese from a good-looking lass that was the servant. This we carried with us in a bundle, meaning to sit and eat it in a bush of wood on the seashore, that we saw some third part of a mile in front. As we went, I kept looking across the water and sighing to myself; and though I took no heed of it, Alan had fallen into a muse. At last he stopped in the way.

"Did ye take heed of the lass we bought this of?" says he, tapping on the bread and cheese.

"To be sure," said I, "and a bonny lass she was."

"Ye thought that?" cries he. "Man David, that's good news."

"In the name of all that's wonderful, why so?" says I. "What good can that do?"

"Well," said Alan, with one of his droll looks, "I was rather in hopes it would maybe get us that boat."

"If it were the other way about, it would be liker it," said I.

"That's all that you ken, ye see," said Alan. "I don't want the lass to fall in love with ye, I want her to be sorry for ye, David; to which end, there is no manner of need that she should take you for a beauty. Let me see" (looking me curiously over). "I wish ye were a wee thing paler; but apart

from that ye'll do fine for my purpose — ye have a fine, hang-dog, rag-and-tatter, clappermaclaw¹ kind of a look to ye, as if ye had stolen the coat from a potato-bogle.² Come; right about, and back to the change-house for that boat of ours."

I followed him laughing.

"David Balfour," said he, "ye're a very funny gentleman by your way of it, and this is a very funny employ for ye, no doubt. For all that, if ye have any affection for my neck (to say nothing of your own) ye will perhaps be kind enough to take this matter responsibly. I am going to do a bit of play-acting, the bottom ground of which is just exactly as serious as the gallows for the pair of us. So bear it, if ye please, in mind, and conduct yourself according."

"Well, well," said I, "have it as you will."

As we got near the clachan, he made me take his arm and hang upon it like one almost helpless with weariness; and by the time he pushed open the change-house door, he seemed to be half carrying me. The maid appeared surprised (as well she might be) at our speedy return; but Alan had no words to spare for her in explanation, helped me to a chair, called for a tass³ of brandy with which he fed me in little sips, and then breaking up the bread and cheese helped me to eat it like a nursery-lass; the whole with that grave, concerned, affectionate countenance, that might have imposed upon a judge. It was small wonder if the maid were taken with the picture we presented, of a poor, sick, overwrought lad and his most tender comrade. She drew quite near, and stood leaning with her back on the next table.

"What's like wrong with him?" said she at last.

Alan turned upon her, to my great wonder, with a kind of fury. "Wrong?"

¹ Inn.

² A green bush over the door indicated a place where wine was sold.

¹ Abused.

² Scarecrow.

³ Cup.

cries he. "He's walked more hundreds of miles than he has hairs upon his chin, and slept oftener in wet heather than dry sheets. Wrong, quo' she! Wrong enough, I would think! Wrong, indeed!" and he kept grumbling to himself, as he fed me, like a man ill pleased.

"He's young for the like of that," said the maid.

"Ower¹ young," said Alan, with his back to her.

"He would be better riding," says she.

"And where could I get a horse for him?" cried Alan, turning on her with the same appearance of fury. "Would ye have me steal?"

I thought this roughness would have sent her off in dudgeon, as indeed it closed her mouth for the time. But my companion knew very well what he was doing; and for as simple as he was in some things of life, had a great fund of roguishness in such affairs as these.

"Ye neednae tell me," she said at last — "ye're gentry."

"Well," said Alan, softened a little (I believe against his will) by this artless comment, "and suppose we were? did ever you hear that gentrice² put money in folk's pockets?"

She sighed at this, as if she were herself some disinherited great lady. "No," says she, "that's true indeed."

I was all this while chafing at the part I played, and sitting tongue-tied between shame and merriment; but somehow at this I could hold in no longer, and bade Alan let me be, for I was better already. My voice stuck in my throat, for I ever hated to take part in lies; but my very embarrassment helped on the plot, for the lass no doubt set down my husky voice to sickness and fatigue.

"Has he nae friends?" said she, in a tearful voice.

"That has he so," cried Alan, "if we could but win³ to them! — friends and

rich friends, beds to lie in, food to eat, doctors to see him — and here he must tramp in the dubs and sleep in the heather like a beggarman."

"And why that?" says the lass.

"My dear," says Alan, "I cannae very safely say; but I'll tell ye what I'll do instead," says he, "I'll whistle ye a bit tune." And with that he leaned pretty far over the table, and in a mere breath of a whistle, but with a wonderful pretty sentiment, gave her a few bars of "Charlie is my darling."¹

"Wheesht!" says she, and looked over her shoulder to the door.

"That's it," said Alan.

"And him so young!" cried the lass.

"He's old enough to —" and Alan struck his forefinger on the back part of his neck, meaning that I was old enough to lose my head.

"It would be a black shame," she cried, flushing high.

"It's what will be, though," said Alan, "unless we manage the better."

At this the lass turned and ran out of that part of the house, leaving us alone together, Alan in high good humor at the furthering of his schemes, and I in bitter dudgeon at being called a Jacobite and treated like a child.

"Alan," I cried, "I can stand no more of this."

"Ye'll have to sit it then, Davie," said he. "For if ye upset the pot now, ye may scrape your own life out of the fire, but Alan Breck is a dead man."

This was so true that I could only groan; and even my groan served Alan's purpose, for it was overheard by the lass as she came flying in again with a dish of white puddings and a bottle of strong ale.

"Poor lamb!" says she, and had no sooner set the meat before us, than she touched me on the shoulder with a little

¹ The words are the first line of a famous Jacobite* song. Alan tries to make it appear that David is in sympathy with the Stewarts.

¹ Too. ² Social rank. ³ Reach.

friendly touch, as much as to bid me cheer up. Then she told us to fall to, and there would be no more to pay; for the inn was her own, or at least her father's, and he was gone for the day to Pittencrieff. We waited for no second bidding, for bread and cheese is but cold comfort, and the puddings smelt excellently well; and while we sat and ate, she took up that same place by the next table, looking on, and thinking, and frowning to herself, and drawing the string of her apron through her hand.

"I'm thinking ye have rather a long tongue," she said at last to Alan.

"Ay," said Alan; "but ye see I ken the folk I speak to."

"I would never betray ye," said she, "if ye mean that."

"No," said he, "ye're no that kind. But I'll tell ye what ye would do, ye would help."

"I couldnae," said she, shaking her head. "Na, I couldnae."

"No," said he, "but if ye could?"

She answered him nothing.

"Look here, my lass," said Alan, "there are boats in the kingdom of Fife, for I saw two (no less) upon the beach, as I came in by your town's end. Now, if we could have the use of a boat to pass under cloud of night into Lothian, and some secret, decent kind of a man to bring that boat back again and keep his council, there would be two souls saved — mine to all likelihood — his to a dead surety. If we lack that boat, we have but three shillings left in this wide world; and where to go, and how to do, and what other place there is for us except the chains of a gibbet¹ — I give you my naked word, I kenna!² Shall we go wanting, lassie? Are ye to lie in your warm bed and think upon us, when the wind howls³ in the chimney and the rain tirls⁴ on the roof? Are ye to eat your meat by the cheeks of a red fire, and

think upon this poor sick lad of mine, biting his finger-ends on a blae muir¹ for cauld and hunger? Sick or sound, he must aye be moving; with the death-grapple at his throat, he must aye be trailing in the rain on the lang roads; and when he gants² his last on a rickle³ of cauld stanes, there will be nae friends near him but only me and God."

At this appeal, I could see the lass was in great trouble of mind, being tempted to help us, and yet in some fear she might be helping malefactors; and so now I determined to step in myself and to allay her scruples with a portion of the truth.

"Did you ever hear," said I, "of Mr. Rankeillor of the Queensferry?"

"Rankeillor the writer?"⁴ said she. "I daursay that!"

"Well," said I, "it's to his door that I am bound, so you may judge by that if I am an ill-doer; and I will tell you more, that though I am indeed, by a dreadful error, in some peril of my life, King George has no truer friend in all Scotland than myself."

Her face cleared up mightily at this, although Alan's darkened.

"That's more than I would ask," said she. "Mr. Rankeillor is a kennt⁵ man." And she bade us finish our meat, get clear of the clachan as soon as might be, and lie close in the bit wood on the sea-beach. "An ye can trust me," says she, "I'll find some means to put you over."

At this we waited for no more, but shook hands with her upon the bargain, made short work of the puddings, and set forth again from Limekilns as far as to the wood. It was a small piece of perhaps a score of elders and hawthorns, and a few young ashes, not thick enough to veil us from passers-by upon the road or beach. Here we must lie, however, making the best of the brave warm

¹ Gallows.

³ Howls.

¹ Bleak moor.

³ Small heap.

⁵ Well-known.

² Do not know.

⁴ Blows about.

² Breathes.

⁴ Lawyer.

weather and the good hopes we now had of a deliverance, and planning more particularly what remained for us to do.

We had but one trouble all day: when a strolling piper came and sat in the same wood with us; a red-nosed, bleary-eyed, drunken dog, with a great bottle of whiskey in his pocket, and a long story of wrongs that had been done him by all sorts of persons, from the Lord President of the Court of Session,* who had denied him justice, down to the Baillies¹ of Inverkeithing, who had given him more of it than he desired. It was impossible but he should conceive some suspicion of two men lying all day concealed in a thicket and having no business to allege. As long as he stayed there, he kept us in hot water with prying questions; and after he was gone, as he was a man not very likely to hold his tongue, we were in the greater impatience to be gone ourselves.

The day came to an end with the same brightness; the night fell quiet and clear; lights came out in houses and hamlets and then, one after another, began to be put out; but it was past eleven, and we were long since strangely tortured with anxieties, before we heard the grinding of oars upon the rowing-pins. At that, we looked out and saw the lass herself coming rowing to us in a boat. She had trusted no one with our affairs, not even her sweetheart, if she had one; but as soon as her father was asleep, had left the house by a window, stolen a neighbor's boat, and come to our assistance single-handed.

I was abashed how to find expression for my thanks; but she was no less abashed at the thought of hearing them; begged us to lose no time and to hold our peace, saying (very properly) that the heart of our matter was in haste and silence; and so, what with one thing and another, she had set us on the Lothian shore not far from Carriden,

¹ Sheriffs.

had shaken hands with us, and was out again at sea and rowing for Limekilns, before there was one word said either of her service or our gratitude.

Even after she was gone we had nothing to say, as indeed nothing was enough for such a kindness. Only Alan stood a great while upon the shore shaking his head.

"It is a very fine lass," he said at last. "David, it is a very fine lass." And a matter of an hour later, as we were lying in a den on the seashore and I had been already dozing, he broke out again in commendations of her character. For my part, I could say nothing; she was so simple a creature that my heart smote me both with remorse and fear; remorse, because we had traded upon her ignorance; and fear, lest we should have any way involved her in the dangers of our situation.

CHAPTER XXVII

I come to Mr. Rankeillor

THE next day it was agreed that Alan should fend for himself till sunset; but as soon as it began to grow dark, he should lie in the fields by the roadside near to Newhalls, and stir for naught until he heard me whistling. At first, I proposed I should give him for a signal the "Bonnie House of Airlie," which was a favorite of mine; but he objected that as the piece was very commonly known, any ploughman might whistle it by accident; and taught me instead a little fragment of a Highland air, which has run in my head from that day to this, and will likely run in my head when I lie dying. Every time it comes to me it takes me off to that last day of my uncertainty, with Alan sitting up in the bottom of the den, whistling and beating the measure with a finger, and the gray of the dawn coming on his face.

I was in the long street of Queensferry before the sun was up. It was a fairly built burgh, the houses of good stone, many slated; the town-hall not so fine, I thought, as that of Peebles, nor yet the street so noble; but take it altogether, it put me to shame for my foul tatters.

As the morning went on, and the fires began to be kindled, and the windows to open, and the people to appear out of the houses, my concern and despondency grew ever the blacker. I saw now that I had no grounds to stand upon; and no clear proof of my rights, nor so much as of my own identity. If it was all a bubble, I was indeed sorely cheated and left in a sore pass. Even if things were as I conceived, it would in all likelihood take time to establish my contentions; and what time had I to spare with less than three shillings in my pocket, and a condemned, hunted man upon my hands to ship out of the country? Truly, if my hope broke with me, it might come to the gallows yet for both of us. And as I continued to walk up and down, and saw people looking askance at me upon the street or out of windows, and nudging or speaking one to another with smiles, I began to take fresh apprehension; that it might be no easy matter even to come to speech of the lawyer, far less to convince him of my story.

For the life of me I could not muster up the courage to address any of these reputable burghers; I thought shame even to speak with them in such a pickle of rags and dirt; and if I had asked for the house of such a man as Mr. Rankeillor, I supposed they would have burst out laughing in my face. So I went up and down, and through the street, and down to the harbor-side, like a dog that has lost its master, with a strange gnawing in my inwards, and every now and then a movement of despair. It grew to be high day at last, perhaps nine in the forenoon; and I was

worn with these wanderings, and chanced to have stopped in front of a very good house on the landward side, a house with beautiful, clear glass windows, flowering knots upon the sills, the walls new-harled,¹ and a chase-dog sitting yawning on the step like one that was at home. Well, I was even envying this dumb brute, when the door fell open and there issued forth a little shrewd, ruddy, kindly, consequential man in a well-powdered wig and spectacles. I was in such a plight that no one set eyes on me once, but he looked at me again; and this gentleman, as it proved, was so much struck with my poor appearance that he came straight up to me and asked me what I did.

I told him I was come to the Queensferry on business, and taking heart of grace, asked him to direct me to the house of Mr. Rankeillor.

"Why," said he, "that is his house that I have just come out of; and for a rather singular chance, I am that very man."

"Then, sir," said I, "I have to beg the favor of an interview."

"I do not know your name," said he, "nor yet your face."

"My name is David Balfour," said I.

"David Balfour?" he repeated, in rather a high tone, like one surprised. "And where have you come from, Mr. David Balfour?" he asked, looking me pretty drily in the face.

"I have come from a great many strange places, sir," said I; "but I think it would be as well to tell you where and how in a more private manner."

He seemed to muse a while, holding his lip in his hand, and looking now at me and now upon the causeway of the street.

"Yes," says he, "that will be the best, no doubt." And he led me back with him into his house, cried out to some one whom I could not see that he would

¹ Newly plastered.

be engaged all morning, and brought me into a little dusty chamber full of books and documents. Here he sate down, and bade me be seated; though I thought he looked a little ruefully from his clean chair to my muddy rags. "And now," says he, "if you have any business, pray be brief and come swiftly to the point. *Nec gemo bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo*¹—do you understand that?" says he, with a keen look.

"I will even do as Horace² says, sir," I answered, smiling, "and carry you *in medias res*."³ He nodded as if he was well pleased, and indeed his scrap of Latin had been set to test me. For all that, and though I was somewhat encouraged, the blood came in my face when I added: "I have reason to believe myself some rights on the estate of Shaws."

He got a paper book out of a drawer and set it before him open. "Well?" said he.

But I had shot my bolt and sat speechless.

"Come, come, Mr. Balfour," said he, "you must continue. Where were you born?"

"In Essendean, sir," said I, "in the year 1734, the 12th of March."

He seemed to follow this statement in his paper book; but what that meant I knew not. "Your father and mother?" said he.

"My father was Alexander Balfour, schoolmaster of that place," said I, "and my mother Grace Pitarrow; I think her people were from Angus."

"Have you any papers proving your identity?" asked Mr. Rankeillor.

"No, sir," said I, "but they are in the hands of Mr. Campbell, the minister, and could be readily produced. Mr. Campbell, too, would give me his word;

¹ But don't go 'way back to the very beginning of your story.

² A Latin poet who wrote a treatise called "The Art of Poetry," in which the quoted lines are found.

³ Into the middle of the affair.

and for that matter, I do not think my uncle would deny me."

"Meaning Mr. Ebenezer Balfour?" says he.

"The same," said I.

"Whom you have seen?" he asked.

"By whom I was received into his own house," I answered.

"Did you ever meet a man of the name of Hoseason?" asked Mr. Rankeillor.

"I did so, sir, for my sins," said I; "for it was by his means and the procurement of my uncle, that I was kidnapped within sight of this town, carried to sea, suffered shipwreck and a hundred other hardships, and stand before you today in this poor accoutrement."¹

"You say you were shipwrecked," said Rankeillor; "where was that?"

"Off the south end of the Isle of Mull," said I. "The name of the isle on which I was cast up is the Island Earraid."

"Ah!" said he, smiling, "you are deeper than me in the geography. But so far, I may tell you, this agrees pretty exactly with other informations that I hold. But you say you were kidnapped; in what sense?"

"In the plain meaning of the word, sir," said I. "I was on my way to your house, when I was trepanned on board the brig, cruelly struck down, thrown below, and knew no more of anything till we were far at sea. I was destined for the plantations; a fate that, in God's providence, I have escaped."

"The brig was lost on June the 27th," says he, looking in his book, "and we are now at August the 24th. Here is a considerable hiatus,² Mr. Balfour, of near upon two months. It has already caused a vast amount of trouble to your friends; and I own I shall not be very well contented until it is set right."

"Indeed, sir," said I, "these months are very easily filled up; but yet before I told my story, I would be glad to know that I was talking to a friend."

¹ Dress.

² A gap (in the story).

"This is to argue in a circle," said the lawyer. "I cannot be convinced till I have heard you. I cannot be your friend until I am properly informed. If you were more trustful, it would better befit your time of life. And you know, Mr. Balfour, we have a proverb in the country that evil-doers are aye evil-dreaders."

"You are not to forget, sir," said I, "that I have already suffered by my trustfulness; and was shipped off to be a slave by the very man that (if I rightly understand) is your employer."

All this while I had been gaining ground with Mr. Rankeillor, and in proportion as I gained ground, gaining confidence. But at this sally, which I made with something of a smile myself, he fairly laughed aloud.

"No, no," said he, "it is not so bad as that. *Fui, non sum*.¹ I was indeed your uncle's man of business; but while you (*imberbis juvenis custode remoto*²) were gallivanting in the west, a good deal of water has run under the bridges; and if your ears did not sing, it was not for lack of being talked about. On the very day of your sea disaster, Mr. Campbell stalked into my office, demanding you from all the winds. I had never heard of your existence; but I had known your father; and from matters in my competence³ (to be touched upon hereafter) I was disposed to fear the worst. Mr. Ebenezer admitted having seen you; declared (what seemed improbable) that he had given you considerable sums; and that you had started for the continent of Europe, intending to fulfil your education, which was probable and praiseworthy. Interrogated how you had come to send no word to Mr. Campbell, he deponed⁴ that you had expressed a great desire to break with your past life. Farther interrogated where you now were, protested ignorance, but believed you were

in Leyden. That is a close sum of his replies. I am not exactly sure that any one believed him," continued Mr. Rankeillor with a smile; "and in particular he so much disrelished some expressions of mine that (in a word) he showed me to the door. We were then at a full stand; for whatever shrewd suspicions we might entertain, we had no shadow of probation.¹ In the very article,² comes Captain Hoseason with the story of your drowning; whereupon all fell through; with no consequences but concern to Mr. Campbell, injury to my pocket, and another blot upon your uncle's character, which could very ill afford it. And now, Mr. Balfour," said he, "you understand the whole process of these matters, and can judge for yourself to what extent I may be trusted."

Indeed he was more pedantic³ than I can represent him, and placed more scraps of Latin in his speech; but it was all uttered with a fine geniality of eye and manner which went far to conquer my distrust. Moreover, I could see he now treated me as if I was myself beyond a doubt; so that first point of my identity seemed fully granted.

"Sir," said I, "if I tell you my story, I must commit a friend's life to your discretion. Pass me your word it shall be sacred; and for what touches myself, I will ask no better guarantee than just your face."

He passed me his word very seriously. "But," said he, "these are rather alarming prolocutions⁴; and if there are in your story any little jostles to⁵ the law, I would beg you to bear in mind that I am a lawyer, and pass lightly."

Thereupon I told him my story from the first, he listening with his spectacles thrust up and his eyes closed, so that I sometimes feared he was asleep. But no such matter! he heard every word

¹ I was his employee, but I am not now.

² Young scamp. ³ Of which I knew. ⁴ Testified.

¹ Proof.

² Just at that moment.

³ Eager to show his learning.

⁴ Introductory statements.

⁵ Conflicts with.

(as I found afterwards) with such quickness of hearing and precision of memory as often surprised me. Even strange, outlandish Gaelic names, heard for that time only, he remembered and would remind me of years after. Yet when I called Alan Breck in full, we had an odd scene. The name of Alan had of course rung through Scotland, with the news of the Appin murder and the offer of the reward; and it had no sooner escaped me than the lawyer moved in his seat and opened his eyes.

"I would name no unnecessary names, Mr. Balfour," said he; "above all of Highlanders, many of whom are obnoxious to the law."

"Well, it might have been better not," said I; "but since I have let it slip, I may as well continue."

"Not at all," said Mr. Rankeillor. "I am somewhat dull of hearing, as you may have remarked; and I am far from sure I caught the name exactly. We will call your friend, if you please, Mr. Thomson—that there may be no reflections. And in future, I would take some such way with any Highlander that you may have to mention—dead or alive."

By this, I saw he must have heard the name all too clearly and had already guessed I might be coming to the murder. If he chose to play this part of ignorance, it was no matter of mine; so I smiled, said it was no very Highland sounding name, and consented. Through all the rest of my story Alan was Mr. Thomson; which amused me the more, as it was a piece of policy after his own heart. James Stewart, in like manner, was mentioned under the style of Mr. Thomson's kinsman; Colin Campbell passed as a Mr. Glen; and to Cluny, when I came to that part of my tale, I gave the name of "Mr. Jameson, a Highland chief." It was truly the most open farce, and I wondered that the lawyer should care to keep it up; but after

all it was quite in the taste of that age, when there were two parties in the state, and quiet persons, with no very high opinions of their own, sought out every cranny to avoid offence to either.

"Well, well," said the lawyer, when I had quite done, "this is a great epic, a great Odyssey¹ of yours. You must tell it, sir, in a sound Latinity when your scholarship is riper; or in English, if you please, though for my part I prefer the stronger tongue. You have rolled much; *quae regio in terris*—what parish in Scotland (to make a homely translation) has not been filled with your wanderings? You have shown besides a singular aptitude for getting into false positions; and, yes, upon the whole, for behaving well in them. This Mr. Thomson seems to me a gentleman of some choice qualities, though perhaps a trifle bloody-minded. It would please me none the worse, if (with all his merits) he were soused in the North Sea; for the man, Mr. David, is a sore embarrassment. But you are doubtless quite right to adhere to him; indubitably, he adhered to you. *It comes*²—we may say—he was your true companion; nor less *paribus curis vestigia figit*,³ for I daresay you would both take an orra⁴ thought upon the gallows. Well, well, these days are fortunately by; and I think (speaking humanly) that you are near the end of your troubles."

As he thus moralized on my adventures, he looked upon me with so much humor and benignity that I could scarce contain my satisfaction. I had been so long wandering with lawless people, and making my bed upon the hills and under the bare sky, that to sit once more in a clean, covered house, and to talk amiably with a gentleman in broadcloth, seemed mighty elevations. Even as I thought so, my eye fell on my unseemly

¹ A famous tale of wandering and adventure.

² Latin for "he goes as companion."

³ He shared your fortunes. ⁴ Occasional.

tatters, and I was once more plunged in confusion. But the lawyer saw and understood me. He rose, called over the stair to lay another plate, for Mr. Balfour would stay to dinner, and led me into a bedroom in the upper part of the house. Here he set before me water and soap and a comb, and laid out some clothes that belonged to his son; and here, with another apposite tag,¹ he left me to my toilet.

CHAPTER XXVIII

I go in Quest of my Inheritance

HERE I made what change I could in my appearance; and blithe was I to look in the glass and find the beggarman a thing of the past, and David Balfour come to life again. And yet I was ashamed of the change, too, and above all, of the borrowed clothes. When I had done, Mr. Rankeillor caught me on the stair, made me his compliments, and had me again into the cabinet.

"Sit ye down, Mr. David," said he, "and now that you are looking a little more like yourself, let me see if I can find you any news. You will be wondering, no doubt, about your father and your uncle? To be sure, it is a singular tale; and the explanation is one that I blush to have to offer you. For," says he, really with embarrassment, "the matter hinges on a love affair."

"Truly," said I, "I cannot very well join that notion with my uncle."

"But your uncle, Mr. David, was not always old," replied the lawyer, "and what may perhaps surprise you more, not always ugly. He had a fine, gallant air; people stood in their doors to look after him, as he went by upon a mettle horse. I have seen it with these eyes, and I ingenuously confess, not altogether without envy; for I was a plain lad

myself and a plain man's son; and in those days, it was a case of *Odi te, qui bellus es, Sabelle*.¹"

"It sounds like a dream," said I.

"Ay, ay," said the lawyer, "that is how it is with youth and age. Nor was that all, but he had a spirit of his own that seemed to promise great things in the future. In 1715, what must he do but run away to join the rebels! It was your father that pursued him, found him in a ditch, and brought him back *multum gementem*²; to the mirth of the whole country. However, *majora canamus*³ — the two lads fell in love, and that with the same lady. Mr. Ebenezer, who was the admired and the beloved, and the spoiled one, made, no doubt, mighty certain of the victory; and when he found he had deceived himself, screamed like a peacock. The whole country heard of it; now he lay sick at home, with his silly family standing round the bed in tears; now he rode from public-house to public-house and shouted his sorrows into the lug⁴ of Tom, Dick, and Harry. Your father, Mr. David, was a kind gentleman; but he was weak, dolefully weak; took all this folly with a long countenance; and one day — by your leave! — resigned the lady. She was no such fool, however; it's from her you must inherit your excellent good sense; and she refused to be bandied from one to another. Both got upon their knees to her; and the upshot of the matter for that while, was that she showed both of them the door. That was in August; dear me! the same year I came from college. The scene must have been highly farcical."

I thought myself it was a silly business, but I could not forget my father had a hand in it. "Surely, sir, it had some note of tragedy," said I.

¹ I hate you because you are handsome.

² Lamenting bitterly.

³ Let's talk of something more important.

⁴ Ear.

¹ Fitting quotation.

"Why, no, sir, not at all," returned the lawyer. "For tragedy implies some ponderable matter in dispute, some *dignus vindice nodus*¹; and this piece of work was all about the petulance of a young ass that had been spoiled, and wanted nothing so much as to be tied up and soundly belted. However, that was not your father's view; and the end of it was, that from concession to concession on your father's part, and from one height to another of squalling, sentimental selfishness upon your uncle's, they came at last to drive a sort of bargain, from whose ill results you have recently been smarting. The one man took the lady, the other the estate. Now, Mr. David, they talk a great deal of charity and generosity; but in this disputable state of life, I often think the happiest consequences seem to flow when a gentleman consults his lawyer and takes all the law allows him. Anyhow, this piece of Quixotry upon your father's part, as it was unjust in itself, has brought forth a monstrous family of injustices. Your father and mother lived and died poor folk; you were poorly reared; and in the meanwhile, what a time it has been for the poor tenants on the estate of Shaws! And I might add (if it was a matter I cared much about) what a time for Mr. Ebenezer!"

"And yet that is certainly the strangest part of all," said I, "that a man's nature should thus change."

"True," said Mr. Rankeillor. "And yet I imagine it was natural enough. He could not think that he had played a handsome part. Those who knew the story gave him the cold shoulder; those who knew it not, seeing one brother disappear, and the other succeed in the estate, raised a cry of murder; so that upon all sides, he found himself evited.² Money was all he got by his bargain; well, he came to think the more of

money. He was selfish when he was young, he is selfish now that he is old; and the latter end of all these pretty manners and fine feelings you have seen for yourself."

"Well, sir," said I, "and in all this, what is my position?"

"The estate is yours beyond a doubt," replied the lawyer. "It matters nothing what your father signed, you are the heir of entail.¹ But your uncle is a man to fight the indefensible; and it would be likely your identity that he would call in question. A lawsuit is always expensive, and a family lawsuit always scandalous; besides which, if any of your doings with your friend Mr. Thomson were to come out, we might find that we had burned our fingers. The kidnapping, to be sure, would be a court card upon our side, if we could only prove it. But it may be difficult to prove; and my advice (upon the whole) is to make a very easy bargain with your uncle, perhaps even leaving him at Shaws, where he has taken root for a quarter of a century, and contenting yourself in the meanwhile with a fair provision."

I told him I was very willing to be easy, and that to carry family concerns before the public was a step from which I was naturally much averse. In the meantime (thinking to myself) I began to see the outlines of that scheme on which we afterwards acted.

"The great affair," I asked, "is to bring home to him the kidnapping?"

"Surely," said Mr. Rankeillor, "and if possible, out of court. For mark you here, Mr. David, we could no doubt find some men of the *Covenant* who would swear to your reclusion³; but once they were in the box,³ we could no longer check their testimony, and some word

¹ The practice of limiting the inheritance of estates to certain heirs, — in England, the eldest son.

² Imprisonment.

³ Witness box.

¹ Trouble worthy the helper. ² Shunned.

of your friend Mr. Thomson must certainly crop out. Which (from what you have let fall) I cannot think to be desirable."

"Well, sir," said I, "here is my way of it." And I opened my plot to him.

"But this would seem to involve my meeting the man Thomson?" says he, when I had done.

"I think so, indeed, sir," said I.

"Dear doctor!" cries he, rubbing his brow. "Dear doctor! No, Mr. David, I am afraid your scheme is inadmissible. I say nothing against your friend Mr. Thomson; I know nothing against him, and if I did — mark this, Mr. David! — it would be my duty to lay hands on him. Now I put it to you: is it wise to meet? He may have matters to his charge. He may not have told you all. His name may not be even Thomson!" cries the lawyer, twinkling; "for some of these fellows will pick up names by the roadside as another would gather haws."

"You must be the judge, sir," said I.

But it was clear my plan had taken hold upon his fancy, for he kept musing to himself till we were called to dinner and the company of Mrs. Rankeillor; and that lady had scarce left us again to ourselves and a bottle of wine, ere he was back harping on my proposal. When and where was I to meet my friend Mr. Thomson; was I sure of Mr. T.'s discretion; supposing we could catch the old fox tripping, would I consent to such and such a term of an agreement — these and the like questions he kept asking at long intervals, while he thoughtfully rolled his wine upon his tongue. When I had answered all of them, seemingly to his contentment, he fell into a still deeper muse, even the claret being now forgotten. Then he got a sheet of paper and a pencil and set to work writing and weighing every word; and at last touched a bell and had his clerk into the chamber.

"Torrance," said he, "I must have this written out fair¹ against² to-night; and when it is done, you will be so kind as put on your hat and be ready to come along with this gentleman and me, for you will probably be wanted as a witness."

"What, sir," cried I, as soon as the clerk was gone, "are you to venture it?"

"Why, so it would appear," says he, filling his glass. "But let us speak no more of business. The very sight of Torrance brings in my head a little, droll matter of some years ago, when I had made a tryst³ with the poor oaf⁴ at the cross of Edinburgh. Each had gone his proper⁵ errand; and when it came four o'clock, Torrance had been taking a glass and did not know his master, and I, who had forgot my spectacles, was so blind without them, that I give you my word I did not know my own clerk." And thereupon he laughed heartily.

I said it was an odd chance, and smiled out of politeness; but what held me all the afternoon in wonder, he kept returning and dwelling on this story, and telling it again with fresh details and laughter; so that I began at last to be quite out of countenance and feel ashamed for my friend's folly.

Toward the time I had appointed with Alan, we set out from the house, Mr. Rankeillor and I arm in arm, and Torrance following behind with the deed in his pocket and a covered basket in his hand. All through the town, the lawyer was bowing right and left, and continually being buttonholed by gentlemen on matters of burgh or private business; and I could see he was one greatly looked up to in the country. At last we were clear of the houses, and began to go along the side of the haven and toward the Hawes Inn and the ferry pier, the scene of my misfortune. I could not

¹ In a neat hand.

⁴ Simple fellow.

² In readiness for.

⁵ Own.

³ Appointment (to meet).

look upon the place without emotion, recalling how many that had been there with me that day were now no more: Ransome taken, I could hope, from the evil to come; Shuan passed where I dare not follow him; and the poor souls that had gone down with the brig in her last plunge. All these, and the brig herself, I had outlived; and come through these hardships and fearful perils without a scathe.¹ My only thought should have been of gratitude; and yet I could not behold the place without sorrow for others and a chill of recollected fear.

I was so thinking when, upon a sudden, Mr. Rankeillor cried out, clapped his hand to his pockets, and began to laugh.

"Why," he cries, "if this be not a farcical adventure! After all that I said, I have forgot my glasses!"

At that, of course, I understood the purpose of his anecdote, and knew that if he had left his spectacles at home it had been done on purpose, so that he might have the benefit of Alan's help without the awkwardness of recognizing him. And indeed it was well thought upon; for now (suppose things to go the very worst) how could Rankeillor swear to my friend's identity, or how be made to bear damaging evidence against myself? For all that, he had been a long while of finding out his want,² and had spoken to and recognized a good few persons as we came through the town; and I had little doubt myself that he saw reasonably well.

As soon as we were past the Hawes (where I recognized the landlord smoking his pipe in the door, and was amazed to see him look no older) Mr. Rankeillor changed the order of march, walking behind with Torrance and sending me forward in the manner of a scout. I went up the hill, whistling from time to time my Gaelic air; and at length I had

the pleasure to hear it answered and to see Alan rise from behind a bush. He was somewhat dashed in spirits, having passed a long day alone skulking in the country, and made but a poor meal in an alehouse near Dundas. But at the mere sight of my clothes, he began to brighten up; and as soon as I had told him in what a forward state our matters were, and the part I looked to him to play in what remained, he sprang into a new man.

"And that is a very good notion of yours," says he; "and I dare to say that you could lay your hands upon no better man to put it through than Alan Breck. It is not a thing (mark ye) that any one could do, but takes a gentleman of penetration. But it sticks in my head your lawyer-man will be somewhat wearying to see me," says Alan.

Accordingly, I cried and waved on Mr. Rankeillor, who came up alone and was presented to my friend, Mr. Thomson.

"Mr. Thomson, I am pleased to meet you," said he. "But I have forgotten my glasses; and our friend, Mr. David here" (clapping me on the shoulder) "will tell you that I am little better than blind, and that you must not be surprised if I pass you by to-morrow."

This he said, thinking that Alan would be pleased; but the Highlandman's vanity was ready to startle at a less matter than that.

"Why, sir," says he, stiffly, "I would say it mattered the less as we are met here for a particular end, to see justice done to Mr. Balfour; and by what I can see, not very likely to have much else in common. But I accept your apology, which was a very proper one to make."

"And that is more than I could look for, Mr. Thomson," said Rankeillor, heartily. "And now as you and I are the chief actors in this enterprise, I think we should come into a nice agreement; to which end, I propose that you should lend

¹ Injury. ² That his spectacles were missing.

me your arm, for (what with the dusk and the want of my glasses) I am not very clear as to the path; and as for you, Mr. David, you will find Torrance a pleasant kind of body to speak with. Only let me remind you, it's quite needless he should hear more of your adventures or those of — ahem — Mr. Thomson."

Accordingly, these two went on ahead in very close talk, and Torrance and I brought up the rear.

Night was quite come when we came in view of the house of Shaws. Ten had been gone some time; it was dark and mild, with a pleasant rustling wind in the south-west that covered the sound of our approach; and as we drew near we saw no glimmer of light in any portion of the building. It seemed my uncle was already in bed, which was indeed the best thing for our arrangements. We made our last whispered consultations some fifty yards away; and then the lawyer and Torrance and I crept quietly up and crouched down beside the corner of the house; and as soon as we were in our places, Alan strode to the door without concealment and began to knock.

CHAPTER XXIX

I come into my Kingdom

FOR some time Alan volleyed¹ upon the door, and his knocking only roused the echoes of the house and neighborhood. At last, however, I could hear the noise of a window gently thrust up, and knew that my uncle had come to his observatory. By what light there was, he would see Alan standing, like a dark shadow, on the steps; the three witnesses were hidden quite out of his view; so that, in what he saw, there was nothing to alarm an honest man in his own house. For all that, he studied his visitor a while in silence, and when he spoke his voice had a quaver of misgiving.

¹ Struck repeatedly.

"What's this?" says he. "This is nae kind of time of night for decent folk; and I hae nae trokings¹ wi' night-hawks. What brings ye here? I have a blunderbush."

"Is that yoursel', Mr. Balfour?" returned Alan, stepping back and looking up into the darkness. "Have a care of that blunderbuss; they're nasty things to burst."

"What brings ye here? and whae are ye?" says my uncle, angrily.

"I have no manner of inclination to rowt² out my name to the countryside," said Alan; "but what brings me here is another story, being more of your affairs than mine; and if ye're sure it's what ye would like, I'll set it to a tune and sing it to you."

"And what is't?" asked my uncle.

"David," says Alan.

"What was that?" cried my uncle in a mighty changed voice.

"Shall I give ye the rest of the name then?" said Alan.

There was a pause; and then, "I'm thinking I'll better let ye in," says my uncle, doubtfully.

"I daresay that," said Alan; "but the point is, Would I go? Now I will tell you what I am thinking. I am thinking that it is here upon this doorstep that we must confer upon this business; and it shall be here or nowhere at all whatever; for I would have you to understand that I am as stiff-necked as yoursel', and a gentleman of better family."

This change of note disconcerted Ebenezer; he was a little while digesting it; and then says he, "Weel, weel, what must be must," and shut the window. But it took him a long time to get downstairs, and a still longer to undo the fastenings, repenting (I daresay) and taken with fresh claps of fear at every second step and every bolt and bar. At last, however, we heard the creak of the hinges, and it seems my uncle slipped

¹ Business.

² Call.

gingerly out and (seeing that Alan had stepped back a pace or two) sate him down on the top doorstep with the blunderbuss ready in his hands.

"And now," says he, "mind I have my blunderbush, and if ye take a step nearer ye're as good as deid."

"And a very civil speech," says Alan, "to be sure."

"Na," says my uncle, "but this is no a very chancy¹ kind of a proceeding, and I'm bound to be prepared. And now that we understand each other, ye'll can name your business."

"Why," says Alan, "you that are a man of so much understanding will doubtless have perceived that I am a Hieland gentleman. My name has nae business in my story; but the county of my friends is no very far from the Isle of Mull, of which ye will have heard. It seems there was a ship lost in those parts; and the next day a gentleman of my family was seeking wreck-wood for his fire along the sands, when he came upon a lad that was half drowned. Well, he brought him to; and he and some other gentlemen took and clapped him in an auld, ruined castle, where from that day to this he has been a great expense to my friends. My friends are a wee wild-like, and not so particular about the law as some that I could name; and finding that the lad owned some decent folk, and was your born nephew, Mr. Balfour, they asked me to give ye a bit call and to confer upon the matter. And I may tell ye at the off-go, unless we can agree upon some terms, ye are little likely to set eyes upon him. For my friends," added Alan, simply, "are no very well off."

My uncle cleared his throat. "I'm no very caring," says he. "He wasnae a good lad at the best of it, and I've nae call to interfere."

"Ay, ay," said Alan. "I see what ye would be at: pretending ye don't care, to make the ransom smaller."

¹ Not a very safe.

"Na," said my uncle, "it's the mere truth. I take nae manner of interest in the lad, and I'll pay nae ransom, and ye can make a kirk and a mill of him¹ for what I care."

"Hoot, sir," says Alan. "Blood's thicker than water, in the deil's name! Ye cannae desert your brother's son for the fair shame of it; and if ye did, and it came to be kennt, ye wouldnae be very popular in your countryside, or I'm the more deceived."

"I'm no just very popular the way it is," returned Ebenezer; "and I dinnae see how it would come to be kennt. No by me, onyway; nor yet by you or your friends. So that's idle talk, my buckie,"² says he.

"Then it'll have to be David that tells it," said Alan.

"How's that?" says my uncle, sharply.

"Ou, just this way," says Alan. "My friends would doubtless keep your nephew as long as there was any likelihood of siller to be made of it, but if there was nane, I am clearly of opinion they would let him gang where he pleased, and be damned to him!"

"Ay, but I'm no very caring about that either," said my uncle. "I wouldnae be muckle made up³ with that."

"I was thinking that," said Alan.

"And what for why?" asked Ebenezer.

"Why, Mr. Balfour," replied Alan, "by all that I could hear, there were two ways of it; either ye liked David and would pay to get him back; or else ye had very good reasons for not wanting him, and would pay for us to keep him. It seems it's not the first; well then, it's the second; and blithe am I to ken it, for it should be a pretty penny in my pocket and the pockets of my friends."

"I dinnae follow ye there," said my uncle.

"No?" said Alan. "Well, see here: you dinnae want the lad back; well,

¹ Do what you will with him.

² Laddie.

³ Would not be much benefited by that.

what do ye want done with him, and how much will ye pay?"

My uncle made no answer, but shifted uneasily on his seat.

"Come, sir," cried Alan. "I would have ye to ken that I am a gentleman; I bear a king's-name; I am nae rider to kick my shanks¹ at your hall door. Either give me an answer in civility, and that out of hand; or by the top of Glencoe, I will ram three feet of iron through your vitals."

"Eh, man," cried my uncle, scrambling to his feet, "give me a meenit! What's like wrong with ye? I'm just a plain man, and nae dancing-master; and I'm trying to be as ceevil as it's morally possible. As for that wild talk, it's fair disreputable. Vitals, says you! And where would I be with my blunderbush?" he snarled.

"Powder and your auld hands are but as the snail to the swallow against the bright steel in the hands of Alan," said the other. "Before your jottering² finger could find the trigger, the hilt would dirl³ on your breastbone."

"Eh, man, whae's denying it?" said my uncle. "Pit it as ye please, hae't your ain way; I'll do naething to cross ye. Just tell me what like ye'll be wanting, and ye'll see that we'll can agree fine."

"Troth, sir," said Alan, "I ask for nothing but plain dealing. In two words: do ye want the lad killed or kept?"

"O, sirs!" cried Ebenezer. "O, sirs, me! that's no kind of language!"

"Killed or kept?" repeated Alan.

"O keepit, keepit!" wailed my uncle. "We'll have nae bloodshed, if ye please."

"Well," says Alan, "as ye please; that'll be the dearer."

"The dearer?" cries Ebenezer. "Would ye fyle⁴ your hands wi' crime?"

"Hoot!" said Alan, "they're baith crime, whatever! And the killing's

easier, and quicker, and surer. Keeping the lad'll be a fashious¹ job, a fashious, kittle business."

"I'll have him keepit, though," returned my uncle. "I never had naething to do with onything morally wrong; and I'm no gaun to begin to pleasure² a wild Hielandman."

"Ye're unco' scrupulous," sneered Alan.

"I'm a man o' principle," said Ebenezer, simply; "and if I have to pay for it, I'll have to pay for it. And besides," says he, "ye forget the lad's my brother's son."

"Well, well," said Alan, "and now about the price. It's no very easy for me to set a name upon it; I would first have to ken some small matters. I would have to ken, for instance, what ye gave Hoseason at the first off-go?"

"Hoseason?" cries my uncle, struck aback. "What for?"

"For kidnapping David," says Alan.

"It's a lee,³ it's a black lee!" cried my uncle. "He was never kidnapped. He leed in his throat that tauld ye that. Kidnapped? He never was!"

"That's no fault of mine nor yet of yours," said Alan; "nor yet of Hoseason's, if he's a man that can be trusted."

"What do ye mean?" cried Ebenezer; "did Hoseason tell ye?"

"Why, ye donnered auld runt,⁴ how else would I ken?" cried Alan. "Hoseason and me are partners; we gang shares; so ye can see for yoursel' what good ye can do leeing. And I must plainly say ye drove a fool's bargain when ye let a man like the sailor-man so far forward in your private matters. But that's past praying for; and ye must lie on your bed the way ye made it. And the point in hand is just this: what did ye pay him?"

"Has he tauld ye himsel'?" asked my uncle.

¹ Await your pleasure.

² Blundering.

³ Rattle.

⁴ Stain.

¹ Troublesome.

² Please.

³ Lie.

⁴ Blockhead.

"That's my concern," said Alan.

"Weel," said my uncle, "I dinnae care what he said, he leed, and the solemn God's truth is this, that I gave him twenty pound. But I'll be perfectly honest with ye: forby that, he was to have the selling of the lad in Caroliny, whilk would be as muckle mair, but no from my pocket, ye see."

"Thank you, Mr. Thomson. That will do excellently well," said the lawyer, stepping forward: and then mighty civilly, "Good evening, Mr. Balfour," said he.

✓ And, "Good evening, Uncle Ebenezer," said I.

And, "It's a braw nicht, Mr. Balfour," added Torrance.

Never a word said my uncle, neither black nor white; but just sat where he was on the top doorstep and stared upon us like a man turned to stone. Alan filched away his blunderbuss; and the lawyer, taking him by the arm, plucked him up from the doorstep, led him into the kitchen, whither we all followed, and set him down in a chair beside the hearth, where the fire was out and only a rushlight burning.

There we all looked upon him for a while, exulting greatly in our success, but yet with a sort of pity for the man's shame.

"Come, come, Mr. Ebenezer," said the lawyer, "you must not be downhearted, for I promise you we shall make easy terms. In the meanwhile give us the cellar key, and Torrance shall draw us a bottle of your father's wine in honor of the event." Then, turning to me and taking me by the hand, "Mr. David," says he, "I wish you all joy in your good fortune, which I believe to be deserved." And then to Alan, with a spice of drollery, "Mr. Thomson, I pay you my compliment; it was most artfully conducted; but in one point you somewhat outran my comprehension. Do I understand your name to be James? or Charles? or is it George, perhaps?"

"And why should it be any of the three, sir?" quoth Alan, drawing himself up, like one who smelt an offence.

"Only, sir, that you mentioned a king's name," replied Rankeillor; "and as there has never been a King Thomson, or his fame at least has never come my way, I judged you must refer to that you had in baptism."

This was just the stab that Alan would feel keenest, and I am free to confess he took it very ill. Not a word would he answer, but stepped off to the far end of the kitchen, and sat down and sulked; and it was not till I stepped after him, and gave him my hand, and thanked him by title as the chief spring of my success, that he began to smile a bit, and was at last prevailed upon to join our party.

By that time we had the fire lighted, and a bottle of wine uncorked; a good supper came out of the basket, to which Torrance and I and Alan set ourselves down; while the lawyer and my uncle passed into the next chamber to consult. They stayed there closeted about an hour; at the end of which period they had come to a good understanding, and my uncle and I set our hands to the agreement in a formal manner. By the terms of this, my uncle was confirmed for life in the possession of the house and lands; and bound himself to satisfy Rankeillor as to his intrusions,¹ and to pay me two clear thirds of the yearly income.

So the beggar in the ballad had come home; and when I lay down that night on the kitchen chests, I was a man of means and had a name in the country. Alan and Torrance and Rankeillor slept and snored on their hard beds; but for me, who had lain out under heaven and upon dirt and stones, so many days and nights, and often with an empty belly, and in fear of death, this good change in my case unmanned me more than any

¹ Meddling with another's estate.

of the former evil ones; and I lay till dawn, looking at the fire on the roof and planning the future.

CHAPTER XXX

Good-bye

SO FAR as I was concerned myself, I had come to port; but I had still Alan, to whom I was so much beholden, on my hands; and I felt besides a heavy charge in the matter of the murder and James of the Glens. On both these heads I unbosomed to Rankeillor the next morning, walking to and fro about six of the clock before the house of Shaws, and with nothing in view but the fields and woods that had been my ancestors' and were now mine. Even as I spoke on these grave subjects, my eye would take a glad bit of a run over the prospect, and my heart jump with pride.

About my clear duty to my friend, the lawyer had no doubt; I must help him out of the country at whatever risk; but in the case of James, he was of a different mind.

"Mr. Thomson," says he, "is one thing, Mr. Thomson's kinsman quite another. I know little of the facts, but I gather that a great noble (whom we will call, if you like, the D. of A.¹) has some concern and is even supposed to feel animosity in the matter. The D. of A. is doubtless an excellent nobleman; but, Mr. David, *timeo qui nocuere deos*.² If you interfere to balk his vengeance, you should remember there is one way to shut your testimony out; and that is to put you in the dock. There, you would be in the same pickle as Mr. Thomson's kinsman. You will object that you are innocent; well, but so is he. And to be tried for your life before a Highland jury, on a Highland quarrel, and with a Highland judge upon the

bench, would be a brief transition to the gallows."

Now I had made all these reasonings before and found no very good reply to them; so I put on all the simplicity I could. "In that case, sir," said I, "I would just have to be hanged — would I not?"

"My dear boy," cries he, "go in God's name, and do what you think is right. It is a poor thought that at my time of life I should be advising you to choose the safe and shameful; and I take it back with an apology. Go and do your duty; and be hanged, if you must, like a gentleman. There are worse things in the world than to be hanged."

"Not many, sir," said I, smiling.

"Why, yes, sir," he cried, "very many. And it would be ten times better for your uncle (to go no further afield) if he were dangling decently upon a gibbet."

Thereupon he turned into the house (still in a great fervor of mind, so that I saw I had pleased him heartily) and there he wrote me two letters, making his comments on them as he wrote.

"This," says he, "is to my bankers, the British Linen Company, placing a credit to your name. Consult Mr. Thomson; he will know of ways; and you, with this credit, can supply the means. I trust you will be a good husband of¹ your money; but in the affair of a friend like Mr. Thomson, I would be even prodigal. Then, for his kinsman, there is no better way than that you should seek the Advocate, tell him your tale, and offer testimony; whether he may take it or not, is quite another matter, and will turn on the D. of A. Now that you may reach the Lord Advocate,² well recommended, I give you here a letter to a namesake of your own, the learned Mr. Balfour of Pilrig, a man whom I esteem. It will look better that

¹ Duke of Argyle.

² I fear a judge who is hostile to my clan.

¹ Take good care of.

² Chief prosecutor of Scotland.

you should be presented by one of your own name; and the laird of Pilrig is much looked up to in the Faculty¹ and stands well with Lord Advocate Grant. I would not trouble him, if I were you, with any particulars; and (do you know?) I think it would be needless to refer to Mr. Thomson. Form yourself upon the laird, he is a good model; when you deal with the Advocate, be discreet; and in all these matters, may the Lord guide you, Mr. David!"

Thereupon he took his farewell, and set out with Torrance for the Ferry, while Alan and I turned our faces for the city of Edinburgh. As we went by the footpath and beside the gateposts and the unfinished lodge, we kept looking back at the house of my fathers. It stood there, bare and great and smokeless, like a place not lived in; only in one of the top windows, there was the peak of a nightcap bobbing up and down and back and forward, like the head of a rabbit from a burrow. I had little welcome when I came, and less kindness while I stayed; but at least I was watched as I went away.

In the meanwhile Alan and I went slowly forward upon our way, having little heart either to walk or speak. The same thought was uppermost in both, that we were near the time of our parting; and remembrance of all the bygone days sate upon us sorely. We talked indeed of what should be done; and it was resolved that Alan should keep to the country, biding now here, now there, but coming once in a day to a particular place where I might be able to communicate with him, either in my own person or by messenger. In the meanwhile, I was to seek out a lawyer, who was an Appin Stewart, and a man therefore to be wholly trusted; and it should be his part to find a ship and to arrange for Alan's safe embarkation. No sooner was this business done, than

the words seemed to leave us; and though I would seek to jest with Alan under the name of Mr. Thomson, and he with me on my new clothes and my estate, you could feel very well that we were nearer tears than laughter.

We came the by-way over the hill of Corstorphine; and when we got near to the place called Rest-and-be-Thankful, and looked down on the Corstorphine bogs and over to the city and the castle on the hill, we both stopped, for we both knew, without a word said, that we had come to where our ways parted. Here he repeated to me once again what had been agreed upon between us: the address of the lawyer, the daily hour at which Alan might be found, and the signals that were to be made by any that came seeking him. Then I gave what money I had (a guinea or two of Rankellor's), so that he should not starve in the meanwhile; and then we stood a space, and looked over Edinburgh in silence.

"Well, good-bye," said Alan, and held out his left hand.

"Good-bye," said I, and gave the hand a little grasp, and went off down the hill.

Neither one of us looked the other in the face, nor so long as he was in my view did I take one back glance at the friend I was leaving. But as I went on my way to the city, I felt so lost and lonesome, that I could have found it in my heart to sit down by the dyke, and cry and weep like a baby.

It was coming near noon, when I passed in by the West Kirk and the Grassmarket into the streets of the capital. The huge height of the buildings, running up to ten and fifteen stories, the narrow arched entries that continually vomited passengers, the wares of the merchants in their windows, the hubbub and endless stir, the foul smells and the fine clothes, and a hundred other particulars too small to mention, struck me into a kind of stupor of surprise, so that I let the crowd carry me to and fro;

¹ Members of the bar.

and yet all the time what I was thinking of was Alan at Rest-and-be-Thankful; and all the time (although you would think I would not choose but be delighted with these brows¹ and novelties¹) there was a cold gnawing in my inside like a remorse for something wrong.

The hand of Providence brought me in my drifting to the very doors of the British Linen Company's bank.

[Just there, with his hand upon his fortune, the present editor inclines for the time to say farewell to David. How Alan escaped, and what was done about the murder, with a variety of other delectable particulars,² may be some day set forth. That is a thing, however, that hinges on the public fancy. The editor has a great kindness for both Alan and David, and would gladly spend much of his life in their society; but in this he may find himself to stand alone. In the fear of which, and lest any one should complain of scurvy usage, he hastens to protest that all went well with both, in the limited and human sense of the word "well"; that whatever befell them, it was not dishonor, and whatever failed them, they were not found wanting to themselves.]

Study Hints

1. Where in the story, and by what means, do we first learn that David's uncle is a wicked man? Do we ever discover any redeeming traits in him?

2. What is our first feeling toward Hoseason? What is the first incident that begins to show his true character? Is he wholly bad? What are his redeeming traits?

3. What is our first feeling toward Alan Breck? Does the feeling remain the same throughout the entire story? What are Alan's redeeming traits?

4. Can you think of a better plan that Stevenson might have used for introducing Alan Breck?

5. Can you think of a better plan that Stevenson might have adopted for releasing David from the *Covenant*?

6. Can you think of a better plan than the one in the story for getting David off Earraid?

Theme Subjects

1. The fight in the round-house.
2. The man with the belt of gold.
3. David and the catechist.
4. David on the island.
5. Earraid.
6. The girl at Limekilns.

Subjects for Illustrations

For students who can draw well

1. David first calls on his uncle.
2. David meets Alan.
3. David on the floating spar.
4. David on Earraid.
5. David and Alan on the cliffs.
6. Cluny's cage.

Subjects for Class Discussion

1. Scottish-clan life. (If you have read "The Lady of the Lake," discuss the things you found both in that poem and in "Kidnapped.")

2. Stevenson once wrote, "For him [a boy] a pirate has a beard, a pair of wide trousers, and a liberal complement of pistols." Are Captain Hoseason and his crew more than this? Are they different, one from another? If so, how?

3. Which chapters in the story seem the most important? Why do you think them important?

4. Could Stevenson have made just as good a story if he had let David be sold into slavery and then helped him to escape?

5. Stevenson wrote, "The trouble is to work out [such a story] without oaths." How does he succeed in giving the impression of violent language without actually using profanity?

6. What scenes and characters do you think you will remember best after the course is over? Why?

7. Concerning "Kidnapped" and similar stories Stevenson wrote, "Danger is the matter with which this class of novels deals." Is this the case with "Kidnapped"? Which characters are in danger, and under what circumstances?

¹ Fine things. ² Delightful incidents.

Metrical Tales¹



Many good stories are told in verse. Such poems vary from the stately epic of many thousand lines to the lowly limerick of five. They may be simple or they may be highly decorated; they may be serious and dignified or humorous and burlesque. In fact, they may be told in almost any vein that strikes the writer's fancy; but if well told they have two characteristics in common: (1) they tell good stories; (2) the verse is smooth and musical, and easy to read.

A metrical tale composed in simple verse adapted for singing is called a ballad.* Ballads have been composed from the earliest times; they are still being written to commemorate unusual happenings, such as a tragic murder or a serious railroad wreck, or to celebrate the life story of a bold outlaw.

Casabianca

FELICIA DOROTHEA (BROWNE) HEMANS
(1793-1835)

["Casabianca" is an old favorite. It became famous (1) because it is the story of a boy who was "faithful unto death," and (2) because the story is told in pleasing language and in musical verse. These qualities endeared it to our grandparents and should make it appeal to us.]

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.
Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on — he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.
He called aloud: "Say, father, say
If yet my task is done?"

He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.
Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
And looked from that lone post of death
In still, yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast through sail and shroud
The wreathing fires made way.
They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound —
The boy — oh! where was he?
— Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea,
With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part —
But the noblest thing which perished there
Was that young, faithful heart!

¹ "The Lady of the Lake" (p. 173) and "Enoch Arden" (p. 295) are metrical tales.

Study Hints

1. In your own words tell the story of "Casabianca."

2. What points of similarity do you find between the story told in "Casabianca" and that told in "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*" (p. 147)?

3. Should the boy have remained on the burning deck after all the rest had fled? (Discuss in class.)

4. What points of similarity do you find between the story told in "Casabianca" and that told in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (below)?

The Charge of the Light Brigade

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON * (1809-1892)

["The Charge of the Light Brigade" is one of the most stirring war poems in English literature. It immortalizes the heroism of a troop of British light cavalry in the battle of Balaklava.* Six hundred and seventy-three men rode into the charge; one hundred and ninety-five returned.

The charm of the poem lies in the thrilling story of heroism that defies almost certain death, in the sadness of the words "some one had blundered," and in the spirited imitation of the movement of the galloping horses.]

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one¹ had blundered.
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die.
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

¹ In the original version the poet wrote "Nolan," the name of the officer responsible for the fatal order,

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Saberbing the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack* and Russian
Reeled from the saber stroke
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back, but not —
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade!
Noble six hundred.

Study Hints

1. Read Southey's "The Battle of Blenheim" (p. 131), Austin Dobson's "Before Sedan" (p. 130), and Alan Seeger's "The Letter to the *Sun*" (p. 256). Each presents a different side of the "glory of war."

2. Read "The *Revenge*" (below) and "Cassabianca" (p. 125). These also are stories of men who died bravely in the performance of duty.

3. Similar cases of soldiers ordered to charge against great odds have occurred in other wars. If you can learn of such a charge, tell the class about it. (Ask the teacher, your parents, or older friends.)

4. Poets are fond of gaining emphasis by repeating words and phrases. Reread the repeated words and lines in this poem. Do they add to the effect?

The Revenge

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON* (1809-1892)

["The *Revenge*" tells the kind of story that people love to hear, — a tale of a courageous fight against tremendous odds. The battle was in itself unimportant, but the poet glorifies it and makes it one of the great, heroic exploits of the British navy. A large part of the appeal that the poem makes to us lies in the strong martial rhythm, which varies to suit every turn of the narration and description. The story is made far more vivid also by the fact that it is apparently being told by one of the sailors who fought in the battle.]

I

AT FLORES in the Azores Sir Richard
Grenville* lay,
And a pinnace,¹ like a fluttered bird, came
flying from far away:
"Spanish ships of war at sea! we have
sighted fifty-three!"
Then sware Lord Thomas Howard²:
"Fore God I am no coward;
But I cannot meet them here, for my
ships are out of gear,
And the half my men are sick. I must
fly, but follow quick.
We are six ships of the line;³ can we
fight with fifty-three?"

¹ A light, swift vessel.

² The British commander.

³ The heaviest warships.

II

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I
know you are no coward;
You fly them for a moment to fight with
them again.
But I've ninety men and more that are
lying sick ashore.
I should count myself the coward if I
left them, my Lord Howard,
To these Inquisition dogs and the devil-
doms of Spain."

III

So Lord Howard passed away with five
ships of war that day,
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent
summer heaven;
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick
men from the land
Very carefully and slow,¹
Men of Bideford² in Devon,
And we laid them on the ballast down
below;
For we brought them all aboard,
And they blest him in their pain, that
they were not left to Spain,
To the thumbscrew³ and the stake,⁴ for
the glory of the Lord.

IV

He had only a hundred seamen to work
the ship and to fight,
And he sailed away from Flores till the
Spaniard came in sight,
With his huge sea-castles⁵ heaving upon
the weather bow.⁶

¹ Observe how skillfully Tennyson adapts the rhythm of the poem to the action he is describing.

² An ancient city in southwestern England.

³ An instrument to make prisoners confess, by squeezing their thumbs.

⁴ Many people suspected of opposition to the Church were tied to a stake and burned to death.

⁵ Towers raised aloft on the decks of the warships, for the use of the gunners.

⁶ The side of the fore part of the ship toward the wind.

"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
 Good Sir Richard, tell us now,
 For to fight is but to die!
 There'll be little of us left by the time
 this sun be set."
 And Sir Richard said again: "We be all
 good English men.
 Let us bang these dogs of Seville,¹ the
 children of the devil,
 For I never turned my back upon Don²
 or devil yet."

V

Sir Richard spoke and he laughed, and
 we roared a hurrah, and so
 The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the
 heart of the foe,
 With her hundred fighters on deck, and
 her ninety sick below;
 For half of their fleet to the right and
 half to the left were seen,
 And the little *Revenge* ran on through
 the long sea-lane between.

VI

Thousands of their soldiers looked down
 from their decks and laughed,
 Thousands of their seamen made mock
 at the mad little craft
 Running on and on, till delayed
 By their mountain-like *San Philip* that,
 of fifteen hundred tons,
 And up-shadowing high above us with
 her yawning tiers of guns,
 Took the breath from our sails, and we
 stayed.³

VII

And while now the great *San Philip* hung
 above us like a cloud
 Whence the thunderbolt will fall
 Long and loud,

¹ A city in Spain.

² A Spanish word somewhat like our "Mr."
 It is used however, only with the given
 name.

³ We stood still because the *San Philip* kept the
 breeze from our sails.

Four galleons¹ drew away
 From the Spanish fleet that day,
 And two upon the larboard and two upon
 the starboard lay,
 And the battle-thunder broke from them
 all.

VIII

But anon the great *San Philip*, she be-
 thought herself and went,
 Having that within her womb that had
 left her ill content;²
 And the rest they came aboard us, and
 they fought us hand to hand,
 For a dozen times they came with their
 pikes and musqueteers,
 And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a
 dog that shakes his ears
 When he leaps from the water to the land.

IX

And the sun went down, and the stars
 came out far over the summer sea,
 But never a moment ceased the fight of
 the one and the fifty-three.
 Ship after ship, the whole night long,
 their high-built galleons came,
 Ship after ship, the whole night long, with
 her battle-thunder and flame;
 Ship after ship, the whole night long,
 drew back with her dead and her
 shame.
 For some were sunk and many were
 shattered, and so could fight us no
 more —
 God of battles, was ever a battle like this
 in the world before?

X

For he said, "Fight on! fight on!"
 Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck;
 And it chanced that, when half of the
 short summer night was gone,
 With a grisly wound to be dressed he had
 left the deck,

¹ Very early, large Spanish ships.

² Because she was loaded with gold from Amer-
 ica and feared to lose it,

But a bullet struck him that was dressing
it suddenly dead,
And himself he was wounded again in the
side and the head,
And he said, "Fight on! fight on!"

XI

And the night went down, and the sun
smiled out far over the summer sea,
And the Spanish fleet with broken sides
lay round us all in a ring;
But they dared not touch us again, for
they feared that we still could sting,
So they watched what the end would be.
And we had not fought them in vain,
But in perilous plight were we,
Seeing forty of our poor hundred were
slain,
And half of the rest of us maimed for life
In the crash of the cannonades and the
desperate strife;
And the sick men down in the hold were
most of them stark and cold,
And the pikes were all broken or bent,
and the powder was all of it spent;
And the masts and the rigging were lying
over the side;
But Sir Richard cried in his English
pride:
"We have fought such a fight for a day
and a night
As may never be fought again!
We have won great glory, my men!
And a day less or more
At sea or ashore,
We die — does it matter when?
Sink me the ship, Master Gunner —
sink her, split her in twain!
Fall into the hands of God, not into the
hands of Spain!"

XII

And the gunner said, "Ay, ay," but the
seamen made reply:
"We have children, we have wives,
And the Lord hath spared our lives.
We will make the Spaniard promise, if
we yield, to let us go;

We shall live to fight again and to strike
another blow."
And the lion¹ there lay dying, and they
yielded to the foe.

XIII

And the stately Spanish men to their
flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old
Sir Richard caught at last,
And they praised him to his face with
their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he
cried:
"I have fought for Queen² and Faith
like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is
bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Gren-
ville die!"
And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

XIV

And they stared at the dead that had
been so valiant and true,
And had holden the power and glory of
Spain so cheap
That he dared her with one little ship
and his English few;
Was he devil or man? He was devil for
aught they knew,
But they sank his body with honor
down into the deep,
And they manned the *Revenge* with a
swarthier alien crew,
And away she sailed with her loss and
longed for her own;
When a wind from the lands they had
ruined awoke from sleep,
And the water began to heave and the
weather to moan,
And or ever³ that evening ended a great
gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised
by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails
and their masts and their flags,

¹ Sir Richard. ² Elizabeth. ³ Before.

And the whole sea plunged and fell on
 the shot-shattered navy of Spain,
 And the little *Revenge* herself went down
 by the island crags
 To be lost evermore in the main.¹

Study Hints

1. In two hundred words tell the story that the poem tells.

2. Describe Sir Richard.

3. If you like to draw, make a sketch of Sir Richard.

4. The notes call your attention to one place where the poet adapts the rhythm to the action. Find others.

5. In what respects is the story of this poem like that of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (p. 126)? In what respects are the stories unlike?

Before Sedan

AUSTIN DOBSON (1840-1921)

["Before Sedan" is an illustration of the indirect method of telling a story, — a method frequently used by poets. It is also an indirect criticism of war. Part of the charm of the poem lies in the almost feminine delicacy of phrase and thought.]

"The dead hand clasped a letter."²

HERE in the leafy place
 Quiet he lies,
 Cold, with his sightless face
 Turned to the skies.
 'Tis but another dead;
 All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence, —
 Kings must have slaves;
 Kings rise to eminence
 Over men's graves:

So this man's eye is dim;¹
 Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
 There! at his side?
 Paper his hand had clutched
 Tight ere he died,
 Message or wish, may be;
 Smooth out the folds and see.

Hardly the worst of us
 Here could have smiled!
 Only the tremulous
 Words of a child, —
 Prattle, that has for stops²
 Just a few ruddy drops.³

Look! She is sad to miss,
 Morning and night,
 His — her dead father's — kiss;
 Tries to be bright,
 Good to mamma, and sweet;
 That is all. "Marguerite."

Ah, if beside the dead
 Slumbered the pain!
 Ah, if the hearts that bled
 Slept with the slain!
 If the grief died — But no;
 Death will not have it so.

Study Hints

1. Read Alan Seeger's "The Letter to the Sun" (p. 256). It will give you a clearer idea of the kind of incident that influenced the writing of this poem.

2. Pick out several illustrations of Dobson's delicacy of phrase and thought.

3. Read "The Battle of Blenheim" (p. 131). It too is an indirect criticism of war.

4. In one hundred words tell the story that the poem tells.

¹ A mild way of saying, "He is dead." Such a softening of an expression is called a euphemism.

² Punctuation.

³ The father had been reading the letter when the bullet scattered his blood upon it.

¹ Sea.

² This sentence in a newspaper account of the battle of Sedan prompted Austin Dobson to write the poem.

The Burial of Sir John Moore

CHARLES WOLFE (1791-1823)

["The Burial of Sir John Moore" owes its place in literature (1) to the deep, mournful sound of the lines, and (2) to the accumulation of details that emphasize the intense loneliness of the great leader's burial, — in a foreign land, at dead of night, by discouraged comrades who "bitterly thought of the morrow," and with no tombstone or coffin.

The poem is best when read aloud in a low voice.]

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral
note,
As his corpse to the rampart we
hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell
shot¹
O'er the grave where our hero we
buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty
light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound
him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that
was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the
morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow
bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread
o'er his head,
And we far away² on the billow!

¹ It is military custom to fire a volley over the grave of a dead comrade.

² On our way home to England.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's
gone

And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck,¹ if they let him sleep
on

In the grave where a Briton has laid
him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for
retiring;
And we heard the distant and random
gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and
gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a
stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

Study Hints

1. If you have access to the Bible, read Deut. 34. It is a very ancient account of the burial of a great leader in a strange land.

2. Pick out the words and phrases that suggest the intense loneliness of the great leader's burial.

3. To judge from the poem, were the British sure of victory at the time Sir John was buried?

4. Why were the soldiers' prayers "few and short," and why did they think "bitterly" of "the morrow"?

5. Who were "they" that would "upbraid" the dead hero?

The Battle of Blenheim

ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843)

["The Battle of Blenheim," though not an example of the best poetry, is remembered for the message it brings, — the uselessness of war. Although Old Kaspar's father lost his house and was compelled to flee for his life, Old Kaspar himself cannot tell "what they fought each other for."]

¹ Care.

IT WAS a summer evening;
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun;
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found;
 He came to ask what he had found
 That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
 Who stood expectant by;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural sigh,
 "'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
 "Who fell in the great victory."

"I find them in the garden,
 For there's many here about;
 And often when I go to plough
 The ploughshare turns them out.
 For many¹ thousand men," said he,
 "Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
 Young Peterkin he cries;
 And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes;
 "Now tell us all about the war
 And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
 "Who put the French to rout;
 But what² they fought each other for
 I could not well make out.
 But everybody said," quoth he,
 "That 'twas a famous victory."

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard³ by;
 They burned his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly;

So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to lay his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide,
 And many a childing mother then
 And new-born baby died;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 At every famous victory."

"They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won;
 For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun;
 But things like that, you know, must be
 After a famous victory."

"Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won
 And our good Prince Eugene."¹
 "Why 'twas a very wicked thing!"
 Said little Wilhelmine.
 "Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
 "It was a famous victory."

"And everybody praised the Duke
 Who this great field did win."
 "But what good came of it at last?"
 Quoth little Peterkin.
 "Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
 "But 'twas a famous victory."

Study Hints

1. Read "Before Sedan" (p. 130). Compare the sentiment of that poem with the message of this one.

2. What was happening in America about the time of the War of the Spanish Succession*?

3. If you like to draw, sketch Old Kaspar with the two grandchildren.

4. Make a list of the details of the battle that Old Kaspar remembered.

¹ Fifty.

² In the peace conference which followed the war the causes of the struggle were almost forgotten.

³ Close.

* A celebrated Austrian general who won numerous victories in the War of the Spanish Succession.

Hohenlinden*

THOMAS CAMPBELL (1777-1844)

["Hohenlinden," a short, simple poem that tells a story in verse suitable for singing, is a ballad. Since it also expresses the feelings of the author, it may be called a lyrical ballad. Its beauty lies in the full, musical tones, in the skill with which the author selects the details of the picture, and in the fine, heroic ring of the whole poem.]

ON LINDEN,¹ when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser,² rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven,
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
Where furious Frank³ and fiery Hun,⁴
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.⁵

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich⁶! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part, where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,¹
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

Study Hints

1. Can you learn from the poem with which of the two armies the author's sympathies lie? What tells you?
2. Write a short theme contrasting the appearance of the village at sundown on the night of the battle with the scene the next morning.
3. How does the author use the snow to emphasize the tragedy of the encounter?
4. Are the rimes simple and orderly?
5. Are the lines beginning "And every turf" to be understood literally? Can you find other exaggerations in the poem? What was the author's purpose in exaggerating?

How they brought the Good
News from Ghent to Aix²

ROBERT BROWNING* (1812-1889)

[The popularity of "How they brought the Good News" is due in part to the spirited way in which the story is told, in part to the succession of pictures made vivid by the skillful use of details, and in part to the rhythm, which nicely imitates the movement of the galloping horses.

It might be well to remember that when the poet wrote this, "the greatest horseback poem in the English language," he was on a ship out at sea. Moreover, no such news was ever brought, there were no such characters as Joris, Dirck, and I, and probably no horse could have covered the distance in the time the poet allows.]

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris,
and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped
all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch,³ as the
gatebolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping
through;

¹ Hohenlinden.² A river that flows by Hohenlinden.³ Here, the French.⁴ Here, the Austrians.⁵ Clouds of battle smoke.⁶ The capital of Bavaria; here, the Bavarians.¹ A shroud, a garment for the dead.² Aix (äks). ³ The gate-keeper.

Behind shut the postern,¹ the lights
sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped
abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the
great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never
changing our place;

I turned in my saddle and made its
girths² tight,

Then shortened each stirrup, and set the
pique³ right,

Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained
slacker the bit,

Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we
drew near

Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight
dawned clear;

At Boom, a great yellow star came out to
see;

At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as
could be;

And from Mecheln church-steeple we
heard the half-chime,

So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there
is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the
sun,

And against him the cattle stood black
every one,

To stare through the mist at us galloping
past,

And I saw my stout galloper Roland at
last,

With resolute shoulders, each butting
away

The haze, as some bluff river headland
its spray:

And his low head and crest, just one
sharp ear bent back

For my voice, and the other pricked out
on his track;

And one eye's black intelligence,¹ —
ever that glance

O'er its white edge at me, his own master,
askance!

And the thick heavy spume-flakes² which
aye and anon

His fierce lips shook upwards in gallop-
ing on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried
Joris, "Stay spur!

Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's
not in her,

We'll remember at Aix" — for one
heard the quick wheeze

Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and
staggering knees,

And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the
flank,

As down on her haunches she shuddered
and sank.

So, we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in
the sky;

The broad sun above laughed a pitiless
laugh,

'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright
stubble like chaff;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang
white,

And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix
is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" — and all in a
moment his roan

Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a
stone;

And there was my Roland to bear the
whole weight

Of the news which alone could save Aix
from her fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to
the brim,

And with circles of red for his eye-sockets'
rim.

¹ A small gate in a city wall.

² Bands fastened around the body of a horse to keep the saddle in place.

³ Spur.

¹ Note how this detail of the horse's black, intelligent eye helps to make the picture more real.

² Foam.



Then I cast loose my buffcoat,¹ each
holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt
and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his
ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my
horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang,
any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped
and stood.

And all I remember is — friends flock-
ing round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on
the ground;
And no voice but was praising this "Ro-
land of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last
measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common
consent)
Was no more than his due who brought
good news from Ghent.

¹ A soldier's short leather coat.

Study Hints

1. From hints given in the poem, what should you say were the circumstances that made the ride necessary?
2. In one hundred words tell the story of the ride.
3. How long did the ride last? Why do you say so?
4. When you have read this poem, read "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (p. 126) and compare the rhythm of the two poems.
5. Why does Browning represent three riders as starting, though only one arrives?
6. Compare the description of Roland's behavior with that of Fitz-James's horse in "The Lady of the Lake," Canto Fifth, stanza XVIII.
7. How does the poet show the gradual change from night to morning?
8. Pick out illustrations of details that make the pictures vivid.
9. Select lines that might serve as titles for pictures.
10. Which line does the picture above illustrate?

The Deacon's Masterpiece, or The Wonderful "One-Hoss Shay"

A logical story

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES* (1809-1894)

[“The Deacon's Masterpiece” is an amusing story told in verse. It relates the history of a carriage every part of which was as strong as every other part. As a result the “shay” broke down all at once, in a complete smash. But Holmes's poem is more than a funny story; it is a satire,* a type of literature that aims at reform by ridiculing existing conditions. In it Holmes pokes fun at the science of logic* as it was understood in his day. The poem illustrates the truth that logic alone, without regard for what is practicable, will come to nothing.]

HAVE you heard of the wonderful
one-hoss¹ shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without
delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits, —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
*Georgius Secundus*² was then alive, —
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.³
That was the year when Lisbon-town*
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's* army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss
shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you
what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest
spot, —
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,

¹ Horse. The poet misspelled certain words to imitate the New England pronunciation.
² George II, king of England.
³ George II was of German descent.

In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,¹ — lurk-
ing still,
Find it somewhere you must and will, —
Above or below, within or without, —
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't
wear out.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an “I dew vum,” or an “I tell
yeou,”)
He would build one shay to beat the
taown
’N’ the keounty ’n’ all the kentry raoun’;
It should be so built that it *couldn’t*
break daown:
“Fur,” said the Deacon, “’t’s mighty
plain
That the weakes’ place mus’ stan’ the
strain;
’N’ the way t’ fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jist
T’ make that place uz strong uz the rest.”

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn’t be split nor bent nor
broke, —
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood² to make the
thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the
straightest trees,
The panels of white-wood,³ that cuts like
cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the “Settler’s
ellum,”⁴ —
Last of its timber, — they couldn’t sell
’em,
Never an axe⁵ had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew⁶ from between their
lips,

¹ *hub, tire . . . thoroughbrace*. All the nouns name parts of an old-fashioned carriage. How many are still in use? (Discuss in class.)
² A kind of tough-fibered wood.
³ Poplar.
⁴ The oldest elm in the community.
⁵ They were so hard that they could not be cut.
⁶ They were so tough that they could not be split.

Their blunt ends frizzled¹ like celery-tips;

Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;

Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit² when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; — it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten; —
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then came fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

¹ The thick end of the wedge was made of wood. The heavy pounding to drive it into the logs made the wood "frizzle" out.

² The longer the hide remained in the "pit" filled with "tanbark liquor," the better leather it made.

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earthquake-day, —

There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,

A general flavor of mild decay,¹
But nothing local,² as one may say.

There couldn't be, — for the Deacon's art

Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.

For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,

And the floor was just as strong as the sills,

And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,

And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,

And spring and axle and hub *encore*.³
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt,
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.⁴
"Huddup!" said the parson. — Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text, —

Had got to *fifthly*,⁵ and stopped perplexed

At what the — Moses — was coming next.

All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill, —
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,

¹ Old-fashioned medical phrase, meaning "weakness incident to old age."

² No particular weak spot.

³ Again, also.

⁴ A light-brown horse with a thin tail and a hollowed neck; a sort of scrub horse.

⁵ The fifth heading, or section, of a sermon. Holmes is poking fun at the minister who preaches long sermons.

At half past nine by the meet'n'-house
clock, —

Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once, —
All at once, and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

Study Hints

1. Read "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" (below). It too is a satire.
2. Tell the story in one hundred words.
3. Pick out words absurdly used for humorous effect.
4. Make a list of the words misspelled to imitate the New England pronunciation.
5. If the humor seems forced or old-fashioned, contrast it with some recent comic story that you have read. Is it as funny as the comic strip you prefer in the daily papers?
6. How does it compare with the comic reel of the motion-picture theater?

The Pied Piper of Hamelin

ROBERT BROWNING* (1812-1889)

["The Pied Piper of Hamelin" is one of Browning's best-known poems. Its fame is due to the fact that (1) it tells a charming legend of ancient days, (2) it is suited to both young and old, (3) it is told so simply that anyone can follow the story, (4) it is full of the queer, fanciful rimes of which Browning was very fond.

Students must not, however, overlook the fact that "The Pied Piper" is more than "a child's story." For grown-ups it is a satire* on governing bodies, that fits almost any modern city. The council does not know what to do in an emergency. The people demand relief. Someone offers to set matters right.

The council gives him authority. When, at length, the time comes to pay up, the members of the council begin to make excuse, and trouble results.]

I

HAMELIN Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks'
own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,¹
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a
noddy²;
And as for our Corporation³ — shock-
ing
To think we buy gowns lined with
ermine⁴
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,⁵
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a rack-
ing

¹ Small fish, herring.

² Fool.

³ City Council.

⁴ A costly fur.

⁵ Fat.

To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"¹
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sat in council;
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder² I'd my ermine gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber-door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's
that?"

(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew
mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V

"Come in!" — the Mayor cried, looking
bigger;
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted
tombstone!"

¹ Get rid of you [and elect others].

² A Dutch coin of little value.

VI

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honors," said he,
"I'm able,

By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep or swim or fly or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt¹ and
viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same
cheque;

And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever
straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary² I freed the Cham,³
Last June, from his huge swarms of
gnats;

I eased in Asia the Nizam⁴
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats:
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" — was the ex-
clamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corpora-
tion.

VII

Into the street the Piper stapt,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,

¹ A kind of salamander.

² A far-off land between Europe and Asia.

³ Ruler; usually written "Khan."

⁴ The ruler of a state in far-off India.

And green and blue his sharp eyes
twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled¹;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe
uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty
rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came
tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny
rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny
rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
— Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,*
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he,² the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary³:
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of
the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,⁴
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe:
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil⁵
flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-
casks:

¹ Try the experiment.

² As Cæsar carried his "Commentary" to Rome, so the rat carried his account to Rat-land.

³ The principal literary work of Cæsar is his "Commentary," or account of his wars in Gaul.

⁴ The rats imagine the whole world has been turned into a vast collection of delicious food.

⁵ Whale oil.

And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'Oh rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast dry-
saltery¹!
So munch on, crunch on, take your
nuncheon,²
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!' —
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore
me!'
— I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin
people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the
steeple.
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long
poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the
holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" — when suddenly, up the
face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a "First, if you please, my thou-
sand guilders!"

IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked
blue:
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave,
Hock;³
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt⁴ with Rhenish.⁵
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!

¹ A meat-curing establishment.

² A noon drink.

³ Kinds of wine.

⁴ A large barrel.

⁵ A kind of wine made along the Rhine.

"Beside," quoth the Mayor with a
knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's
brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I
think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something
for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your
poke¹;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in
joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat,² and accept the prime
Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he's rich
in,
For having left, in the Caliph's³ kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!⁴
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion."

XI

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think
I brook⁵
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?⁶
You threaten us, fellow? Do your
worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

¹ Bag; here, purse.

² Since the piper was a magician, he could in a short time travel to Bagdad, a city in far-off Persia.

³ The ruler of Bagdad.

⁴ Reduce the bill one penny.

⁵ Endure.

⁶ Clothing of several colors.

XII

Once more he stepped into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight
cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling¹ that seemed like a
bustling
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and
hustling;
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes
clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues
chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when
barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and
laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council
stood
As if they were changed into blocks of
wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
—Could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,²
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and
daughters!
However, he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps ad-
dressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.

¹ Note how, throughout the entire stanza, the poet uses words that suggest the action.

² Distressed.

"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-
side,

A wondrous portal¹ opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children
followed,

And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say, —

"It's dull in our town since my play-
mates left!

I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than pea-
cocks here,

And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate²
A text³ which says that heaven's gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!

¹ Door.

² Head; here, dull head.

³ "It is easier for a camel to go through the
eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter
into the kingdom of God." — Matt. 19: 24.

The Mayor sent East, West, North and
South,

To offer the Piper, by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.

But when they saw 'twas a lost en-
deavor,

And Piper and dancers were gone for-
ever,

They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and
year,

These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened
here

On the Twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six":
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's Street —
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his
labor.

Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church-window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania¹ there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having
risen

Out of some subterranean prison
Into which they were trepanned²
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why, they don't under-
stand.

¹ A small country in eastern Europe.

² "Kidnapped" (p. 19).

XV

So, Willy, let me and you be wipers
 Of scores out with all men — especially
 pipers!
 And, whether they pipe us free from
 rats or from mice,
 If we've promised them aught, let us
 keep our promise.

Study Hints

1. Read "The Deacon's Masterpiece" (p. 136). It too is a satire*.

2. Browning tells this story as though it were funny. The parents thought the loss of their children profoundly sad (tragic). Can you write a newspaper account of the event, showing the tragic side?

3. From suggestions given in the poem write a description of an ideal world from the point of view of a rat. (Stanza VII will give you some help.)

4. Write four fifty-word speeches made by members of the Council, proposing various means of getting rid of the rats.

5. Pick out illustrations of humor expressed in absurd rimes.

6. Browning wrote the poem especially to give a clever little boy of his acquaintance a chance to illustrate it with drawings. Do you find many lines that could be illustrated? Make a list of them.

7. If you like to draw, illustrate several lines.

Incident of the French Camp

ROBERT BROWNING* (1812-1889)

["Incident of the French Camp" owes its popularity, first, to the vividness of the picture; second, to the compactness of the story; third, to the tale of heroism told in the poem.]

YOU know, we French stormed Ratisbon;

A mile or so away,
 On a little mound, Napoleon*
 Stood on our storming-day,
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader Lannes¹
 Waver at yonder wall" —
 Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just 'his horse's mane, a boy;
 You hardly could suspect
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through) —
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's
 grace
 We've got you Ratisbon!
 The Marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans²
 Where I, to heart's desire,
 Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed;
 his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes;
 "You're wounded!" "Nay," the sol-
 dier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said,
 "I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief be-
 side,
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

Study Hints

1. Read "Casabianca" (p. 125). Compare the death of the hero with the death of the boy in this poem.

2. Pick out the words, or lines, that bring vivid pictures before your eyes.

¹ Jean Lannes, a marshal in Napoleon's army.

² Wings.

3. If you like to draw, illustrate one or two of the lines selected in Study Hint 2.

4. Assuming that everything which the poem tells is true, what should you say of the soldiers' attitude toward Napoleon? of his feeling toward them?

The Diverting History of John Gilpin

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800)

["John Gilpin" is a rollicking tale of a horseback ride taken by a man not accustomed to riding. It might appropriately be called "the holiday that failed." A large part of the fun lies in the fact that Gilpin's experience is not at all unusual. Who has not looked forward to a holiday, only to have a trifling mishap spoil the fun! The poem is best when read aloud.]

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A trainband captain¹ eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"Tomorrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell² at Edmonton,
All in a chaise³ and pair.⁴

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear;
Therefore it shall be done.

¹ A captain of citizens organized into militia.
We should say he was a "tin soldier."

² The Bell Inn at Edmonton, near London.

³ A two-wheeled carriage with seats for four persons, a folding top, and a large body hung by straps called thoroughbraces.

⁴ Two horses.

"I am a linendraper¹ bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender,²
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was
brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the
wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside³ were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

¹ A retail linen merchant.

² A linen-presser.

³ A famous London street lined on both sides
with small retail stores.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it
me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin — who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight!"¹ "He rides a race!"
"'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men²
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

¹ English jockeys sometimes carry extra weight, so that all the horses in the race may bear equal loads.

² The men who kept the gates and collected the fees (toll) for the use of the road (turnpike).

Thus all through merry Islington,
 These gambols he did play,
 Until he came unto the Wash¹
 Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the Wash about,
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like unto a trundling² mop,
 Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
 From the balcony spied
 Her tender husband, wondering much
 To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! — Here's the
 house!"
 They all at once did cry ;
 "The dinner waits, and we are tired." —
 Said Gilpin, "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
 Inclined to tarry there ;
 For why? — his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew
 Shot by an archer strong ;
 So did he fly — which brings me to
 The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
 And sore against his will,
 Till, at his friend the calender's,
 His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
 His neighbor in such trim,
 Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
 And thus accosted him :

"What news? what news? your tidings
 tell ;
 Tell me you must and shall —
 Say why bareheaded you are come,
 Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
 And loved a timely joke ;
 And thus unto the calender,
 In merry guise, he spoke :

"I came because your horse would come ;
 And, if I well forebode,
 My hat and wig will soon be here ;
 They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
 His friend in merry pin,¹
 Returned him not a single word,
 But to the house went in ;

When straight he came with hat and wig, —
 A wig that flowed behind,
 A hat not much the worse for wear,
 Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn,
 Thus showed his ready wit :
 "My head is twice as big as yours,
 They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
 That hangs upon your face ;
 And stop and eat, for well you may
 Be in a hungry case."²

Said John, "It is my wedding day,
 And all the world would stare,
 If wife should dine at Edmonton,
 And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
 "I am in haste to dine ;
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast,
 For which he paid full dear ;
 For while he spake, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
 Had heard a lion roar,
 And galloped off with all his might,
 As he had done before.

¹ A place near Edmonton, where a shallow stream
 crosses the road.

² Trundled ; twirled.

¹ Mood.

² Condition.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
 He lost them sooner than at first,
 For why? — they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
 Her husband posting¹ down
 Into the country far away,
 She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
 That drove them to the Bell,
 "This shall be yours, when you bring
 back
 My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
 John coming back amain;
 Whom in a trice he tried to stop
 By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
 And gladly would have done,
 The frightened steed he frightened more
 And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
 Went postboy² at his heels,
 The postboy's horse right glad to miss
 The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With postboy scampering in the rear,
 They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief! — a highway-
 man!"
 Not one of them was mute;
 And all and each that passed that way
 Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
 Flew open in short space;
 The toll-men thinking as before,
 That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
 For he got first to town,
 Nor stopped till where he had got up
 He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the King,
 And Gilpin, long live he;
 And when he next doth ride abroad,
 May I be there to see!

Study Hints

1. Read "The Celebrated Jumping Frog" (p. 159), "A Lady Cat goes on a Journey" (p. 163), and "The Deacon's Masterpiece" (p. 136). All are humorous tales.

2. Relate Gilpin's experiences in one hundred words.

3. Write an imaginary conversation between Mrs. Gilpin and her sister when her husband failed to stop the first time.

4. Write an imaginary conversation between the two women when Gilpin failed to stop the second time.

5. Write a speech that Gilpin might have made to himself when he arrived at home.

6. Note the places in which the word-order has been inverted; for instance, "A trainband captain eke *was he*." (This inverted order is common in ballads.)*

7. Read this poem aloud while a companion reads aloud "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*" (below). Where you cannot keep together, examine the verse to see what causes the difference. Does the irregularity add to the poem?

8. Pick out the details that make the poem more real to you. For instance, Gilpin was a "trainband captain."

The Wreck of the *Hesperus*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW*
 (1807-1882)

["The Wreck of the *Hesperus*" is popular because (1) the story is simple, — an account of a struggle of humble people against elemental forces resulting in the tragic death of a child; (2) it is told in simple language; (3) the heroine is idealized; (4) the meter is an adaptation of the simple ballad* stanza, enjoyed by all readers.]

¹ Riding in haste.

² A boy who carries messages, especially one who carries them on horseback.

IT WAS the schooner *Hesperus*
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper¹ had taken his little
daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,²
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn
buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw³
did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,⁴
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden
ring,⁵
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his
pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened
steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.⁶

"Come hither! come hither! my little
daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's
coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleam-
ing snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and
prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled
the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.¹

And fast through the midnight dark and
drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.²

¹ While Jesus lay sleeping in a boat on the Sea of Galilee, a storm arose. The distress of his companions wakened him. With a word he stilled the waves (Luke 8 : 22-24).

² A reef near Gloucester, Massachusetts.

¹ Captain.

² Dwarf flax, noted for the delicate blue of its flowers.

³ Shifting gusts of wind.

⁴ An early name for the Caribbean Sea. Here used to show that the sailor was an old seaman.

⁵ Many people believe that a ring (halo) around the moon brings stormy weather.

⁶ About six hundred feet.

And ever the fitful gusts between
 A sound came from the land;
 It was the sound of the trampling surf
 On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her
 bows,
 She drifted a dreary wreck,
 And a whooping billow swept the crew
 Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy
 waves
 Looked soft as carded wool,
 But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
 Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds,¹ all sheathed in ice,
 With the masts went by the board;
 Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank,—
 Ho! Ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
 A fisherman stood aghast,
 To see the form of a maiden fair,
 Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
 The salt tears in her eyes;
 And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-
 weed,
 On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
 In the midnight and the snow!
 Christ save us all from a death like this,
 On the reef of Norman's Woe!

Study Hints

1. Read "Casabianca" (p. 125). Compare the fate of Casabianca* with that of the little girl in this poem.

2. Pick out the little details that make the poem very real to us; for instance, "blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax."

3. Read this poem aloud while a companion reads "John Gilpin" (p. 144). When you cannot keep together, examine the verse and learn the reason. What, if anything, do the irregularities add to the poem?

¹ The ropes that steady the masts.

4. If you like to draw, illustrate:

"It was the schooner *Hesperus*
 That sailed the wintry sea."

"The skipper he stood beside the helm,
 His pipe was in his mouth."

Homer's Iliad*

[The Games, from Book XXIII]

ALEXANDER POPE* (1688-1744)

[Of the many stirring scenes described in the Iliad one that appeals strongly to modern boys and girls is the account of the athletic games held in honor of Patroclus*, the friend of Achilles*, who was the greatest hero and athlete in the Greek army. There are numerous good English translations of the Iliad. The one made by Alexander Pope, written in verse with each pair of riming lines usually making a complete sentence, is perhaps the easiest to read.]

Ajax the Great and Ulysses tie in Wrestling

[A chariot race and a boxing match have preceded this event.]

THE third bold game Achilles next
 demands,
 And calls the wrestlers to the level sands:
 A massy tripod¹ for the victor lies,
 Of twice six oxen its reputed price:
 And next, the loser's spirits to restore,
 A female captive, valued but at four.
 Scarce did the chief the vigorous strife
 propose,
 When tower-like Ajax* and Ulysses* rose.
 Amid the ring each nervous rival stands,
 Embracing rigid with implicit² hands:
 Close locked above, their heads and arms
 are mixed;
 Below, their planted feet at distance
 fixed:
 Like two strong rafters, which the
 builder forms
 Proof to the wintry winds and howling
 storms,

¹ A three-legged cooking vessel.

² Interlocked.

Their tops connected, but at wider
 space
 Fixed on the center stands their solid
 base.
 Now to the grasp each manly body
 bends;
 The humid sweat from every pore de-
 scends:
 Their bones resound with blows: sides,
 shoulders, thighs,
 Swell to each gripe, and bloody tumors
 rise.
 Nor could Ulysses, for his art renowned,
 O'erturn the strength of Ajax on the
 ground;
 Nor could the strength of Ajax over-
 throw
 The watchful caution of his artful foe.
 While the long strife e'en tired the look-
 ers on,
 Thus to Ulysses spoke great Telamon¹:
 "Or² let me lift thee, chief, or lift thou
 me:
 Prove³ we our force, and Jove* the rest
 decree."
 He said: and, straining, heaved him
 off the ground
 With matchless strength: that time
 Ulysses found
 The strength t' evade, and where the
 nerves combine
 His ankle struck: the giant fell supine:
 Ulysses following, on his bosom lies;
 Shouts of applause run rattling through
 the skies.
 Ajax to lift, Ulysses next essays,
 He barely stirred him, but he could not
 raise;
 His knee locked fast, the foe's attempt
 denied;
 And, grappling close, they tumble side
 by side.
 Defiled with honorable dust, they roll,
 Still breathing strife, and unsubdued of
 soul:
 Again they rage, again to combat rise;
 When great Achilles thus divides the
 prize:

"Your noble vigor, oh my friends,
 restrain;
 Nor weary out your generous strength
 in vain.
 Ye both have won: let other who excel,
 Now prove that prowess you have
 proved so well."

Ulysses Wins the Foot Race

[Ulysses enters the foot race with the fleet
 Ajax the Less and others.]

And now succeed the gifts ordained to
 grace
 The youths contending in the rapid
 race: . . .
 Ranged in a line the ready racers stand;
 Pelides¹ points the barrier² with his hand:
 All start at once; Oileus* led the race;
 The next Ulysses, measuring pace with
 pace;
 Behind him, diligently close, he sped,
 As closely following as the running
 thread
 The spindle follows, and displays the
 charms
 Of the fair spinster's breast and moving
 arms:
 Graceful in motion thus, his foe he plies,³
 And treads each footstep ere the dust can
 rise:
 His glowing breath upon his shoulders
 plays;
 Th' admiring Greeks loud acclamations
 raise:
 To him they give their wishes, hearts,
 and eyes,
 And send their souls before him as he flies.
 Now three times turned⁴ in prospect of
 the goal,
 The panting chief to Pallas lifts his soul:
 "Assist, O goddess!" (thus in thought
 he prayed)

¹ *Pelides* (pē lī'dēz): Achilles, son of Peleus
 (pē'lūs).

² Starting mark.

³ Follows closely.

⁴ They ran the course four times

¹ Ajax, son of Telamon. ² Either. ³ Test.

And, present at his thought, descends
the maid.

Buoyed by her heavenly force, he seems
to swim,

And feels a pinion lifting every limb.

All fierce, and ready now the prize to
gain,

Unhappy Ajax stumbles on the plain,
O'erturned by Pallas, where the slippery
shore

Was clogged with slimy dung and
mingled gore;

(The self-same place beside Patroclus'
pyre,¹

Where late the slaughtered victims fed
the fire.)

Besmeared with filth, and blotted o'er
with clay,

Obscene to sight, the rueful racer lay:

The well-fed bull (the second prize) he
shared,

And left the urn Ulysses' rich reward.

[The loser in the race blames the gods. The
spectators laugh at him.]

Then, grasping by the horn the mighty
beast,

The baffled hero thus the Greeks ad-
dressed:

"Accursed fate! the conquest I forego²;
A mortal I, a goddess was my foe:

She urged her favorite on the rapid
way,

And Pallas, not Ulysses, won the day."

Thus sourly wailed he, sputtering dirt
and gore;

A burst of laughter echoed through the
shore.

[Another loser laughs at his misfortune and
wins a reward for his sportsmanship.]

Antilochus,³ more humorous than the rest,
Takes the last prize and takes it with a
jest:

¹ The pile of wood on which the body of Patroclus
was burned.

² Yield or give up the victory.

³ Son of Nestor.

"Why with our wiser elders should we
strive?

The gods still love them, and they always
thrive.

Ye see, to Ajax I must yield the prize;
He to Ulysses, still more aged and wise;
(A green old age unconscious of decays,
That proves the hero born in better
days!)

Behold his vigor in this active race!

Achilles only boasts a swifter pace:

For who can match Achilles*? He who
can

Must yet be more than hero, more than
man."

Th' effect succeeds the speech. Pelides
cries,

"Thy artful praise deserves a better
prize.

Nor Greece in vain shall hear thy friend
extolled;

Receive a talent of the purest gold."

The youth departs content. The host
admire

The son of Nestor*, worthy of his sire.

Polypoetes wins with the Discus

[When two heroes fight with lances for the
armor of Sarpe'don, and injury threatens a
popular hero, the umpire stops the contest
and divides the booty. Now comes the throw-
ing of the discus.]

Then hurled the hero, thundering on
the ground,

A mass of iron (an enormous round),
Whose weight and size the circling Greeks
admire,

Rude from the furnace, and but shaped
by fire.

This mighty quoit¹ Eëtion wont to
rear,²

And from his whirling arm dismissed in
air:

The giant by Achilles slain, he stowed
Among his spoils this memorable load.

For this he bids those nervous artists vie,
That teach the disk to sound along the
sky:

¹ The discus.

² Lift.

"Let him whose might can hurl this
bowl¹ arise;
Who farthest hurls it, takes it as his
prize:
If he be one enriched with large domain
Of downs for flocks, and arable for grain,
Small stock of iron needs that man pro-
vide;
His hinds² and swains² whole years shall
be supplied
From hence; nor ask the neighboring
city's aid
For plowshares, wheels, and all the rural
trade."

Stern Polypoetes stepped before the
throng,
And great Leonteus, more than mortal
strong:
Whose force with rival forces to oppose,
Up rose great Ajax³; up Epeus rose.
Each stood in order: first Epeus threw;
High o'er the wondering crowds the
whirling circle flew.
Leonteus next a little space surpassed,
And third, the strength of godlike Ajax
cast:
O'er both their marks it flew; till,
fiercely flung
From Polypoetes' arm the discus sung:
Far as a swain his whirling sheep-hook
throws,
That distant falls among the grazing cows,
So past them all the rapid circle flies:
His friends (while loud applauses shake
the skies)
With force conjoined heave off⁴ the
weighty prize.

Me'riou wins in Archery

[Archers try to shoot a dove tied to the top
of a mast.]

Those who in skillful archery contend
He next invites, the twanging bow to
bend:
And twice ten axes⁵ casts amidst the
round,—

Ten double-edged and ten that singly
wound.

The mast, which late a first-rate galley
bore,

The hero fixes in the sandy shore:
To the tall top a milk-white dove they
tie,

The trembling mark at which their ar-
rows fly.

"Whose weapon strikes yon fluttering
bird shall bear

These two-edged axes, terrible in war:
The single, he whose shaft divides the
cord."

He said: experienced Merion took the
word;

And skillful Teucer: in the helm they
threw

Their lots inscribed, and forth the latter
flew.

Swift from the string the sounding arrow
flies;

But flies unblest! No grateful sacrifice,
No firstling¹ lambs, unheedful! didst
thou vow

To Phœbus*, patron of the shaft and
bow.

For this, thy well-aimed arrow, turned
aside,

Erred from the dove, yet cut the cord
that tied:

Adown the main-mast fell the parted
string,

And the free bird to heaven displays her
wing:

Seas, shores, and skies with loud ap-
plause resound,

And Merion eager meditates the wound:
He takes the bow, directs the shaft
above,

And, following with his eye the soaring
dove,

Implores the god to speed it through the
skies,

With vows of firstling lambs and grateful
sacrifice.

The dove, in airy circles as she wheels,
Amid the clouds the piercing arrow feels;

¹ The first-born of the flock, hence the best.

¹ The discus.

⁴ Carry off.

² Farm laborers.

⁵ The prizes in the contest.

³ Ajax the Great.*

Quite through and through the point its
 passage found,
 And at his feet fell bloody to the ground.
 The wounded bird, ere yet she breathed
 her last,
 With flagging wings alighted on the mast,
 A moment hung, and spread her pinions
 there,
 Then sudden dropped, and left her life
 in air.
 From the pleased crowd new peals of
 thunder rise,
 And to the ships brave Merion bears the
 prize.

Hurling the Javelin

[Achilles awards King Agamemnon the prize
 without a trial, and asks that the javelin may
 be given to the brave Merion.]

To close the funeral games, Achilles
 last
 A massy spear amid the circle placed,
 And ample charger¹ of unsullied frame,
 With flowers high wrought, not black-
 ened yet by flame.
 For these he bids the heroes prove their
 art,
 Whose dexterous skill directs the flying
 dart.
 Here too great Merion hopes the noble
 prize:
 Nor here disdained the king of men to
 rise.
 With joy Pelides saw the honor paid,
 Rose to the monarch, and respectful said:
 "Thee first in virtue as in power
 supreme,
 O king of nations! all thy Greeks pro-
 claim;
 In every martial game thy worth attest,
 And know thee both their greatest and
 their best;
 Take then the prize, but let brave Merion
 bear
 This beamy javelin in thy brother's
 war."

¹ A bronze kettle.

Pleased from the hero's lips his praise
 to hear,
 The king to Merion gives the brazen
 spear;
 But, set apart for sacred use, commands
 The glittering charger to Talthybius'
 hands.

Study Hints

1. Compare these games with those de-
 scribed in "The Lady of the Lake," Canto
 Fifth, stanzas XX-XXIII (p. 224).

2. If you have access to a good translation
 of the Iliad, read the account of the chariot
 race and that of the foot race in Book XXIII.
 (Because of its meter Pope's translation is
 easy to read.)

3. Write in modern language an account
 of any one of the contests.

4. In imitation of Pope describe a modern
 wrestling match.

Homer's Odyssey

[The Home-coming of Ulysses, from
 Books XVII, XXI]

ALEXANDER POPE * (1688-1744)

[Of all the legends of the mighty warrior
 Ulysses, the hero of Homer's Odyssey, the
 account of the meeting with his faithful dog is
 one of the most touching; and the account of
 the bending of the bow is frequently alluded
 to in literature. The selections are from the
 translation of Alexander Pope.]

Argus meets his Master

[From Book XVII]

[After ten years of wandering Ulysses re-
 turns to Ithaca. Going to the hut of the
 swineherd Eumæus, he reveals himself to his
 own son Telemachus. On his way to the pal-
 ace he is recognized by his dog.]

THUS near the gates conferring as they
 drew,
 Argus, the dog, his ancient master knew;

He, not unconscious of the voice and tread,
 Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head;
 Bred by Ulysses, nourished at his board,
 But ah! not fated long to please his lord!
 To him, his swiftness and his strength were vain;
 The voice of glory called him¹ o'er the main.²
 Till then, in every sylvan chase renowned,
 With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around:
 With him the youth pursued the goat or fawn,
 Or traced the mazy leveret³ o'er the lawn.
 Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,
 Unhoused, neglected in the public way.

He knew his lord; he knew, and strove to meet;
 In vain he strove, to crawl, and kiss his feet;
 Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes
 Salute his master, and confess his joys.
 Soft pity touched the mighty master's soul;
 Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole,
 Stole unperceived; he turned his head and dried
 The drop humane: then thus impassioned cried:
 "What noble beast in this abandoned state
 Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate?
 His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise:
 If, as he seems, he was in better days,
 Some care his age deserves: or was he prized
 For worthless beauty? therefore now despised:
 Such dogs and men there are, mere things of state⁴:
 And always cherished by their friends,
 the great."

¹ Ulysses.² Ocean.³ Little rabbit running back and forth.⁴ Ornaments.

"Not Argus so," Eumæus thus rejoined,
 "But served a master of a nobler kind,
 Who never, never shall behold him more!
 Long, long since perished on a distant shore!¹
 Oh had you seen him, vigorous, bold, and young,
 Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong:
 Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,
 None 'scaped him bosomed in the gloomy wood:
 His eye how piercing, and his scent how true,
 To wind² the vapor in the tainted dew!
 Such, when Ulysses left his natal³ coast:
 Now years unnerve him, and his lord is lost!
 The women keep the generous creature bare,
 A sleek and idle race is all their care:
 The master gone, the servants what restrains?
 Or dwells humanity where riot reigns?
 Jove fixed it certain, that whatever day
 Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away."
 This said, the honest herdsman strode before:
 The musing monarch pauses at the door:
 The dog, whom fate had granted to behold
 His lord, when twenty tedious years had rolled,
 Takes a last look, and, having seen him, dies:
 So closed for ever faithful Argus' eyes!

Penelope's Promise

[From Book XXI]

[When hope of the return of Ulysses died, a swarm of suitors began to court Penelope.* After long refusal, she promised to marry the one who could bend Ulysses' mighty bow.]

¹ Note the sadness of this line.² To follow the scent.³ Native.

"Say you, whom these forbidden walls
inclose,
For whom my victims bleed, my vintage¹
flows,
If these neglected, faded charms can
move?
Or is it but a vain pretence, you love?
If I the prize, if me you seek to wife,
Hear the conditions, and commence the
strife.
Who first Ulysses' wondrous bow shall
bend,
And through twelve ringlets the fleet
arrow send:
Him will I follow, and forsake my
home,
For him forsake this loved, this wealthy
dome,
Long, long the scene of all my past
delight,
And still to last the vision of my night!"

[Telemachus, her son, in the hope that he
might keep his mother with him in the pal-
ace, prepares to enter the contest.]

He spoke; then, rising, his broad
sword unbound,
And cast his purple garment on the
ground.
A trench he opened; in a line he placed
The level axes, and the points made
fast.
His perfect skill the wondering gazers
eyed,
The game as yet unseen, as yet untried.
Then, with a manly pace, he took his
stand,
And grasped the bow, and twanged it in
his hand.
Three times, with beating heart, he made
essay;
Three times, unequal to the task, gave
way;

.

And first Leiodes, blameless priest,
appeared:

¹ Wine.

The eldest born of Ænops' noble race,
Who next the goblet held his holy place;
He, only he, of all the suitor throng,
Their deeds detested, and abjured the
wrong.

With tender hands the stubborn horn¹ he
strains,
The stubborn horn resisted all his pains!
Already in despair he gives it o'er:
"Take it who will," he cries; "I strive
no more.

What numerous deaths attend this fatal
bow!

What souls and spirits shall it send
below!

Better, indeed, to die, and fairly give
Nature her debt, than disappointed live,
With each new sun to some new hope a
prey,

Yet still to-morrow false^r than to-day.
How long in vain Penelope we sought!
This bow shall ease us of that idle
thought,

And send us with some humbler wife to
live,

Whom gold shall gain, or destiny shall
give."

Thus speaking, on the floor the bow he
placed:

With rich inlay the various floor was
graced;

At distance far the feathered shaft he
throws,

And to the seat returns from whence he
rose.

To him Antinoüs thus with fury said:
"What words ill-omened from thy lips
have fled?

Thy coward function ever is in fear:
Those arms are dreadful which thou
canst not bear.

Why should this bow be fatal to the
brave,

Because the priest is born a peaceful
slave?

Mark then what others can." He
ended there,

And bade Melanthius a vast pile prepare;

¹ The bow was made of horn.

He gives it instant flame, then fast
 beside
 Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's
 hide.
 With melted lard they soak the weapon
 o'er
 Chafe every knot, and supple every pore.
 Vain all their art, and all their strength
 as vain :
 The bow inflexible resists their pain.
 The force of great Eurymachus alone,
 And bold Antinoüs, yet untried, unknown,
 Those only now remained; but those
 confessed
 Of all the train the mightiest and the best.

[Ulysses, revealing himself to his old servants
 and being assured of their loyalty, decides to
 enter the contest. He speaks:]

"If what I ask your noble minds
 approve,
 Ye peers and rivals in the royal love!
 Chief, if it hurt not great Antinoüs' ear,
 Whose sage decision I with wonder hear,
 And if Eurymachus the motion please,
 Give Heaven this day, and rest the bow
 in peace.
 To-morrow let your arms dispute the
 prize,
 And take it he, the favored of the skies!
 But, since till then this trial you delay,
 Trust it one moment to my hands to-day :
 Fain would I prove, before your judging
 eyes,
 What once I was, whom wretched you
 despise;
 If yet this arm its ancient force retain;
 Or if my woes (a long-continued train)
 And wants and insults, make me less
 than man."

Rage flashed in lightning from the
 suitors' eyes,
 Yet mixed with terror at the bold em-
 prise.¹

Antinoüs then: "O miserable guest!
 Is common sense quite banished from
 thy breast?

Sufficed it not, within the palace placed
 To sit distinguished, with our presence
 graced,
 Admitted here with princes to confer,
 A man unknown, a needy wanderer?
 To copious wine this insolence we owe,
 And much thy betters wine can over-
 throw :
 The great Eurytion when this frenzy¹
 stung,
 Pirithoüs' roofs with frantic riot rung;
 Boundless the Centaur* raged; till one
 and all
 The heroes rose, and dragged him from
 the hall :
 His nose they shortened, and his ears
 they slit,
 And sent him sobered home, with better
 wit.
 Hence with long war the double race
 was cursed
 Fatal to all, but to th' aggressor first.
 Such fate I prophesy our guest attends,
 If here this interdicted bow he bends :
 Nor shall these walls such insolence
 contain;
 The first fair wind transports him o'er
 the main;
 Where Echetus* to death the guilty
 brings, —
 The worst of mortals, ev'n the worst of
 kings.
 Better than that, if thou approve our
 cheer,
 Cease the mad strife, and share our
 bounty here."
 To this the queen her just dislike
 expressed :
 "'Tis impious, prince, to harm the
 stranger guest ;
 Base to insult who bears a suppliant's
 name,
 And some respect Telemachus may
 claim.
 What if th' immortals on the man
 bestow
 Sufficient strength to draw the mighty
 bow?

¹ Undertaking.

¹ Here, drunkenness.



Shall I, a queen, by rival chiefs adored,
Accept a wandering stranger for my
lord?

A hope so idle never touched his brain:
Then ease your bosom of a fear so vain.
Far be he banished from this stately
scene

Who wrongs his princess with a thought
so mean."

Eumæus, thus encouraged, hastes to
bring

The strifeful bow, and gives it to the
king.

And now his well-known bow the
master bore,

Turned on all sides, and viewed it o'er
and o'er;

Lest time or worms had done the weapon
wrong,

Its owner absent, and untried so long.
While some deriding — "How he turns
the bow!

Some other like it sure the man must
know,

Or else would copy; or in bows he deals;

Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he
steals."

"Heaven to this wretch," another cried,
"be kind!

And bless, in all to which he stands
inclined,

With such good fortune as he now shall
find."

Heedless he heard them: but dis-
dained reply,

The bow perusing with exactest eye.
Then, as some heavenly minstrel, taught
to sing

High notes responsive to the trembling
string,

To some new strain when he adapts the
lyre,

Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,¹
Relaxes, strains, and draws them to and fro;
So the great master drew the mighty bow:
And drew with ease. One hand aloft
displayed

The bending horns, and one the string
essay'd.

¹ The strings of the harp.

From his essaying hand the string let
fly
Twanged short and sharp like the shrill
swallow's cry.
A general horror ran through all the
race,
Sunk was each heart, and pale was every
face.
Signs from above ensued: th' unfolding
sky
In lightning burst; Jove thundered
from on high.
Fired at the call of Heaven's almighty
Lord,
He snatched the shaft that glittered on
the board:
Fast by, the rest lay sleeping in the
sheath,
But soon to fly, the messengers of death.
Now, sitting as he was, the cord he
drew,
Through every ringlet leveling his view;
Then notched¹ the shaft, released, and
gave it wing;
The whizzing arrow vanished from the
string,
Sung on direct, and threaded every ring.
The solid gate its fury scarcely bounds:
Pierced through and through, the solid
gate resounds.
Then to the prince²: "Nor have I
wrought thee shame;
Nor erred this hand unfaithful to its
aim;

¹ Placed in position to let fly.

² His son, Telemachus.

Nor proved the toil too hard; nor have
I lost
That ancient vigor once my pride and
boast.
Ill I deserved these haughty peers' dis-
dain;
Now let them comfort their dejected
train,
In sweet repast their present hour em-
ploy
Nor wait till evening for the genial joy:
Then to the lute's soft voice prolong the
night;
Music, the banquet's most refined de-
light."
He said, then gave a nod; and at the
word
Telemachus girds on his shining sword.
Fast by his father's side he takes his
stand:
The beamy javelin lightens in his hand.

Study Hints

1. What line of "Argus meets his Master" expresses the pathos of "The Burial of Sir John Moore" (p. 131)?

2. Pope believed that in good poetry "the sound must seem an echo of the sense." Did he practice his theory in his translation of Homer?

3. Compare the return of Ulysses with that of Enoch Arden (p. 295).

4. Can you think of a modern test that would identify a long-lost husband?

5. What lines could easily be illustrated? If you like to draw, illustrate several of them.

Humorous Tales



Tales * which present men and women in amusing or laughable situations are called humorous tales. These form a large body of English literature. In length they range all the way from a few hundred to several thousand words. They are usually characterized by rapid, intense action, leading up to a definite and often surprising climax. The extent to which the author may let his imagination wander in inventing ludicrous situations is almost unlimited. The only requirement in modern times seems to be that no one suffer harm in the action of the tale.

The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County¹

MARK TWAIN * (1835-1910)

["The Celebrated Jumping Frog" is an entirely humorous selection. It gives no picture of life; it teaches no moral. It merely tells a story that is intended to cause good-natured laughter.]

IN COMPLIANCE with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous² old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, *Leonidas W. Smiley*, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W. Smiley* is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that, if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous *Jim Smiley*, and he would go to work and bore me nearly to death with some infernal reminiscence of him as long and tedious as it should be useless

to me. If that was the design, it certainly succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the old, dilapidated tavern in the ancient mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W. Smiley*, — *Reverend Leonidas W. Smiley*, — a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that, if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Reverend *Leonidas W. Smiley*, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat me down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned the initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion

¹From "Sketches New and Old," by Mark Twain. By permission of Harper & Brothers, publishers.

²Talkative.

of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*.¹ To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without ever smiling, was exquisitely absurd. As I said before, I asked him to tell me what he knew of Reverend Leonidas W. Smiley, and he replied as follows. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once:

"There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley, in the winter of '49² — or maybe it was the spring of '50 — I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume³ wasn't finished when he first came to the camp; but anyway, he was the curioest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to be on the other side; and if he couldn't he'd change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit him — any way just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solitary thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there

was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar, to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about there, and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even seen a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would follow that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him* — he would bet on *any* thing — the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better — thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy — and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, 'Well, I'll risk two-and-a-half that she won't, anyway.'

"Thish-yer Smiley had a mare — the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that — and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards to start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust, and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing

¹ Craftiness.

² 1849 was the year when people hurried to California in search of gold. The searchers are still known as "forty-niners."

³ A large trough, usually built of wood and supported on a trestle, to convey water for power or for some other purpose.

and sneezing and blowing her nose — and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cypher it down.

"And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him you'd think he wa'n't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him, he was a different dog; his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson — which was the name of the pup — Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else — and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it — not chew, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door,¹ so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shuckered² out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and

died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius — I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunity to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut — see him turn one summerset, or maybe a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything — and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on the floor — Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog — and sing out, 'Flies, Dan'l, flies!' and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair-and-square jumping

¹ Had him in a tight place. ² Beaten.

on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red.¹ Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywhere, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

"Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says: 'What might it be that you've got in the box?'"

"And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, 'It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—it's only just a frog.'

"And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says: 'H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?'"

"'Well,' Smiley says, easy and careless, 'he's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County.'

"The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, 'Well, I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog.'

"'Maybe you don't,' Smiley says. 'Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you an't only a amateur, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars he can outjump any frog in Calaveras County.'

"And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, 'Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I an't got no frog, but if I had a frog, I'd bet you.'

"And then Smiley says, 'That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog.' And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

"So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says: 'Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his forepaws even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word.' Then he says, 'One—two—three—jump!' and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it want no use—couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

"The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out of the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, 'Well, I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog.'

"Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, 'I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow.' And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up and says, 'Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!' and turned him upside down, and he belched out a

¹ A cent.

double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man — he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And —”

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And, turning to me as he moved away, he said, “Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy — I an’t going to be gone a second.”

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim* Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Reverend *Leonidas W.* Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommended:

“Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn’t have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and —”

“Oh! hang Smiley and his afflicted cow!” I muttered good-naturedly, and, bidding the old gentleman good-day, I departed.

Study Hints

1. Read the other humorous tales in this book: “A Lady Cat goes on a Journey” (below), “The Deacon’s Masterpiece” (p. 136), and “The Diverting History of John Gilpin” (p. 144).

2. In two hundred words describe Smiley. Wherever possible use the same adjectives that Mark Twain does, but, of course, inclose in quotation marks the words that you take from the story.

3. If you can draw well, make a pencil sketch of the two men and the two frogs when Dan’l refused to jump.

4. Are the events told in this story probable, or did the author just imagine them?

5. The word “flume” (p. 160), as used in the story, has different meanings in different parts of the country. What does it mean in your community?

6. Make a list of peculiar words and phrases used in the story.

A Lady Cat goes on a Journey¹

IRVIN S. COBB (1876—)

[A cat, a mischievous small boy, a tin can, a pair of mules, and three or four village characters all more or less commingled, form the material which Mr. Cobb’s sense of humor has woven into this boisterous tale.]

THERE were small, inconsequential stirrings and noises going on,—chimney-swifts² circling and twittering overhead, already concerned with plans for a fall emigration that still was weeks distant; locusts, up in the cottonwoods, like so many little green locksmiths, filing imaginary keys to fit imaginary key holes; a creak of wheels in the alley, growing more distant and fainter; the rich soprano of Aunt Mallie, the cook, softened for a crooned rendition of her favorite hymn, “I’m a’inchin’ along lak a po’ inch worm³”; the querulous gabbling of hens drowsing in the shade; the Buck-a-tuck-a-too of a lordly cock bird in his cote under the stable rafters. But these sounds served to accent the silence rather than to interrupt it. In none of them was there novelty or prospect of diversion.

A new actress appeared upon the scene, to wit, a lean and slinky black lady cat, stepping daintily from picket to picket along the top of the side fence. She dropped lightly to the earth near where the misanthrope⁴ was squatted. He bent a lack-luster eye at her approach; she exercised a long and nervous tail, but neither, by other signs, recognized the other’s presence. This cat was of the type locally known as ash-cats. She had come into the neighborhood during the summer and, for reasons

¹ From “Goin’ on Fourteen,” by Irvin S. Cobb, copyright 1924 by George H. Doran Company.

² Swallow-like birds that build their nests in chimneys.

³ A small worm that moves by continuously doubling on itself.

⁴ One who hates everybody. Here a small boy, the hero of the series of stories from which this one is taken.

unfathomable, had adopted the Custer family. She was credited with high-ratings as a mouse catcher. However, her night-time habits were bad. If let to range, she would prowl under somebody's bedroom window and make social engagements, and if confined indoors she would tour the house and, in a harsh and unhappy voice, would break them. She skirted the vicinity of the sitter, then darted nimbly behind him. A hollow tinkle as of light metalware being mauled about made him lift his head and look behind.

Against the hen-house was a barrel for food scraps. It was newly emptied and scraped — proof that old Mrs. Slop Johnson had today been making her weekly rounds of this part of town; probably it was the wheels of her departing wagon which he just now had heard. At the base of the barrel was one item either overlooked by her or intentionally discarded as being unsuitable for pigs. It was a rather slim, rather deep, tube-shaped tin which originally had contained salmon — he seemed to recall that canned salmon had figured in cold Sunday night's supper at the beginning of the week — and it was with this cylindrical object that the lady puss now busied herself.

She sniffed at the forward end, where the top had been cut across two ways and bent outward in an effect of a four-pointed star. She pawed at it, so that it rolled on its rounded sides. She inserted first one probing foreleg and then the other in the circular bore¹ of it. With her tail whipping in a brisk half-moon, she brought a lean muzzle² repeatedly to the opening, but each time withdrew it before her face entirely was engulfed.

Mildly interested by this peculiar behavior on the part of a cat, the lone onlooker languidly rose and walked rearward and took up the can in his hands

and peered down the blind tunnel of its interior. To the walls adhered shreds of fish and smears of rancid-smelling oil. At the bottom was quite a residue of the pinkish meat. He dropped the thing and immediately she pounced upon it again and resumed her strange behavior. For her the contents must have a great and intense fascination; still, she appeared loath to invade it with her head. Yet, if the spectator might judge, the orifice¹ was amply large to admit her skull, and once the skull had entered, the inclosed tidbits should be within easy reach. Goodness knew, that skinny old neck of hers was plenty long enough — like a giraffe's neck or somethin'. Then why didn't she shove on inside, since such was her ambition?

A partial solution of the puzzle flashed to him. On the occasion lately of a Sunday stroll in the country, his father had elucidated for him certain of the common mysteries of nature. The little lizards that throve so numerously in these parts turned green when they scuttled in the grass and turned back to gray when they raced along the rail fences; that was *protective coloration*. The partridge had plumage to match its feeding place in the weed stubbles. The fly had eyes all over his body and needed them. There was a reason why a cat wore whiskers: when the whisker-ends grazed the inner edges of a hole, the wearer thereby had advice that this particular gap was too small for the passage of its body.

But as he viewed it, this cat craved not to insert her entire person in the salmon tin but merely her head and neck; whence, then, arose her hesitation? As he pondered this mystery a remembrance of another and more recent lesson rose up in his mind. Only the day previous, in a birthday lecture, his mother had said to him that upon entering your teens you should take thought

¹ The hollow of the can.

² Nose.

¹ Opening.

to do kindly and worthy deeds, to be gentle to all harmless wild things, to show consideration for your elders, most of all to help those who strove to help themselves. At the time, the outlined program had not greatly appealed to him; it had been his observation that while benevolent acts might be blessed, they very rarely were followed by any thrilling outcome.

Even so, here was a concrete chance to test out the general plan of it, according to the maternal precept.¹ This cat now was trying to help herself, wasn't she? All right, then, he would help her. He hurried into the house and when he returned brought with him a pair of buttonhole scissors borrowed from his mother's work-basket. In one of his pants pockets was a square of gingerbread lifted from a pantry shelf as he came through on his former journey. He had abstracted it as a matter of routine and habit, but somehow had not wished to eat it. The phenomenon of his not wishing to eat it was one of the things which had made him fear his health must really be indifferent. It now was somewhat moist and crumbly but still intact.

He brought it forth and, stooping, tendered it to the lady cat, at the same time saying, "Kitty, kitty, come on, nice old kitty," in an ingratiating manner. Tabby approached, using caution though, and smelled at the proffered delicacy; but it was a suspicious rather than a hungry smelling. Plainly, she did not care for gingerbread, either. But she lingered on for a brief space and she arched her gaunt spine and — possibly through surprise at evidences of friendliness from this unexpected quarter — she rumbled inside herself somewhere as he put forth a hand and stroked her along the back. Thus with one hand he stroked her and with the other, in quick snips, he sheared off her bristling whiskers

close up to the lips. A curious bare-faced effect was produced, but the denuded creature seemed not to mind this. It might be she was tired of wearing mustaches, anyhow. Just as he had clipped away the last remaining long hair she backed out of detention and went to revisit her alluring find.

Then, at that very instant, the measured baritone symphonies¹ in the pigeon-house changed to an alarmed fluttering and mooring. Perhaps a marauding rat was after the nestlings! If so, here was a fresh and a more congenial opportunity for performing one of those praiseworthy deeds. In his new rôle he ran to climb the loft stairs. But when he arrived the verminous intruder, was there one, had vanished. The squabs all were present and accounted for, and the parents had regained their accustomed calm. Deeply disappointed, the young paladin² descended.

The lady cat was nowhere in sight. The can which so had intrigued her also had disappeared, but he failed to take note of this circumstance as moodily he reseatled himself on the gunwale of the sawdust bed and became again quite the figure of a solitary and brooding melancholiac.³

Tremendous events were impending, indeed already were occurring — events, too, of his own unwitting propulsion — and he in total ignorance of it all. Why, the very beginning of these matters was of a sort which would have lifted him out of his present low state, which would have vibrated him to his youthful marrows. Now this beginning was after this fashion:

The lady cat, as we know, repaired straightway to a designated tin receptacle. This time she pushed her barbered frontlet⁴ directly in, paying no

¹ The cooing of the pigeons.

² A knight; here used humorously.

³ A mournful person.

⁴ Face, muzzle.

¹ Mother's advice.

heed that the indents of the aperture brushed both jowls, but promptly she sought to withdraw. Accounting for this attempted precaution, we may safely assume that instinct, in the absence of the informing antennæ,¹ gave her warning that all, perhaps, would not be so well with her.

Instinct was right; all was not well. The flanges of her jaws caught against the inner projections of the asterisked² opening. In a quick flurry of mounting panic she clawed with a forepaw at the smooth outer surface of the container, which was for her a grievous mistake, although under the circumstances an excusable one. The can turned left, two points, and, because of the conformation of its entry-way, clamped itself as firmly upon her as though it had been an integral part of this cat to begin with.

In that fleeing breath of time all senses of dignity and self-restraint — and cats, in a natural state, have both dignity and poise — left her. She became a convulsed unbalanced thing. Emitting a yowl which was muffled at its source, she rose and arched in a mad bound, presenting the unique spectacle of a distorted snaky black body which terminated headlessly at one extremity in a tubular tin muzzle, and at the other in a tail swollen to four times its proper dimensions, a tail as stiff as a poker — with every separate hair standing stiffly erect on it — really, it was more a chimney-sweep's swab than a poker — with the added bizarre³ touch of a neck-ruff or frill of outjutting metal scallops.

Once, twice, thrice she soared aloft, and the motion of her winnowing pads surrounded her as with a foggy dark blur. Then a primeval impulse, operating even in that preliminary frenzy, bade her start backing — bade her to back and to keep on backing until she

backed out of that horrid helmet, which enveloped her, throat-deep. If the testimony of subsequent eyewitnesses might be accepted, no cat born of cats ever backed more swiftly or covered a greater territory in the same relative space of time than this cat did. On the spot, they awarded her the world's backing-up championship.

First of all, she backed up violently and swiftly until her hind quarters bumped the kitchen steps; thereupon she followed a procedure which, with impromptu variations to suit altered conditions, she followed thereafter. Twisting sidewise as she towered in the air, she slapped with bared talons at the unseen obstacle which had checked her, then sheared off and resumed the retreat, now rising on her rear legs and sparring out with her front paws, now down again on all fours, but always with that grossly fattened tail pointing the line of travel like a bowsprit set on the wrong end of a rudderless craft driven sharply astern.

The comparisons may be confused; but then, so was this cat. Drifting rapidly, she skirted the foundation wall of the kitchen; still going aft,¹ she jibbed² through the side yard, past the house; thence slanted and tacked³ at acute angles across the front yard until she caromed⁴ against a baseboard of the front fence. She jumped high, whirled in midflight, struck out violently, clutched the plank, held fast, mounted a panel by feel, and from its summit threw a magnificent retroflected⁵ somersault into space. She alighted in Locust Street, with all the wide world behind her, sight unseen, for her to back through.

The day, as may have been stated, was warm, unseasonably so, considering that September was well advanced — so warm, in fact, that summer garb and

¹ The whiskers just mentioned.

² Cut into the form of a star.

³ Strange and unusual.

⁴ Backward.

⁵ Moved sidewise.

⁶ Moved back and forth.

⁷ Struck and rebounded.

⁸ Backward.

summer habits held their prolonged and continued sway. At this hour the populace at large dozed in the fag end of the customary siesta.¹ Some folks were coming forth into the glare open — a few whose business brought them — but the town wasn't what you would call fully wide-awake yet. It was not of record that any responsible person beheld the Custer family's vizored lady cat as she progressed — if "progressed" is the right word — for a distance of upwards of a block and a half. Only, nobody at that time and in that town knew them as blocks; they were squares, always. And, for that matter, still are.

We may safely figure that our cat's recession² only began to attract attention and comment when she reached and entered Pettus' lamp store at the intersection of Locust Street and Washington Street, an outpost of the main business district. In the interim we may figure her as going with high velocity along, by alternating spells a living projectile, a blind ungovernable pouncing force, a paroxysm, a seeming violation of all natural and physical laws and, even so, absolutely unobserved. So, then, by leaps and bounds, fleetly yet erratically moving, she brings herself and us to Pettus' corner.

The proprietor, Mr. O. D. D. Pettus, better known as Mr. Odd Pettus, was alone when the interruption came. That is to say, he practically was alone, although we must take into account old Major Lycurgus Connors, snoring peacefully in a chair tilted back against one of the lintels of the open side door where the shade fell against the wall, with his whiskers sprayed out upon his venerable chest and his crutches bestowed across his lap. Mr. Pettus, having concluded his own after-dinner nap, was opening a crate of goods behind a cross-partition to the rear of the establishment.

¹ A rest after lunch.

² Here, backward movement.

The major took his title from a more or less vague claim to service in an earlier war than the one of '61-'65. He left it to be inferred that it was the Mexican War. At any rate, the major bore himself with decidedly the military air, and frequently stated that he would have accepted a commission in the Confederacy also, except that about the time this later war broke out something came up.

His use of crutches was due to a persistent and rather mystifying affliction. More than a year before, Mr. Julius Hagadorn, real-estate-and-insurance-in-all-its-branches, having set out to enroll members for a new fraternal lodge, with sick benefits, death benefits, and a special clause known as the "accident and weekly indemnity providing regular payments during periods of total or partial incapacity clause," had solicited Major Connors, regarding him, by reason of his sedentary habits,¹ as a preferred risk, if ever there had been one. The veteran listened to argument and signed up and, producing capital from some unknown source, paid the initiation fee and first year's dues in advance.

By a curious coincidence, in the very next week following, and while he was, as he said, engaged in splitting kindling wood, he struck himself on his right ankle with the butt of a heavy ax. It was a surprise for many when they learned that Major Connors ever stooped to splitting kindling wood so long as his unmarried daughter, with whom he resided, kept her health and strength; however, that was aside from the question.

Superficially, the wound in due time healed, but the victim remained disabled. Let the examining physician for the society think what he pleased — it was his, the major's, own leg, wasn't it? Well, then, wasn't he the best judge of what kind of a fix it was in? Personally

¹ Custom of sitting a great deal.

he was of the opinion that the original injury had caused some of the more important leaders¹ to draw. He could touch the foot to the earth, tenderly, but, without artificial props, couldn't walk a step on it. So he went thereafter on crutches and regularly drew down his twelve dollars and a half a week and, as between him and Mr. Hagadorn, relations had become permanently strained.

Only a little while before, the latter, returning to his office upstairs over Roundtree's drug store after a refreshing forty winks at home, had, with a hostile eye, observed the ancient propped alongside Pettus' door diagonally across the way, there enjoying the unruffled rest of one who is in receipt of a steady and a guaranteed income, and pausing before he mounted the steps, had said to himself: "Look at him, will you? Just look a'yonder at him, I ask you. Well, I bet I catch him off his guard yet, see if I don't — the dad-burned old fraud!"

The first suspicion Mr. Pettus had that anything out of the ordinary impended came, as he himself stated later, when he heard — but let us give his own stirring description in his own graphic words:

"All of a sudden there was a kind of a scrambling, scrabbling sound out front, like as if something alive was spinning around out there, and then a showcase breaking and things beginning to smash off the shelves. Only, these sounds didn't seem to be coming separately — not in succession, I mean. It was more like as if they all happened, as you might say, right together, or anyways so close together that you couldn't scarcely pick out one from the other.

"So, naturally, with that I came running out from behind to see what was the matter, and I never had such a jolt in my life. Something or other — it was moving so fast I couldn't make out then

what it was, but it was about two feet long, more or less, and it was covered all over with stiff black hair and it was screeching and spitting all the time in a curious kind of a choked-up way, and it had about ten or twelve legs, seemed like, or maybe more, and there was a funny-looking kind of a fancy tinware coupling capped onto one end or the other of it, but which I couldn't tell, not at first, but I did in a minute — well, anyhow, this here crazy whatyoumaycallum was going like a streak of greased lightning along that further shelf yonder, stripping it bare as it went and knocking brand new coal-oil¹ lamps every which-a-way.

"Don't ask me where it came from, or what it was aiming to do, if anything, by cutting up all those didoes, or whatever possessed it to pick out that shelf to swarm up on, or even how it got up there in the first place, because I can't tell you any one of those things. But I can tell you how it got down, because I saw that part myself. When it got through cleaning off that shelf its entire length — with me standing there, as you might say, just so absolutely dumb-founded I couldn't make a move — why, about that time it butted into a cross-brace, and with that it seemed to sort of hunch up and right quick stretch out again, same as a chunk of rubber, and next minute it'd fell out and landed on top of that other showcase and cracked it across the top, too, and then dove off of there and lit on the floor and capered round a little bit more in a kind of a general direction, as you might say.

"Then it seemed to get organized and skedaddled out of the side door, tail first, like a crawfish² — only no crawfish ever traveled as fast as this varmint³ did

¹ In many parts of the United States kerosene is called coal oil.

² It is said that the crawfish crawls backward.

³ A pronunciation of the word "vermin." In many parts of America small wild animals are called "varmints."

¹ A common rural name for ligaments or tendons.

—and was gone like a flash; and me left here with my mouth hanging wide open, and up to my knee joints, pretty near it, in ruin and destruction. The whole thing happened so quick that if it hadn't 'a' been for this here mess of busted lamps and smashed lamp chimneys all over the floor and the holes in both them showcases and all, I could almost 'a' sworn it was a dream, I could so. . . . And, oh yes, then, the next thing, old Connors was letting out the blamest squall ever you heard in your born life. It seems he hadn't waked up till then — just snoozed along right through all that excitement and racket. How he did it, though, beats me!"

He didn't. As a matter of truth, the cripple already was rousing, even before the assailant backed under his chair and rose between his knees. His sound somnambulence¹ slowly capitulated to the crashing tumult behind him. Fretfully he raised a drowsy eyelid, then stretched it and its mate in a demoniac glare. It was not well that any aged man rudely should be summoned from the depths of peaceful sleep to be attacked, on no provocation, by such an incredible apparition. The major was well acquainted with cats, and naturally he knew tin cans, but this thing that was part of it can and the rest of it cat — this masquerading monstrosity which came hurtling up under his whiskers and affixed itself to his shirt front and set sharp claws in him — this was too much. With a shriek of horror and the words, "Great Gawd Ermighty, let loose o' me!" he plucked the clinging hybrid from his bosom and cast it afar and, with one splendid spring, reached the edge of the sidewalk.

Mr. Hagadorn, himself profoundly startled, hurried to his front window at exactly the peak moment for beholding Major Connors when that gentleman,

having run a few paces briskly, recovered himself and dashed back and with a right goodly swing of a good right leg aimed to kick at the recoiling enemy as swiftly it retrograded past the flank of the Pettus building and was gone. Up to the hour of his demise,¹ which occurred some years later, the old warrior nourished for all cats a deep hatred which dated from one memorable September day. People knew it must date from this day because this also was the day when his disability payments ceased. With gladness in his heart Mr. Hagadorn attended to the latter detail.

From this point, namely, Pettus' store, the masked Custer cat was seen no more until she reappeared over on Oak Street on the other side of the square, which was where the meeting with Mrs. Slop Johnson occurred. Before this, though, she must have traversed a stretch of fully three hundred feet. There was a theory, set up afterwards, that she backed the entire length of Farrell Brothers' livery stable and, emerging by its rear exit, crossed an intervening vacant lot alongside the Cumberland Presbyterian parsonage and either penetrated or scaled a billboard standing at the pavement line of the thoroughfare; but since this lacked confirmation from any reliable source, it remained a theory, although a plausible one. The provable fact was that, not giving notice, she launched herself, with apparent felonious intent, straight at Mrs. Slop Johnson's head just as that elderly lady issued from the parsonage gate carrying a heavy and dripping wooden bucket in either hand.

A word explanatory here is needed as to the personality of Mrs. Slop Johnson and her calling. Her first name, which she herself did not use but nearly everybody else did, was derived from the trade

¹ Sleepiness.

¹ Death.

she followed. In the final quarter of the century last past she constituted the nearest approach to a dependable sanitary department that this town knew. Her mission in life was raising hogs. To provide them with sustenance she toured the community, acquiring the table leavings which grateful housekeepers had saved up for her, and bore them away to her populous sties in the hollow below the old Government Barracks. All things that were to pigs edible she collected. Single-handed she diligently pursued this life work of hers. Mrs. Slop Johnson was by way of being a social recluse, anyhow. We need not dwell on that point; it is obvious.

The day's doings were well along; the regular clientele had been visited at their homes. A battery of eight barrels, mounted and wedged in a double row upon the bed of her rickety wagon, were filled almost but not quite to the overflowing measure. These were tight barrels but they lacked heads or covers to them. She would add the offerings from the parsonage kitchen and then, well content and with a brimming load, would drive her team homeward. This was her intention until something interposed.

Once already, some hours earlier, Mrs. Johnson had encountered a certain salmon can. Any impression it then made upon her mind had been but a passing one. She was not prepared to encounter it again, and still less prepared to find it traveling now in the company of a strange four-legged furry black creature, as a crown for the rearward-turned prow of that creature. Least of all was she prepared to dodge it as, legged, bodied, tailed, and endowed with vigorous life, it sped toward her, seeming to catapult right off or right through the ragged face of the boardings which fronted the vacant lot next door to where the Cumberland Presbyterian pastor lived. She dodged, though. One in-

stant she was looking idly up from below at a faded poster of the John Robinson circus: the next she was dodging.

On past her, beyond the gutter, two stout mules stood with sprung¹ front knees and heads down and hides flinching against the pestersome flies. It was the near² mule that chiefly suffered by reason of the ensuing complication. Put yourself in that mule's place and then ask yourself whether you are one to judge him harshly. Suppose you were a mule, a mule feeling in tune with a placid and harmonious world and drowsy besides, and all of a sudden, with no warning whatsoever, a swirling, boxing, daunting, strange, dark animal with a bright circlet freakishly inclosing its head, and accompanied by a sharp metallic clattering, descended out of nowhere between your hind legs and instantly climbed up one of those legs, sinking sharp claws into you and uttering fierce stifled outcries as it climbed. What would you do? Yes? Well, that is precisely what this other mule did. And, perhaps through sympathy, his team brother went along with him.

First, though, the bedeviled near mule, being a true mule, must kick up behind with all his might and main; and the foe which has so affrighted him and now so painfully plagues him goes floating swiftly away on an involuntary air journey of approximately forty feet. It strikes on the hard roadway, tinned end first, and under such impact the battered can splits open along the side seam, and its recent captive, once more freed and unhooded, and, despite all that she had gone through and up against, not physically disabled — as the reader will be glad to learn — but, of course, nervously much shaken, darts into a handy weed patch and vanishes out of our view and this chapter.

¹ Bent, the result of strains due to hard work.

² A rural term for the left-hand animal.

Study Hints

1. Read "The Celebrated Jumping Frog" (p. 159), "The Deacon's Masterpiece" (p. 136), and "The Diverting History of John Gilpin" (p. 144). They are humorous tales.

2. Do you find humorous elements in "Gideon" (p. 378) and in "Samson" (p. 379)?

3. If you like to draw, illustrate one of the following sentences:

a. "She dropped lightly to the earth near where the misanthrope was squatted."

b. "She inserted first one probing foreleg . . . in the circular bore of it."

c. "He . . . tendered it to the lady cat."

d. " . . . she soared aloft."

e. "It strikes on the hard roadway, tinned end first."

4. Write a conversation that might have taken place between Major Connors and Mr. Hagadorn when they first met after the major's experience with the cat.

5. What is the point of most intense interest in the story?

Metrical Romance



The Lady of the Lake

SIR WALTER SCOTT* (1771-1832)

["The Lady of the Lake" is a romance.* It is a story of a wandering knight and a beautiful maiden, of fairy music, of prophetic visions and an enchanted ring, of lonely vigils in dreary mountain passes, of hunting, of love, and of war. Since the story is told in verse, it is a *metrical romance*. ("Kidnapped" (p. 1) is a prose romance.)

The action of the poem takes place in that part of Scotland where the Lowlands* and the Highlands* meet. This district, a frontier between two groups of hostile peoples, is itself interesting. On the one side are the fertile fields, gently sloping hills, and rich pastures of the Lowlands. On the other are the mountains of the Highlands, broken by steep valleys and covered with forests or forming wild open slopes called heaths. In olden times the Lowlanders differed greatly from the Highlanders in appearance and in customs, in the clothing they wore, and in the language they spoke. Some of the differences persist to the present time. In the times of which this poem tells, both Highlanders and Lowlanders lived partly by hunting, partly by raiding and plundering their neighbors. In general, however, the Lowlanders depended far more upon farming than the Highlanders did.

At sunrise on a beautiful summer morning a Lowland hunting party roused a splendid stag in a glen on the border of the Highlands. Throughout the morning they pursued him over heaths and across rivers and mountain brooks. Before noon many of the hunters had given up the pursuit; but the stag kept on; and the strongest of the party followed. By sunset one lone huntsman and his two black stag-hounds still followed the chase. He could see the deer not far away, with the dogs gaining on him. With whip and spur the rider urged on his tired horse. Seeing a steep cliff ahead, he was sure he had at last

cornered the game, and drew his hunting sword (whinyard) in order to kill it. The wily stag, however, turned swiftly away from the cliff, slipped past the dogs, and bounded into a rocky ravine matted with underbrush, through which a horse could not follow.

At this moment the weary horse stumbled and fell dead. The rider accordingly called off the dogs and climbed a steep cliff, hoping to get his bearings before he was overtaken by darkness, for he had been carried by the hunt into a wild, lonely country where he was a stranger. From the top of the cliff he gained a beautiful view of forest-clad mountains, valleys already in twilight, and a blue lake with a wooded island in it; but he saw no sign of road or path, nor any landmark by which he could find his way. He blew his horn, hoping to attract some member of his party. None came, but—read the poem and see what happened at the blast of the hunter's horn.

Read it for fun. To get the most enjoyment read it slowly, *aloud*. In doing so you will find places where Scott makes the words sing; and this music tells you more than the words read silently can do. Also you will find places where the author uses words to paint pictures. Some of you will be specially interested in finding how Scott uses words to make you see the colors and shapes of things, such as wild flowers, trees, and mountains; others will be delighted with the music in Scott's poetry, in the way he uses words to convey sound and motion, the wind in the trees and the sweep of the oars as the war boat moves down the lake; and still others may find great pleasure in the short songs that are scattered throughout the poem.

Read the poem, also, to become acquainted with the characters. You will be sure to find

someone in the group — either the lovely Ellen, the fierce and fearless Sir Roderick, the courageous Malcolm, the loyal Douglas, or the great Commons' King — that you will want for a friend. Read it, also, to become acquainted with the author, Sir Walter Scott, one of the manliest men of the English race.]

CANTO FIRST

The Chase

HARP¹ of the North! that moldering
long hast hung

On the witch-elm² that shades Saint
Fillan's³ spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers
flung,

Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every
string, —

O Minstrel Harp, still must thine accents
sleep?

Mid rustling leaves and fountains
murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their
silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a
maid to weep?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,*
Was thy voice mute amid the festal
crowd,
When lay⁴ of hopeless love, or glory won,
Aroused the fearful or subdued the
proud.

At each according pause⁵ was heard
aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!
Fair dames and crested chiefs atten-
tion bowed;

For still the burden of thy minstrelsy
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and
Beauty's matchless eye.

¹ Here, the spirit of Scottish poetry.

² Wych-elm, a species of tree common in Scotland.

³ For the names of places found in this poem not marked with an asterisk, see the map on the inside back cover. ⁴ Song.

⁵ An interruption of the singing during which the people heard the harp.

O, wake once more! how rude soe'er the
hand

That ventures o'er thy magic maze to
stray;

O, wake once more! though scarce my
skill command

Some feeble echoing of thine earlier
lay:

Though harsh and faint, and soon to
die away,

And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its
sway,

The wizard note has not been touched
in vain.

Then silent be no more! Enchantress,
wake again!

I

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's
rill,

And deep his midnight lair had made

In lone Glenartney's hazel shade;

But, when the sun his beacon red

Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,

The deep-mouthed¹ bloodhound's heavy
bay

Resounded up the rocky way,

And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

II

As Chief,² who hears his warder³ call,
"To arms! the foemen storm the wall,"

The antlered monarch of the waste

Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.

But ere his fleet career he took,

The dewdrops from his flanks he shook;

¹ In this line the words imitate the bay of the hounds. Such fitting of the sound to the sense is common in Scott's poetry.

² Note how comparing the stag's alarm to a general's springing out of bed adds vividness to the picture and spirit to the poetry. Such a comparison of things which are similar in one or more respects is called simile. You will find many similes in this poem.

³ Sentinel.

Like crested leader proud and high
Tossed his beamed frontlet¹ to the
sky ;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment listened to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh ;
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave² bound the copse³ he
cleared,
And, stretching forward free and far,⁴
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

III

Yelled on the view the opening⁵ pack ;
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them
back ;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
A hundred voices joined the shout ;
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cowered the doe,
The falcon, from her cairn⁶ on high,
Cast on the rout⁷ a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken⁸
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint, and more faint, its failing din
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,⁹
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

¹ Antlered head. The main stem of a stag's antler is called the beam.

² Splendid.

³ A clump of shrubs or trees. In this poem "copse" usually means a clump of hazel bushes.

⁴ In this line three words begin with *f*. Beginning two or more words in the same line with a similar sound is called alliteration. Scott used the device frequently.

⁵ Yelping at the sight of the game.

⁶ A rough pile of stones placed as a marker ; here, probably, a projecting crag.

⁷ Noisy crowd.

⁸ Sight.

⁹ Here, a precipice.

IV

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war
Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern where, 'tis told,
A giant made his den of old ;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in his pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stayed perforce,
Was fain to breathe¹ his faltering horse,
And of the trackers of the deer
Scarce half the lessening pack was near ;
So shrewdly² on the mountain side
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

V

The noble stag was pausing now
Upon the mountain's southern brow,
Where broad extended, far beneath,
The varied realms of fair Menteith.
With anxious eye he wandered o'er
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
And pondered refuge from his toil,
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
But nearer was the copsewood gray
That waved and wept on Loch³ Achray,
And mingled with the pine trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Benvenue.
Fresh vigor with the hope returned,
With flying foot the heath he spurned,
Held westward with unwearied race,
And left behind the panting chase.

VI

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,⁴
As swept the hunt through Cambusmore ;
What reins were tightened in despair,
When rose Benledi's ridge in air ;
Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
Who shunned to stem⁵ the flooded Teith ;
For twice that day, from shore to shore,
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.
Few were the stragglers, following far,
That reached the lake of Vennachar ;
And when the Brigg⁶ of Turk was won,
The headmost horseman rode alone.

¹ Glad to rest.

² Severely.

³ Lake.

⁴ Dropped out.

⁵ Here, try to cross.

⁶ Bridge.



VII

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
 That horseman plied the scourge and
 steel;¹
 For jaded now, and spent with toil,
 Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,
 While every gasp with sobs he drew,
 The laboring stag strained full in view.
 Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
 Unmatched for courage, breath, and
 speed,
 Fast on his flying traces came,
 And all but won that desperate game;
 For, scarce a spear's length from his
 haunch,
 Vindictive toiled the bloodhounds
 stanch;
 Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
 Nor farther might the quarry strain.
 Thus up the margin of the lake,
 Between the precipice and brake,²
 O'er stock³ and rock their race they take.

¹ Whip and spur.² Dense thicket.³ Stumps, etc.

VIII

The Hunter marked that mountain high,
 The lone lake's western boundary,
 And deemed the stag must turn to bay,
 Where that huge rampart barred the way;
 Already glorying in the prize,
 Measured his antlers with his eyes;
 For the death wound and death halloo,
 Mustered his breath, his whinyard¹
 drew;
 But thundering as he came prepared,
 With ready arm and weapon bared,
 The wily quarry shunned the shock,
 And turned him from the opposing rock;
 Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
 Soon lost to hound and Hunter's ken,
 In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook
 His solitary refuge took.
 There, while close couched, the thicket
 shed
 Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,
 He heard the baffled dogs in vain
 Rave through the hollow pass amain,
 Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

¹ Short sword.

IX

Close on the hounds the Hunter came,
 To cheer them on the vanished game;
 But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
 The gallant horse exhausted fell.
 The impatient rider strove in vain
 To rouse him with his spur and rein,
 For the good steed, his labors o'er,
 Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more;
 Then, touched with pity and remorse,
 He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse.
 "I little thought, when first thy rein
 I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
 That Highland * eagle e'er should feed
 On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!
 Woe worth¹ the chase, woe worth the
 day,
 That costs thy life, my gallant gray!"

X

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
 From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
 Back limped, with slow and crippled
 pace,
 The sulky leaders of the chase;
 Close to their master's side they pressed,
 With drooping tail and humbled crest;
 But still the dingle's² hollow throat
 Prolonged the swelling bugle note.
 The owlets started from their dream,
 The eagles answered with their scream,
 Round and around the sounds were cast
 Till echo seemed an answering blast;
 And on the Hunter hied his way,
 To join some comrades of the day;
 Yet often paused, so strange the road,
 And wondrous were the scenes it showed.

XI

The western waves³ of ebbing day
 Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
 Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
 Was bathed in floods of living fire.

¹ Be to.

² Small valley's.

³ Light. Note how the poet carries on the idea that light is liquid in the words "ebbing," "rolled," "bathed," "floods."

But not a setting beam could glow
 Within the dark ravines below,
 Where twined the path in shadow hid,
 Round many a rocky pyramid,
 Shooting abruptly from the dell
 Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
 Round many an insulated¹ mass,
 The native bulwarks of the pass,
 Huge as the tower² which builders vain
 Presumptuous piled on Shinar's* plain.
 The rocky summits, split and rent,
 Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
 Or seemed fantastically set
 With cupola³ or minaret,⁴
 Wild crests as pagod⁵ ever decked,
 Or mosque of Eastern architect.
 Nor were these earthborn castles bare,
 Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
 For, from their shivered brows displayed,
 Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
 All twinkling with the dewdrop sheen,⁶
 The brier rose fell in streamers green,
 And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes
 Waved in the west wind's summer sighs.

XII

Boon⁷ nature scattered, free and wild,
 Each plant or flower, the mountain's
 child.
 Here eglantine embalmed the air,
 Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
 The primrose pale and violet flower
 Found in each clift a narrow bower;
 Foxglove and nightshade, side by side,
 Emblems of punishment and pride,
 Grouped their dark hues with every
 stain
 The weather-beaten crags retain.
 With boughs that quaked at every
 breath,
 Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;
 Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
 Cast anchor in the rifted rock;

¹ Standing alone.

² A short tower, a dome.

³ Tower of Babel*.

⁴ A slender tower.

⁵ Pagoda, a Chinese temple of peculiar tower-like construction.

⁶ The glitter of dewdrops.

⁷ Kind.

And, higher yet, the pine tree hung
 His shattered trunk, and frequent¹ flung,
 Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
 His boughs athwart the narrowed sky.
 Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
 Where glistening streamers waved and
 danced,
 The wanderer's eye could barely view
 The summer heaven's delicious blue;
 So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
 The scenery of a fairy dream.

XIII

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
 A narrow inlet, still and deep,
 Affording scarce such breadth of brim
 As served the wild duck's brood to swim.
 Lost for a space, through thickets veer-
 ing,²

But broader when again appearing,
 Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
 Could on the dark-blue mirror trace;
 And farther as the Hunter strayed,
 Still broader sweep its channel made.
 The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
 Emerging from the tangled wood,
 But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,
 Like castle girdled with its moat;
 Yet broader floods extending still
 Divide them from their parent hill,
 Till each, retiring, claims to be
 An islet in an inland sea.

XIV

And now, to issue³ from the glen,
 No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
 Unless he climb, with footing nice,⁴
 A far projecting precipice.
 The broom's⁵ tough roots his ladder
 made,
 The hazel saplings lent their aid;
 And thus an airy point he won,
 Where, gleaming with the setting sun,

One burnished sheet of living gold,
 Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled,
 In all her length far winding lay,
 With promontory, creek, and bay,
 And islands that, empurpled bright,
 Floated amid the livelier light,
 And mountains, that like giants stand,
 To sentinel enchanted land.
 High on the south, huge Benvenue
 Down on the lake in masses threw
 Craggs, knolls, and mounds, confusedly
 hurled,
 The fragments of an earlier world;
 A wildering forest feathered o'er
 His ruined sides and summit hoar,
 While on the north, through middle air,
 Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

XV

From the steep promontory gazed
 The stranger, raptured and amazed;
 And, "What a scene were here," he
 cried,
 "For princely pomp, or churchman's
 pride!"¹
 On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
 In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
 On yonder meadow, far away,
 The turrets of a cloister gray;
 How blithely might the bugle horn
 Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!
 How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute
 Chime, when the groves were still and
 mute!
 And, when the midnight moon should
 lave
 Her forehead in the silver wave,
 How solemn on the ear would come
 The holy matins'² distant hum,
 While the deep peal's commanding tone
 Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
 A sainted hermit from his cell,
 To drop a bead with every knell!
 And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
 Should each bewildered stranger call
 To friendly feast and lighted hall.

¹ Thickly.³ Come out.² Curving.⁴ Exact.⁵ A wild shrub with many long, slender branches.¹ For a castle or a church.² Morning prayers'.

XVI

"Blithe¹ were it then to wander here!
But now — beshrew² yon nimble deer —
Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,³
The copse must give my evening fare;
Some mossy bank my couch must be,
Some rustling oak my canopy.
Yet pass⁴ we that; the war and chase
Give little choice of resting place;
A summer night in greenwood spent
Were but to-morrow's merriment:
But hosts may in these wilds abound,
Such as are better missed than found;
To meet with Highland* plunderers
here
Were worse than loss of steed or deer.
I am alone; my bugle strain
May call some straggler of the train;
Or, fall the worst that may betide,
Ere now this falchion⁵ has been tried."

XVII

But scarce again his horn he wound,⁶
When lo! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow twig to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touched this silver strand
Just as the Hunter left his stand,
And stood concealed amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.
With head upraised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,

¹ Cheerful.

² Curse.

³ Meager.

⁴ Overlook.

⁵ Sword.

⁶ Blew.

In listening mood, she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.¹

XVIII

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph,* a Naiad,* or a Grace,*
Of finer form or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow:
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace,
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath flower dashed the
dew:

E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there
hung

The accents of the mountain tongue,
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear!

XIX

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her satin snood,² her silken plaid,³
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair
Mantled a plaid with modest care,
And never brooch the folds combined
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;

¹ The last six lines of this stanza are one of Scott's famous descriptions. An artist could paint the girl after reading the lines.

² A ribbon used to bind the hair, worn only by unmarried girls.

³ A rectangular garment or cloth usually woven of cross-barred stripes of various colors, and worn by both sexes. Each clan had a special pattern, or tartan.

Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
 Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
 Than every freeborn glance confessed
 The guileless movements of her breast;
 Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
 Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,
 Or filial love was glowing there,
 Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
 Or tale of injury called forth
 The indignant spirit of the North.
 One only passion unrevealed,
 With maiden pride the maid concealed,
 Yet not less purely felt the flame;
 Oh! need I tell that passion's name?

XX

Impatient of the silent horn,
 Now on the gale her voice was borne:
 "Father!" she cried; the rocks around
 Loved to prolong the gentle sound.
 Awhile she paused, no answer came;
 "Malcolm, was thine the blast?" The
 name
 Less resolutely uttered fell,
 The echoes could not catch the swell.
 "A stranger I," the Huntsman said,
 Advancing from the hazel shade.
 The maid, alarmed, with hasty oar,
 Pushed her light shallop¹ from the shore,
 And when a space was gained between,
 Closer she drew her bosom's screen;
 (So forth the startled swan would swing,
 So turn to prune his ruffled wing.)
 Then safe, though fluttered and amazed,
 She paused, and on the stranger gazed.
 Not his the form, nor his the eye,
 That youthful maidens wont to fly.

XXI

On his bold visage middle age
 Had slightly pressed its signet sage,²
 Yet had not quenched the open truth
 And fiery vehemence of youth;
 Forward and frolic glee was there,
 The will to do, the soul to dare,
 The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire,
 Of hasty love or headlong ire.

¹ Small boat.² Stamp of wisdom that comes with age.

His limbs were cast in manly mold
 For hardy sports or contest bold;
 And though in peaceful garb arrayed,
 And weaponless except his blade,
 His stately mien as well implied
 A highborn heart, a martial pride,
 As if a baron's crest he wore,
 And sheathed in armor trod the shore.
 Slighting the petty need he showed,
 He told of his benighted road;
 His ready speech flowed fair and free,
 In phrase of gentlest courtesy,
 Yet seemed that tone and gesture bland
 Less used to sue than to command.

XXII

Awhile the maid the stranger eyed,
 And, reassured, at length replied,
 That Highland halls were open still
 To wildered wanderers of the hill.
 "Nor think you unexpected come
 To yon lone isle, our desert home;
 Before the heath had lost the dew,
 This morn, a couch¹ was pulled for you;
 On yonder mountain's purple head
 Have ptarmigan² and heath-cock bled,
 And our broad nets have swept the mere,³
 To furnish forth your evening cheer."⁴
 "Now, by the rood,⁵ my lovely maid,
 Your courtesy has erred," he said;
 "No right have I to claim, misplaced,
 The welcome of expected guest.
 A wanderer, here by fortune tossed,
 My way, my friends, my courser lost,
 I ne'er before, believe me, fair,
 Have ever drawn your mountain air,
 Till on this lake's romantic strand
 I found a fay⁶ in fairyland!"

XXIII

"I well believe," the maid replied,
 As her light skiff approached the side,—
 "I well believe, that ne'er before
 Your foot has trod Loch Katrine's shore;

¹ Freshly pulled heather was the most luxurious bed a Highlander knew.² A European game bird.³ Lake.⁴ Food.⁵ Cross.⁶ Fairy.

But yet, as far as yesternight,
 Old Allan-Bane foretold your plight, —
 A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
 Was on the visioned future¹ bent.
 He saw your steed, a dappled gray,
 Lie dead beneath the birchen way;
 Painted exact-your form and mien,
 Your hunting suit of Lincoln green,²
 That tasseled horn so gayly gilt,
 That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,
 That cap with heron plumage trim,
 And yon two hounds so dark and grim.
 He bade that all should ready be
 To grace a guest of fair degree;
 But light I held his prophecy,
 And deemed it was my father's horn
 Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne."

XXIV

The stranger smiled: "Since to your
 home
 A destined errant knight³ I come,
 Announced by prophet sooth⁴ and old,
 Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold,
 I'll lightly front⁵ each high emprise⁶
 For one kind glance of those bright
 eyes.
 Permit me first the task to guide
 Your fairy frigate o'er the tide."
 The maid, with smile suppressed and sly,
 The toil unwonted saw him try;
 For seldom, sure, if e'er before,
 His noble hand had grasped an oar:
 Yet with main strength his strokes he
 drew,
 And o'er the lake the shallop flew;
 With heads erect and whimpering cry,
 The hounds behind their passage ply.
 Nor frequent does the bright oar break
 The darkening mirror of the lake,
 Until the rocky isle they reach,
 And moor their shallop on the beach.

¹ Among the Highlanders certain persons were supposed to be able to see into the future.

² A cloth made in Lincoln, England. Since it was the color of the foliage, it was much used for hunting suits.

³ A knight wandering in search of adventure.

⁴ True.

⁵ Face.

⁶ Adventure.

XXV

The stranger viewed the shore around:
 'Twas all so close with copsewood bound,
 Nor track nor pathway might declare
 That human foot frequented there,
 Until the mountain maiden showed
 A clambering unsuspected road,
 That winded through the tangled screen,
 And opened on a narrow green,
 Where weeping birch and willow round
 With their long fibers swept the ground.
 Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
 Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

XXVI

It was a lodge of ample size,
 But strange of structure and device;
 Of such materials as around
 The workman's hand had readiest found.
 Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks
 bared,
 And by the hatchet rudely squared,
 To give the walls their destined height,
 The sturdy oak and ash unite;
 While moss and clay and leaves com-
 bined
 To fence each crevice from the wind.
 The lighter pine trees overhead
 Their slender length for rafters spread,
 And withered heath and rushes dry
 Supplied a russet canopy.
 Due westward, fronting to the green,
 A rural portico was seen,
 Aloft on native pillars borne,
 Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,
 Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
 The ivy and Idæan vine,¹
 The clematis, the favored flower
 Which boasts the name of virgin bower,
 And every hardy plant could bear
 Loch Katrine's keen and searching air.
 An instant in this porch she stayed,
 And gayly to the stranger said,
 "On Heaven and on thy Lady call,
 And enter the enchanted hall!"

¹ Like those on Mt. Ida, in classic mythology, — a vine-covered mountain on a Mediterranean island.

XXVII

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must
be,

My gentle guide, in following thee."

He crossed the threshold — and a clang
Of angry steel that instant rang.

To his bold brow his spirit rushed,
But soon for vain alarm he blushed,
When on the floor he saw displayed,
Cause of the din, a naked blade
Dropped from the sheath, that careless
flung,

Upon a stag's huge antlers swung ;
For all around, the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase :
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle-ax, a hunting spear,
And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
With the tusked trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died,
And there the wildcat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns ;
Pennons and flags defaced and stained,
That blackening streaks of blood re-
tained,
And deerskins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otter's fur and seal's unite,
In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
To garnish forth the sylvan hall.

XXVIII

The wondering stranger round him gazed,
And next the fallen weapon raised :
Few were the arms whose sinewy strength
Sufficed to stretch it forth at length :

And as the brand¹ he poised and swayed,
"I never knew but one," he said,

"Whose stalwart arm might brook² to
wield

A blade like this in battlefield."

She sighed, then smiled and took the
word :

"You see the guardian champion's
sword ;

As light it trembles in his hand,
As in my grasp a hazel wand ;
My sire's tall form might grace the part
Of Ferragus, or Ascabart ;
But in the absent giant's hold¹
Are women now, and menials old."

XXIX

The mistress of the mansion came,
Mature of age, a graceful dame ;
Whose easy step and stately port²
Had well become a princely court,
To whom, though more than kindred
knew,³

Young Ellen gave a mother's due.
Meet welcome to her guest she made,
And every courteous rite was paid
That hospitality could claim,
Though all unasked⁴ his birth and name.
Such then the reverence to a guest,
That fellest foe might join the feast,
And from his deadliest foeman's door
Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er.
At length his rank the stranger names,
"The Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-
James ;

Lord of a barren heritage,
Which his brave sires, from age to age,
By their good swords had held with toil ;
His sire had fallen in such turmoil,
And he, God wot,⁵ was forced to stand
Oft for his right with blade in hand.
This morning with Lord Moray's train
He chased a stalwart stag in vain,
Outstripped his comrades, missed the
deer,
Lost his good steed, and wandered here."

XXX

Fain would the Knight in turn require
The name and state of Ellen's sire.
Well showed the elder lady's mien
That courts and cities she had seen ;
Ellen, though more her looks displayed
The simple grace of sylvan maid,

¹ Castle.

² Bearing.

³ Though more than relationship required.

⁴ Highland custom forbade asking name or clan.

⁵ Knows.

¹ A long sword. "Brand" was a favorite word
with Scott. Note its recurrence throughout
the poem.

² Endure.

In speech and gesture, form and face,
Showed she was come of gentle race.
'Twere strange in ruder rank to find
Such looks, such manners, and such
mind.

Each hint the Knight of Snowdoun gave,
Dame Margaret heard with silence
grave;

Or Ellen, innocently gay,
Turned all inquiry light away:

"Weird women¹ we! by dale and
down²

We dwell, afar from tower and town.
We stem the flood, we ride the blast,
On wandering knights our spells we cast;
While viewless minstrels touch the
string,

'Tis thus our charmèd rimes we sing."
She sung, and still a harp unseen
Filled up the symphony between.

XXXI

SONG

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not break-
ing:

Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,

Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang or war steed champ-
ing,
Trump nor pibroch³ summon here

Mustering clan or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill life may come

At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,

Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,

¹ Witches.

² Valley and hill.

³ A war tune played on the bagpipe.

Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war steed's neigh and champ-
ing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping."

XXXII

She paused, — then, blushing, led the lay,
To grace the stranger of the day.
Her mellow notes awhile prolong
The cadence of the flowing song,
Till to her lips in measured frame
The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

SONG (CONTINUED)

"Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillé.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done;
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye
Here no bugles sound reveillé."

XXXIII

The hall was cleared — the stranger's bed
Was there of mountain heather spread,
Where oft a hundred guests had lain,
And dreamed their forest sports again.
But vainly did the heath flower shed
Its moorland fragrance round his head;
Not Ellen's spell had lulled to rest
The fever of his troubled breast.
In broken dreams the image rose
Of varied perils, pains, and woes:
His steed now flounders in the brake,
Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
Now leader of a broken host,
His standard falls, his honor's lost.
Then — from my couch may heavenly
might
Chase that worse phantom of the
night! —

Again returned the scenes of youth,
Of confident, undoubting truth;

Again his soul he interchanged
With friends whose hearts were long
estranged.

They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday.
And doubt distracts him at the view —
Oh, were his senses false or true?
Dreamed he of death or broken vow,
Or is it all a vision now?

XXXIV

At length, with Ellen in a grove
He seemed to walk and speak of love;
She listened with a blush and sigh,
His suit was warm, his hopes were high.
He sought her yielded hand to clasp,
And a cold gauntlet¹ met his grasp:
The phantom's sex was changed and
gone,

Upon its head a helmet shone;
Slowly enlarged to giant size,
With darkened cheek and threatening
eyes,

The grisly visage, stern and hoar,
To Ellen still a likeness bore.
He woke, and, panting with affright,
Recalled the vision of the night.
The hearth's decaying brands were red,
And deep and dusky luster shed,
Half showing, half concealing, all
The uncouth trophies of the hall.
Mid those the stranger fixed his eye
Where that huge falchion hung on high,
And thoughts on thoughts, a countless
throng,
Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along,
Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
He rose and sought the moonshine pure.

XXXV

The wild rose, eglantine, and broom
Wasted around their rich perfume;
The birch trees wept in fragrant balm;
The aspens slept beneath the calm;²

¹ War glove.

² A famous line. It portrays the stillness of the night.

The silver light, with quivering glance,
Played on the water's still expanse —
Wild were the heart whose passion's sway
Could rage beneath the sober ray!
He felt its calm, that warrior guest,
While thus he communed with his
breast:

"Why is it, at each turn I trace
Some memory of that exiled race?
Can I not mountain maiden spy,
But she must bear the Douglas * eye?
Can I not view a Highland * brand,
But it must match the Douglas hand?
Can I not frame a fevered dream,
But still the Douglas is the theme?
I'll dream no more — by manly mind
Not even in sleep is will resigned.
My midnight orisons¹ said o'er,
I'll turn to rest, and dream no more."
His midnight orisons he told,
A prayer with every bead of gold,
Consigned to heaven his cares and woes.
And sunk in undisturbed repose,
Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,
And morning dawned on Benvenue.

CANTO SECOND

The Island

I

AT MORN the blackcock trims his
jetty wing,
'Tis morning prompts the linnet's
blithest lay,
All Nature's children feel the matin
spring
Of life reviving, with reviving day;
And while yon little bark glides down
the bay,
Wafting the stranger on his way again,
Morn's genial influence roused a min-
strel gray,
And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy
strain,
Mixed with the sounding harp, O white-
haired Allan-Bane!

¹ Prayers.

II

SONG

"Not faster yonder rowers' might
 Flings from their oars the spray,
 Not faster yonder rippling bright,
 That tracks the shallop's course in light,
 Melts in the lake away,
 Than men from memory erase
 The benefits of former days;
 Then, stranger, go! good speed the while,
 Nor think again of the lonely isle.

"High place to thee in royal court,
 High place in battled line,
 Good hawk and hound for sylvan sport,
 Where¹ beauty sees the brave resort,
 The honored meed be thine!
 True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,
 Thy lady constant, kind, and dear,
 And lost in love's and friendship's smile
 Be memory of the lonely isle.

III

SONG (CONTINUED)

"But if beneath yon southern sky
 A plaided stranger roam,
 Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,
 And sunken cheek and heavy eye,
 Pine for his Highland home;
 Then, warrior, then be thine to show
 The care that soothes a wanderer's
 woe;
 Remember then thy hap erewhile,
 A stranger in the lonely isle.

"Or if on life's uncertain main
 Mishap shall mar thy sail;
 If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
 Woe, want, and exile thou sustain
 Beneath the fickle gale;
 Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,
 On thankless courts, or friends estranged,
 But come where kindred worth shall
 smile,
 To greet thee in the lonely isle."

¹ That is, at tournaments.

IV

As died the sounds upon the tide,
 The shallop reached the mainland side,
 And ere his onward way he took,
 The stranger cast a lingering look,
 Where easily his eye might reach
 The Harper on the islet beach,
 Reclined against a blighted tree,
 As wasted, gray, and worn as he.
 To minstrel meditation given,
 His reverend brow was raised to heaven,
 As from the rising sun to claim
 A sparkle of inspiring flame.
 His hand, reclined upon the wire,
 Seemed watching the awakening fire;
 So still he sat as those who wait
 Till judgment speak the doom of fate;
 So still, as if no breeze might dare
 To lift one lock of hoary hair;
 So still, as life itself were fled
 In the last sound his harp had sped.

V

Upon a rock with lichens wild,
 Beside him Ellen sat and smiled.
 Smiled she to see the stately drake
 Lead forth his fleet¹ upon the lake,
 While her vexed spaniel from the
 beach
 Bayed at the prize beyond his reach?
 Yet tell me, then, the maid who knows,
 Why deepened on her cheek the rose?
 Forgive, forgive, Fidelity!²
 Perchance the maiden smiled to see
 Yon parting lingerer wave adieu,
 And stop and turn to wave anew;
 And, lovely ladies, ere your ire
 Condemn the heroine of my lyre,
 Show me the fair³ would scorn to
 spy,
 And prize such conquest of her eye!

¹ Flock of ducks.

² The word is written with a capital because Fidelity is spoken to. Such use of an object without life as if it were a person is called personification. You will find other examples in this poem.

³ Pretty girl.

VI

While yet he loitered on the spot,
 It seemed as Ellen marked him not;
 But when he turned him to the glade,
 One courteous parting sign she made;
 And after, oft the Knight would say,
 That not, when prize of festal day
 Was dealt him by the brightest fair
 Who e'er wore jewel in her hair,
 So highly did his bosom swell,
 As at that simple mute farewell.
 Now with a trusty mountain guide,
 And his dark stag-hounds by his side,
 He parts — the maid, unconscious still,
 Watched him wind slowly round the hill;
 But when his stately form was hid,
 The guardian in her bosom chid,
 "Thy Malcolm! vain and selfish maid!"
 'Twas thus upbraiding conscience said,
 "Not so had Malcolm idly hung
 On the smooth phrase of Southern
 tongue;
 Not so had Malcolm strained his eye,
 Another step than thine to spy."
 "Wake, Allan-Bane," aloud she cried
 To the old Minstrel by her side;
 "Arouse thee from thy moody dream!
 I'll give thy harp heroic theme,
 And warm thee with a noble name;
 Pour forth the glory of the Græme!"¹
 Scarce from her lip the word had rushed,
 When deep the conscious maiden
 blushed;
 For of his clan, in hall and bower,²
 Young Malcolm Græme was held the
 flower.

VII

The Minstrel waked his harp,— three
 times
 Arose the well-known martial chimes,
 And thrice their high heroic pride
 In melancholy murmurs died.
 "Vainly thou bidst, O noble maid,"
 Claspings his withered hands, he said,

¹ The Scottish form of Graham.

² In the company of men and in the society
 of women.

"Vainly thou bidst me wake the strain,
 Though all unwont to bid in vain.
 Alas! than mine a mightier hand
 Has tuned my harp, my strings has
 spanned!

I touch the chords of joy, but low
 And mournful answer notes of woe;
 And the proud march which victors tread
 Sinks in the wailing for the dead.
 O, well for me, if mine alone
 That dirge's deep prophetic tone!
 If, as my tuneful fathers¹ said,
 This harp, which erst² Saint Modan
 swayed,
 Can thus its master's fate foretell,
 Then welcome be the minstrel's knell!

VIII

"But ah! dear lady, thus it sighed
 The eve thy sainted mother died;
 And such the sounds which, while I
 strove
 To wake a lay of war or love,
 Came marring all the festal mirth,
 Appalling me who gave them birth,
 And, disobedient to my call,
 Wailed loud through Bothwell's* ban-
 nered hall,
 Ere Douglasses, to ruin driven,
 Were exiled from their native heaven.
 Oh! if yet worse mishap and woe
 My master's house must undergo,
 Or aught but weal³ to Ellen fair
 Brood in these accents of despair,
 No future bard, sad Harp! shall fling
 Triumph or rapture from thy string;
 One short, one final strain shall flow,
 Fraught with unutterable woe,
 Then shivered shall thy fragments lie,
 Thy master cast him down and die!"

IX

Soothing she answered him: "Assuage,
 Mine honored friend, the fears of age;
 All melodies to thee are known
 That harp has rung or pipe has blown,

¹ Allan-Bane came of a long line of minstrels.

² Long ago.

³ Welfare.

In Lowland vale or Highland glen,
From Tweed to Spey¹ — what marvel,
then,

At times, unbidden notes should rise,
Confusedly bound in memory's ties,
Entangling, as they rush along,
The war march with the funeral song?
Small ground is now for boding fear;
Obscure, but safe, we rest us here.
My sire, in native² virtue great,
Resigning lordship, lands, and state,
Not then to fortune more resigned
Than yonder oak might give the wind;
The graceful foliage storms may reave,
The noble stem they cannot grieve.
For me" — she stooped, and, looking
round,

Plucked a blue harebell from the ground, —
"For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower that loves the lea³
May well my simple emblem be;
It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose
That in the King's own garden grows;
And when I place it in my hair,
Allan, a bard is bound to swear
He ne'er saw coronet so fair."
Then playfully the chaplet wild
She wreathed in her dark locks, and
smiled.

X

Her smile, her speech, with winning
sway,
Wiled the old Harper's mood away.
With such a look as hermits throw,
When angels stoop to soothe their woe,
He gazed, till fond regret and pride
Thrilled to a tear, then thus replied:
"Loveliest and best! thou little know'st
The rank, the honors, thou hast lost!
Oh, might I live to see thee grace,
In Scotland's court, thy birthright place,
To see my favorite's step advance,
The lightest in the courtly dance,

¹ From the river Tweed, in the south, to the Spey,
in the north, of Scotland; that is, throughout
the land.

² Inborn.

³ Meadow.

The cause of every gallant's sigh,
And leading star of every eye,
And theme of every minstrel's art,
The Lady of the Bleeding * Heart!"

XI

"Fair dreams are these," the maiden
cried,
(Light was her accent, yet she sighed;)
"Yet is this mossy rock to me
Worth splendid chair and canopy;
Nor would my footsteps spring more gay
In courtly dance than blithe strathspey,¹
Nor half so pleased mine ear incline
To royal minstrel's lay as thine.
And then for suitors proud and high,
To bend before my conquering eye, —
Thou, flattering bard! thyself wilt say,
That grim Sir Roderick * owns its sway.
The Saxon² scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride,
The terror of Loch Lomond's side,
Would, at my suit, thou know'st, delay
A Lennox foray³ — for a day."

XII

The ancient bard her glee repressed:
"Ill hast thou chosen theme for jest!
For who, through all this western wild,
Named Black Sir Roderick e'er, and
smiled?
In Holy-Rood * a knight he slew;
I saw, when back the dirk he drew,
Courtiers give place before the stride
Of the undaunted homicide;
And since, though outlawed, hath his
hand
Full sternly kept his mountain land.
Who else dared give — ah! woe the day,
That I such hated truth should say! —
The Douglas,* like a stricken deer,
Disowned by every noble peer,
Even the rude refuge we have here?
Alas, this wild marauding Chief
Alone might hazard our relief,

¹ A Highland dance.

² Here, Lowland.

³ A Highland raid; here, a raid on the country
of Lennox.

And now thy maiden charms expand,
 Looks for his guerdon¹ in thy hand;
 Full soon may dispensation² sought,
 To back his suit, from Rome be brought.
 Then, though an exile on the hill,
 Thy father, as the Douglas, still
 Be held in reverence and fear;
 And though to Roderick thou'rt so dear
 That thou mightst guide with silken
 thread,
 Slave of thy will, this chieftain dread,
 Yet, O loved maid, thy mirth refrain!
 Thy hand is on a lion's mane."

XIII

"Minstrel," the maid replied, and high
 Her father's soul glanced from her eye,
 "My debts to Roderick's house I know:
 All that a mother could bestow
 To Lady Margaret's care I owe,
 Since first an orphan in the wild
 She sorrowed o'er her sister's child;
 To her brave chieftain son, from ire
 Of Scotland's king who shrouds³ my sire,
 A deeper, holier debt is owed;
 And, could I pay it with my blood,
 Allan! Sir Roderick should command
 My blood, my life,— but not my hand.
 Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell
 A votaress⁴ in Maronnan's cell;
 Rather through realms beyond the sea,
 Seeking the world's cold charity,
 Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,
 And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,
 An outcast pilgrim will she rove,
 Than wed the man she cannot love.

XIV

"Thou shakest, good friend, thy tresses
 gray —
 That pleading look, what can it say
 But what I own? — I grant him brave,
 But wild as Bracklinn's⁵ thundering wave;

¹ Reward.

² Permission to marry. Since Roderick and Ellen were cousins, such permission could be granted only by the Pope.

³ Protects.

⁴ Here, a nun. ⁵ A waterfall near Callander.

And generous — save¹ vindictive mood
 Or jealous transport chafe his blood;
 I grant him true to friendly band,
 As his claymore² is to his hand;
 But oh! that very blade of steel
 More mercy for a foe would feel:
 I grant him liberal, to fling³
 Among his clan the wealth they bring,
 When back by lake and glen they
 wind,
 And in the Lowland leave behind,
 Where once some pleasant hamlet stood,
 A mass of ashes slaked⁴ with blood.
 The hand that for my father fought
 I honor, as his daughter ought;
 But can I clasp it reeking red
 From peasants slaughtered in their shed?
 No! wildly while his virtues gleam,
 They make his passions darker seem,
 And flash along his spirit high,
 Like lightning o'er the midnight sky.
 While yet a child,— and children know,
 Instinctive taught, the friend and foe,—
 I shuddered at his brow of gloom,
 His shadowy plaid, and sable plume;
 A maiden gown, I ill could bear
 His haughty mien and lordly air:
 But, if thou join'st a suitor's claim,
 In serious mood, to Roderick's name,
 I thrill with anguish! or, if e'er
 A Douglas knew the word, with fear.
 To change such odious theme were
 best,—
 What think'st thou of our stranger
 guest?"

XV

"What think I of him? — woe the while
 That brought such wanderer to our isle!
 Thy father's battle-brand, of yore
 For Tine-man⁵ forged by fairy lore,

¹ Unless.

² Large sword.

³ The clan custom gave everything taken in war to the chief. He in turn either gave it back to his followers or kept it himself.

⁴ Drenched.

⁵ Tine means "lose." Archibald, the third earl of Douglas, lost so many men in battle that he was nicknamed Tine-man.

What time¹ he leagued, no longer foes,
His Border * spears with Hotspur's * bows,
Did, self-unsabbarred, foreshow
The footstep of a secret foe.
If courtly spy hath harbored here,
What may we for the Douglas fear?
What for this island, deemed of old
Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold?
If neither spy nor foe, I pray
What yet may jealous Roderick say?
Nay, wave not thy disdainful head!
Bethink thee of the discord dread
That kindled when at Beltane * game
Thou ledst the dance with Malcolm
Græme;

Still, though thy sire the peace renewed,
Smolders in Roderick's breast the feud:
Beware!—But hark! what sounds are
these?

My dull ears catch no faltering breeze,
No weeping birch nor aspens wake,
Nor breath is dimpling in the lake;
Still is the canna's hoary beard,²
Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard—
And hark again! some pipe of war³
Sends the bold pibroch from afar."

XVI

Far up the lengthened lake were spied
Four darkening specks upon the tide,
That, slow enlarging on the view,
Four manned and masted barges grew,
And, bearing downwards from Glengyle,
Steered full upon the lonely isle;
The point of Brianchoil they passed,
And, to the windward as they cast,
Against the sun they gave to shine
The bold Sir Roderick's bannered Pine.⁴
Nearer and nearer as they bear,
Spears, pikes, and axes flash in air.

¹ *What time, etc.* In 1403 Archibald allied himself with Hotspur in a revolt against Henry IV of England. He was defeated in the battle of Shrewsbury.

² The head of the cannach, or cotton grass of Scotland.

³ Bagpipe.

⁴ The pine tree, the emblem of the clan, was painted on the banner.

Now might you see the tartans¹ brave,
And plaids and plumage dance and
wave:

Now see the bonnets² sink and rise,
As his tough oar the rower plies;
See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,
The wave ascending into smoke;
See the proud pipers on the bow,
And mark the gaudy streamers flow
From their loud chanters³ down, and
sweep

The furrowed bosom of the deep,
As, rushing through the lake amain,
They plied the ancient Highland strain.

XVII

Ever, as on they bore, more loud
And louder rung the pibroch proud.⁴
At first the sounds by distance tame,
Mellowed along the waters came,
And, lingering long by cape and bay,
Wailed every harsher note away;
Then, bursting bolder on the ear,
The clan's shrill Gathering⁵ they could
hear,
Those thrilling sounds, that call the
might

Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.
Thick beat the rapid notes, as when
The mustering hundreds shake the glen,
And, hurrying at the signal dread,⁶
The battered earth returns their tread.
Then prelude light, of livelier tone,
Expressed their merry marching on,
Ere peal of closing⁷ battle rose,
With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows;
And mimic din of stroke and ward,
As broadsword upon target jarred;
And groaning pause, ere yet again,
Condensed, the battle yelled amain;
The rapid charge, the rallying shout,
Retreat borne headlong into rout,

¹ Coarse woolen cloth woven in the special plaid of the clan.

² Caps.

³ The chanter was the "finger pipe" on which the melody was played.

⁴ The lines give a spirited description of the pibroch.

⁵ The "Gathering."

⁶ War cry.

⁷ Hand-to-hand.

And bursts of triumph, to declare
 Clan-Alpine's conquests — all were there.
 Nor ended thus the strain; but slow,
 Sunk in a moan prolonged and low,
 And changed the conquering clarion
 swell
 For wild lament o'er those that fell.

XVIII

The war pipes ceased; but lake and
 hill
 Were busy with their echoes still;
 And, when they slept, a vocal strain
 Bade their hoarse chorus wake again,
 While loud a hundred clansmen raise
 Their voices in their Chieftain's praise.
 Each boatman, bending to his oar,
 With measured sweep the burden¹ bore,
 In such wild cadence as the breeze
 Makes through December's leafless
 trees.
 The chorus first could Allan know,
 "Roderick Vich² Alpine, ho! iro!"
 And near, and nearer as they rowed,
 Distinct the martial ditty flowed.

XIX

BOAT SONG

Hail to the Chief who in triumph ad-
 vances!
 Honored and blessed be the evergreen
 Pine!
 Long may the tree, in his banner that
 glances,
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our
 line!
 Heaven send it happy dew,
 Earth lend it sap anew,
 Gayly to burgeon³ and broadly to
 grow,
 While every Highland glen
 Sends our shout back again,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu,⁴ ho!
 ieroe!"

¹ Refrain.² Son of.³ Bud.⁴ Roderick the dark, son of Alpine.

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the
 fountain,
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to
 fade;
 When the whirlwind has stripped every
 leaf on the mountain,
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in
 her shade.
 Moored in the rifted rock,
 Proof to the tempest's shock,
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
 Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
 Echo his praise again,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!
 ieroe!"

XX

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen
 Fruin,
 And Bannochar's groans to our slogan
 replied;
 Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smok-
 ing in ruin,
 And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead
 on her side.
 Widow and Saxon maid
 Long shall lament our raid,
 Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and
 with woe;
 Lennox and Leven-glen
 Shake when they hear again,
 "Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!
 ieroe!"
 Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the
 Highlands!
 Stretch to your oars, for the evergreen
 Pine!
 Oh that the rosebud¹ that graces yon
 islands
 Were wreathed in a garland around
 him to twine!²
 Oh that some seedling gem,³
 Worthy such noble stem,
 Honored and blessed in their shadow
 might grow!

¹ Ellen.² The line means, "Might marry him."³ Oh that a worthy son might be born to them!

Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from her deepmost glen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho!
ieroe!"

XXI

With all her joyful female band,
Had Lady Margaret sought the strand.
Loose on the breeze their tresses flew,
And high their snowy arms they threw,
As echoing back with shrill acclaim,
And chorus wild, the Chieftain's name;
While prompt to please, with mother's
art,

The darling passion of his heart,
The Dame called Ellen to the strand,
To greet her kinsman ere he land:
"Come, loiterer, come! a Douglas thou,
And shun to wreathe a victor's brow?"
Reluctantly and slow, the maid
The unwelcome summoning obeyed
And, when a distant bugle rung,
In the mid-path aside she sprung —

"List, Allan-Bane! From mainland cast
I hear my father's signal blast.
Be ours," she cried, "the skiff to guide,
And waft him from the mountain side."
Then, like a sunbeam, swift and bright,
She darted to her shallop light,
And, eagerly while Roderick scanned,
For her dear form, his mother's band,
The islet far behind her lay,
And she had landed in the bay.

XXII

Some feelings are to mortals given
With less of earth in them than heaven;
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head!
And as the Douglas to his breast
His darling Ellen closely pressed,
Such holy drops her tresses steeped,
Though 'twas an hero's eye that weeped.¹

¹ Wept. Such irregular use of a word is called
"poetic license."

Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue
Her filial welcomes crowded hung,
Marked she that fear — affection's
proof —

Still held a graceful youth aloof;
No! not till Douglas named his name,
Although the youth was Malcolm
Græme.

XXIII

Allan, with wistful look the while,
Marked Roderick landing on the isle;
His master piteously he eyed,
Then gazed upon the Chieftain's pride,
Then dashed, with hasty hand, away
From his dimmed eye the gathering
spray;

And Douglas, as his hand he laid
On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said,
"Canst thou, young friend, no meaning
spy

In my poor follower's glistening eye?
I'll tell thee: he recalls the day
When in my praise he led the lay
O'er the arched gate of Bothwell proud,
While many a minstrel answered loud,
When Percy's Norman pennon, won
In bloody field, before me shone,
And twice ten knights, the least a name
As mighty as yon Chief may claim,
Gracing my pomp, behind me came.
Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud
Was I of all that marshaled crowd,
Though the waned crescent¹ owned my
might,

And in my train trooped lord and knight,
Though Blantyre* hymned her holiest
lays,

And Bothwell's* bards flung back my
praise,

As when this old man's silent tear,
And this poor maid's affection dear,
A welcome givè more kind and true
Than aught my better fortunes knew.
Forgive, my friend, a father's boast,
Oh! it outbeggars all I lost!"

¹ The crescent was the badge of the Buccleuch family. After the defeat by the Douglas clan, the Buccleuch clan declined in importance (waned).

XXIV

Delightful praise! like summer rose,
 That brighter in the dewdrop glows,
 The bashful maiden's cheek appeared,
 For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.
 The flush of shamefaced joy to hide,
 The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide;
 The loved caresses of the maid
 The dogs with crouch and whimper paid;
 And, at her whistle, on her hand
 The falcon took his favorite stand,
 Closed his dark wing, relaxed his eye,
 Nor, though unhooded,¹ sought to fly.
 And, trust, while in such guise she stood,
 Like fabled Goddess of the wood,
 That if a father's partial thought
 O'erweighed her worth and beauty aught,
 Well might the lover's judgment fail
 To balance with a juster scale;
 For with each secret glance he stole,
 The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

XXV

Of stature fair, and slender frame,
 But firmly knit, was Malcolm Græme.
 The belted plaid and tartan hose
 Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose;
 His flaxen hair, of sunny hue,
 Curled closely round his bonnet blue.
 Trained to the chase, his eagle eye
 The ptarmigan in snow could spy;²
 Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath,
 He knew, through Lennox and Menteith;
 Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe
 When Malcolm bent his sounding bow,
 And scarce that doe, though winged with
 fear,

Outstripped in speed the mountaineer:
 Right up Ben Lomond could he press,
 And not a sob³ his toil confess.
 His form accorded with a mind
 Lively and ardent, frank and kind;

¹ The hunter carried his falcon with a hood over the bird's head. When he sighted game, he removed the hood and let the bird go.

² Since these birds turn white in winter, only a skilled hunter can see them.

³ Gasp.

A blither heart, till Ellen came,
 Did never love nor sorrow tame;
 It danced as lightsome in his breast
 As played the feather on his crest.
 Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth,
 His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth,
 And bards, who saw his features bold,
 When kindled by the tales of old,
 Said, were that youth to manhood grown,
 Not long should Roderick Dhu's re-
 nown
 Be foremost voiced by mountain fame,
 But quail to that of Malcolm Græme.

XXVI

Now back they wend their watery way,
 And, "O my sire!" did Ellen say,
 "Why urge thy chase so far astray?
 And why so late returned? And why"—
 The rest was in her speaking eye.
 "My child, the chase I follow far,
 'Tis mimicry of noble war;
 And with that gallant pastime reft¹
 Were all of Douglas I have left.
 I met young Malcolm as I strayed
 Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' shade,
 Nor strayed I safe; for, all around,
 Hunters and horsemen scoured the
 ground.

This youth, though still a royal ward,²
 Risked life and land to be my guard,
 And through the passes of the wood
 Guided my steps, not unpursued;
 And Roderick shall his welcome make,
 Despite old spleen,³ for Douglas' sake.
 Then must he seek Strath-Endrick glen,
 Nor peril aught for me again."

XXVII

Sir Roderick, who to meet them came,
 Reddened at sight of Malcolm Græme,
 Yet, not in action, word, or eye,
 Failed aught in hospitality.
 In talk and sport they whiled away
 The morning of that summer day;

¹ Taken away.

² Malcolm, head of his clan and not yet of age, was under guardianship of the king.

³ Hatred.

But at high noon a courier light
 Held secret parley¹ with the knight,
 Whose moody aspect soon declared
 That evil were the news he heard.
 Deep thought seemed toiling in his
 head;
 Yet was the evening banquet made
 Ere he assembled round the flame
 His mother, Douglas, and the Græme,
 And Ellen too; then cast around
 His eyes, then fixed them on the ground,
 As studying phrase that might avail
 Best to convey unpleasant tale.
 Long with his dagger's hilt he played,
 Then raised his haughty brow, and said:

XXVIII

"Short be my speech; nor time affords,
 Nor my plain temper, glozing² words.
 Kinsman and father, if such name
 Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim;
 Mine honored mother; Ellen,—why,
 My cousin, turn away thine eye?
 And Græme, in whom I hope to know
 Full soon a noble friend or foe,
 When age shall give thee thy command,
 And leading in thy native land,—
 List all! The King's vindictive pride
 Boasts to have tamed the Border side,
 Where chiefs, with hound and hawk who
 came
 To share their monarch's sylvan game,
 Themselves in bloody toils were snared;
 And when the banquet they prepared,
 And wide their loyal portals flung,
 O'er their own gateway struggling hung,³
 Loud cries their blood from Meggat's
 mead,
 From Yarrow⁴ braes, and banks of
 Tweed,

¹ Conversation.

² Deceitful.

³ In 1529 James V made a raid against the Border bandits. To provide sport between battles he asked the Highland chiefs to bring hawks with them. As soon as the chiefs were in his power he treacherously hanged many of them.

⁴ That is, from all southern Scotland, along the English border.

Where the lone streams of Ettrick* glide,
 And from the silver Teviot's side;
 The dales,¹ where martial clans did ride,
 Are now one sheepwalk, waste and wide.
 This tyrant of the Scottish throne,
 So faithless and so ruthless known,
 Now hither comes; his end the same,
 The same pretext of sylvan game.²
 What grace for Highland Chiefs, judge ye
 By fate of Border chivalry.
 Yet more; amid Glenfinlas green,
 Douglas, thy stately form was seen —
 This by espial³ sure I know:
 Your counsel, in the streight I show."⁴

XXIX

Ellen and Margaret fearfully
 Sought comfort in each other's eye,
 Then turned their ghastly look, each one,
 This to her sire, that to her son.
 The hasty color went and came
 In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme;
 But from his glance it well appeared
 'Twas but for Ellen that he feared;
 While, sorrowful, but undismayed,
 The Douglas thus his counsel said:
 "Brave Roderick, though the tempest
 roar,
 It may but thunder and pass o'er;
 Nor will I here remain an hour,
 To draw the lightning on thy bower;
 For well thou know'st, at this gray head
 The royal bolt were fiercest sped.
 For thee, who, at thy king's command,
 Canst aid him with a gallant band,
 Submission, homage, humbled pride,
 Shall turn the monarch's wrath aside.
 Poor remnants of the Bleeding* Heart,
 Ellen and I will seek apart
 The refuge of some forest cell,
 There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,
 Till on the mountain and the moor
 The stern pursuit be passed and o'er."

¹ After the execution of the chiefs the Border was so peaceful that one lone shepherd cared for a thousand of the King's sheep in Ettrick* Forest. ² Hunting. ³ Spying.

⁴ The line implies, "What ought I to do under the circumstances?"

XXX

"No, by mine honor," Roderick said,
 "So help me Heaven, and my good
 blade!

No, never! Blasted be yon Pine,
 My fathers' ancient crest and mine,
 If from its shade in danger part
 The lineage of the Bleeding Heart!
 Hear my blunt speech: grant me this
 maid

To wife, thy counsel to mine aid;
 To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu,
 Will friends and allies flock enow;
 Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief,
 Will bind to us each Western Chief.
 When the loud pipes my bridal tell,¹
 The Links of Forth shall hear the knell,
 The guards shall start in Stirling's porch;
 And, when I light the nuptial torch,
 A thousand villages in flames
 Shall scare the slumbers of King James!
 Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away,
 And, mother, cease these signs, I pray;
 I meant not all my heat² might say.
 Small need of inroad or of fight,
 When the sage Douglas may unite
 Each mountain clan in friendly band,
 To guard the passes of their land,
 Till the foiled King from pathless glen
 Shall bootless³ turn him home again."

XXXI

There are who have, at midnight hour,
 In slumber scaled a dizzy tower,
 And, on the verge that beetled o'er
 The ocean tide's incessant roar,
 Dreamed calmly out their dangerous
 dream,
 Till wakened by the morning beam;
 When, dazzled by the eastern glow,
 Such startler cast his glance below,
 And saw unmeasured depth around,
 And heard unintermitted sound,

¹ When . . . James. Note the exaggerated language. Such exaggeration to make expression emphatic is called hyperbole.

² Anger.

³ Here, without having accomplished his purpose.

And thought the battled¹ fence so frail,
 It waved like cobweb in the gale;
 Amid his senses' giddy wheel,
 Did he not desperate impulse feel,
 Headlong to plunge himself below,
 And meet the worst his fears foreshow?
 Thus Ellen, dizzy and astound,
 As sudden ruin yawned around,
 By crossing terrors wildly tossed,
 Still for the Douglas fearing most,
 Could scarce the desperate thought with-
 stand,
 To buy his safety with her hand.

XXXII

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy
 In Ellen's quivering lip and eye,
 And eager rose to speak,— but ere
 His tongue could hurry forth his fear,
 Had Douglas marked the hectic strife,
 Where death seemed combating with
 life;
 For to her cheek, in feverish flood,
 One instant rushed the throbbing blood,
 Then ebbing back, with sudden sway,
 Left its domain as wan as clay.
 "Roderick, enough! enough!" he cried,
 "My daughter cannot be thy bride;
 Not that the blush to wooer dear,
 Nor paleness that of maiden fear.
 It may not be — forgive her, Chief,
 Nor hazard aught for our relief.
 Against his sovereign, Douglas ne'er
 Will level² a rebellious spear.
 'Twas I that taught his youthful hand
 To rein a steed and wield a brand;
 I see him yet, the princely boy!
 Not Ellen more my pride and joy;
 I love him still, despite my wrongs
 By hasty wrath and slanderous tongues.
 Oh, seek the grace you well may find,
 Without a cause to mine combined."

XXXIII

Twice through the hall the Chieftain
 strode;
 The waving of his tartans broad,

¹ Battlemented.

² Aim.

And darkened brow, where wounded pride
With ire and disappointment vied,
Seemed, by the torch's gloomy light,
Like the ill Demon of the night,
Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway
Upon the nighted pilgrim's way :
But, unrequited Love! thy dart
Plunged deepest its envenomed smart,
And Roderick, with thine anguish stung,
At length the hand of Douglas wrung,
While eyes that mocked at tears before,
With bitter drops were running o'er.
The death pangs of long-cherished hope
Scarce in that ample breast had scope,
But, struggling with his spirit proud,
Convulsive heaved its checkered shroud,¹
While every sob — so mute were all —
Was heard distinctly through the hall.
The son's despair, the mother's look,
Ill might the gentle Ellen brook ;
She rose, and to her side there came,
To aid her parting steps, the Græme.

XXXIV

Then Roderick from the Douglas broke —
As flashes flame through sable smoke,
Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and low,
To one broad blaze of ruddy glow,
So the deep anguish of despair
Burst, in fierce jealousy, to air.
With stalwart grasp his hand he laid
On Malcolm's breast and belted plaid :
"Back, beardless boy!" he sternly said,
"Back, minion!² holdst thou thus at
naught
The lesson I so lately taught?
This roof, the Douglas, and that maid,
Thank thou for punishment delayed."
Eager as greyhound on his game,
Fiercely with Roderick grappled Græme.
"Perish my name, if aught afford
Its Chieftain safety save his sword!"
Thus as they strove their desperate hand
Griped to the dagger or the brand,
And death had been — but Douglas rose,
And thrust between the struggling foes

¹ Checked plaid.

² Darling; here, a term of reproach.

His giant strength : "Chieftains, forego!
I hold the first who strikes my foe.
Madmen, forbear your frantic jar!
What! is the Douglas fallen so far,
His daughter's hand is deemed the spoil
Of such dishonorable broil?"
Sullen and slowly they unclasp,
As struck with shame, their desperate
grasp,
And each upon his rival glared,
With foot advanced, and blade half
bared.

XXXV

Ere yet the brands aloft¹ were flung,
Margaret on Roderick's mantle hung,
And Malcolm heard his Ellen's scream,
As faltered through terrific dream.
Then Roderick plunged in sheath his
sword,
And veiled his wrath in scornful word :
"Rest safe till morning; pity 'twere
Such cheek² should feel the midnight
air!
Then mayst thou to James Stuart³ tell,
Roderick will keep the lake and fell,⁴
Nor lackey,⁵ with his freeborn clan,
The pageant pomp of earthly man.
More would he of Clan-Alpine know,
Thou canst our strength and our passes
show.
Malise, what ho!" — his henchman⁶
came;
"Give our safe-conduct⁷ to the Græme."
Young Malcolm answered, calm and
bold,
"Fear nothing for thy favorite hold;
The spot an angel deigns to grace
Is blessed, though robbers haunt the
place.
Thy churlish courtesy for those
Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.

¹ Swords pointed up, just before a duel began.

² The ugliest taunt a Highlander could hurl was a charge of being womanish.

³ James V, king of Scotland (1513 to 1542).

⁴ Hill.

⁵ Act as servant to.

⁶ A lieutenant, a personal servant.

⁷ Permission to pass unmolested.

As safe to me the mountain way
 At midnight as in blaze of day,
 Though with his boldest at his back,
 Even Roderick Dhu beset the track.
 Brave Douglas — lovely Ellen — nay,
 Naught here of parting will I say.
 Earth does not hold a lonesome glen
 So secret but we meet again.
 Chieftain! we too shall find an hour," —
 He said, and left the sylvan bower.

XXXVI

Old Allan followed to the strand¹ —
 Such was the Douglas's command —
 And anxious told, how, on the morn,
 The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn,
 The Fiery* Cross should circle o'er
 Dale, glen, and valley, down² and moor.³
 Much were the peril to the Græme
 From those who to the signal came;
 Far up the lake 'twere safest land,
 Himself would row him to the strand.
 He gave his counsel to the wind,
 While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind,
 Round dirk and pouch and broadsword
 rolled,
 His ample plaid in tightened fold,
 And stripped his limbs to such array
 As best might suit the watery way,—

XXXVII

Then spoke abrupt: "Farewell to thee,
 Pattern of old fidelity!"
 The Minstrel's hand he kindly pressed:
 "Oh! could I point a place of rest!
 My sovereign holds in ward my land,
 My uncle leads my vassal band⁴;
 To tame his foes, his friends to aid,
 Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade.
 Yet, if there be one faithful Græme
 Who loves the Chieftain of his name,
 Not long shall honored Douglas dwell,
 Like hunted stag, in mountain cell;

¹ Shore.² A low hill with a flattish, treeless top.³ Level, treeless wasteland.⁴ Those who owe allegiance to me, as head of the clan.

Nor, ere yon pride-swoll'n robber dare,—
 I may not give the rest to air!
 Tell Roderick Dhu, I owed him naught,
 Not the poor service of a boat,
 To waft me to yon mountain side."
 Then plunged he in the flashing tide.
 Bold o'er the flood his head he bore,
 And stoutly steered him from the shore;
 And Allan strained his anxious eye,
 Far 'mid the lake his form to spy,
 Darkening across each puny wave,
 To which the moon her silver gave.
 Fast as the cormorant¹ could skim,
 The swimmer plied each active limb;
 Then landing in the moonlight dell,
 Loud shouted, of his weal² to tell.
 The Minstrel heard the far halloo,
 And joyful from the shore withdrew.

CANTO THIRD

The Gathering

I

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The
 race of yore,
 Who danced our infancy upon their
 knee,
 And told our marveling boyhood legends
 store³
 Of their strange ventures happed by
 land or sea,
 How are they blotted from the things
 that be!
 How few, all weak and withered of their
 force,
 Wait on the verge of dark eternity,
 Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning
 hoarse,
 To sweep them from our sight! Time
 rolls his ceaseless course.
 Yet live there still who can remember well,
 How, when a mountain chief his bugle
 blew,
 Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,

¹ A water bird noted for its swiftness.² Welfare; here, his success in reaching shore.³ In abundance.

And solitary heath, the signal knew;
And fast the faithful clan around him
drew,
What time the warning note was keenly
wound,
What time aloft their kindred banner
flew,
While clamorous war pipes yelled the
gathering sound,
And while the Fiery * Cross glanced, like
a meteor, round.

II¹

The Summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy:
The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
The water lily to the light
Her chalice² reared of silver bright;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dewdrops, led her fawn;
The gray mist left the mountain side,
The torrent showed its glistening pride;
Invisible in fleckèd sky
The lark sent down her revelry;
The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good morrow gave from brake and bush;
In answer cooed the cushat dove³
Her notes of peace and rest and love.

III

No thought of peace, no thought of rest,
Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast.
With sheathèd broadsword in his hand,
Abrupt he paced the islet strand,
And eyed the rising sun, and laid
His hand on his impatient blade.
Beneath a rock, his vassals' care
Was prompt the ritual to prepare,

¹ Ruskin says this passage is the best illustration
of Scott's use of color.

² Cup. ³ European ring dove.

With deep and deathful meaning fraught;
For such Antiquity had taught
Was preface meet, ere yet abroad
The Cross* of Fire should take its road.
The shrinking band stood oft aghast
At the impatient glance he cast;
Such glance the mountain eagle threw,
As, from the cliffs of Benvenue,
She spread her dark sails on the wind,
And, high in middle heaven reclined,
With her broad shadow on the lake,
Silenced the warblers of the brake.

IV

A heap of withered boughs was piled,
Of juniper and rowan¹ wild,
Mingled with shivers² from the oak,
Rent by the lightning's recent stroke.
Brian the Hermit by it stood,
Barefooted, in his frock and hood.
His grizzled beard and matted hair
Obscured a visage of despair;
His naked arms and legs, seamed o'er,
The scars of frantic penance³ bore.
That monk, of savage form and face,
The impending danger of his race
Had drawn from deepest solitude,
Far in Benharrow's bosom rude.
Not his the mien⁴ of Christian priest,
But Druid's,* from the grave released,
Whose hardened heart and eye might
brook⁵

On human sacrifice⁶ to look;
And much, 'twas said, of heathen lore⁷
Mixed in the charms he muttered o'er.
The hallowed⁸ creed gave only worse
And deadlier emphasis of curse.
No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,
His cave the pilgrim shunned with
care;
The eager huntsman knew his bound,⁹
And in mid chase called off his hound;

¹ Mountain ash.

² "Slivers" is the more usual word.

³ Punishment imposed upon himself to earn for-
giveness of sins.

⁴ Manner.

⁷ Learning.

⁵ Endure.

⁸ Here, Christian.

⁶ See "Druids." * ⁹ The limit of Brian's haunts.

Or if, in lonely glen¹ or strath,²
 The desert-dweller met his path,
 He prayed, and signed the cross between,
 While terror took devotion's mien.

V

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.
 His mother watched a midnight fold,
 Built deep within a dreary glen,
 Where scattered lay the bones of men
 In some forgotten battle slain,
 And bleached by drifting wind and rain.
 It might have tamed a warrior's heart
 To view such mockery of his art!
 The knotgrass fettered there the hand
 Which once could burst an iron band;
 Beneath the broad and ample bone,
 That bucklered heart to fear unknown,
 A feeble and a timorous guest,
 The fieldfare framed her lowly nest;
 There the slow blindworm left his slime
 On the fleet limbs that mocked at time;
 And there, too, lay the leader's skull,
 Still wreathed with chaplet, flushed and
 full,

For heath-bell with her purple bloom
 Supplied the bonnet and the plume.
 All night, in this sad glen, the maid
 Sat shrouded in her mantle's shade:
 She said no shepherd sought her side,
 No hunter's hand her snood untied,
 Yet ne'er again to braid her hair
 The virgin snood did Alice wear;
 Gone was her maiden glee and sport,
 Her maiden girdle all too short,
 Nor sought she, from that fatal night,
 Or holy church or blessed rite,
 But locked her secret in her breast,
 And died in travail, unconfessed.

VI

Alone, among his young compeers,
 Was Brian from his infant years;
 A moody and heart-broken boy,
 Estranged from sympathy and joy,

¹ The narrow valley of a small stream.

² The wide, level plain through which a large river flows.

Bearing each taunt which careless tongue
 On his mysterious lineage flung.
 Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale,
 To wood and stream his hap to wail,
 Till, frantic, he as truth received
 What of his birth the crowd believed,
 And sought, in mist and meteor fire,
 To meet and know his Phantom Sire!
 In vain, to soothe his wayward fate,
 The cloister oped her pitying gate;
 In vain the learning of the age
 Unclassed the sable-lettered page;
 Even in its treasures he could find
 Food for the fever of his mind.
 Eager he read whatever tells
 Of magic, cabala, and spells,
 And every dark pursuit allied
 To curious and presumptuous pride;
 Till with fired brain and nerves o'er-
 strung,

And heart with mystic horrors wrung,
 Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,
 And hid him from the haunts of men.

VII

The desert gave him visions wild,
 Such as might suit the specter's child.
 Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,
 He watched the wheeling eddies boil,
 Till from their foam his dazzled eyes
 Beheld the River Demon rise:
 The mountain mist took form and limb
 Of noontide hag or goblin grim;
 The midnight wind came wild and dread,
 Swelled with the voices of the dead;
 Far on the future battle-heath
 His eye beheld the ranks of death:
 Thus the lone Seer, from mankind
 hurled,
 Shaped forth a disembodied world.
 One lingering sympathy of mind
 Still bound him to the mortal kind;
 The only parent he could claim
 Of ancient Alpine's lineage came.
 Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,
 The fatal Ben-Shie's* boding scream;
 Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast
 Of charging steeds, careering fast

Along Benharrow's shingly¹ side,
Where mortal horseman ne'er might
ride;
The thunderbolt had split the pine,—
All augured ill to Alpine's line.
He girt his loins, and came to show
The signals of impending woe,
And now stood prompt to bless or ban,
As bade the Chieftain of his clan.

VIII

'Twas all prepared; and from the rock
A goat, the patriarch² of the flock,
Before the kindling pile was laid,
And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.
Patient the sickening victim eyed
The life-blood ebb in crimson tide
Down his clogged beard and shaggy limb,
Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim.
The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,
A slender crosslet³ framed with care,
A cubit's⁴ length in measure due;
The shaft⁵ and limbs⁶ were rods of yew,⁷
Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach⁸ wave
Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,
And, answering Lomond's breezes deep,
Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep.
The Cross thus formed he held on high,
With wasted hand and haggard eye,
And strange and mingled feelings woke,
While his anathema⁹ he spoke:

IX

"Woe¹⁰ to the clansman who shall view
This symbol of sepulchral yew,
Forgetful that its branches grew

¹ Covered with gravel.

² Here, "leader."

³ A similar crosslet is mentioned in Chapter XXI
of "Kidnapped" (p. 81).

⁴ Length of the forearm.

⁵ The longer, upright, arm of the cross.

⁶ The shorter, transverse, arms of the cross.

⁷ A tree associated with death and burial.

⁸ Island of Cailliach, Clan-Alpine's burial
ground.

⁹ Curse.

¹⁰ In stanzas IX, X, and XI, pick out the words
that suggest terror.

Where weep the heavens their holiest
dew¹

On Alpine's dwelling low²!
Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,
He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,
But, from his sires and kindred thrust,
Each clansman's execration just
Shall doom him wrath and woe."

He paused; the word the vassals took,
With forward step and fiery look,
On high their naked brands they shook,
Their clattering targets wildly strook³;

And first in murmur low,
Then, like the billow in his course,
That far to seaward finds his source,
And flings to shore his mustered force,
Burst with loud roar their answer
hoarse,

"Woe to the traitor, woe!"
Ben-an's gray scalp the accents knew,
The joyous wolf from covert drew,
The exulting eagle screamed afar,—
They knew the voice of Alpine's war.

X

The shout was hushed on lake and fell,
The Monk resumed his muttered spell:
Dismal and low its accents came,
The while he scathed the Cross with
flame;

And the few words that reached the air,
Although the holiest name was there,
Had more of blasphemy than prayer.
But when he shook above the crowd
Its kindled points, he spoke aloud:
"Woe to the wretch who fails to rear
At this dread sign the ready spear!
For, as the flames this symbol sear,
His home, the refuge of his fear,

A kindred fate shall know;
Far o'er its roof the volumed flame
Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,
While maids and matrons on his name
Shall call down wretchedness and shame,
And infamy and woe."

¹ In a cemetery. A graveyard is still "God's
acre."

² Grave.

³ Struck.

Then rose the cry of females, shrill
 As goshawk's whistle on the hill,
 Denouncing misery and ill,
 Mingled with childhood's babbling trill
 Of curses stammered slow ;
 Answering with imprecation dread,
 "Sunk be his home in embers red !
 And cursed be the meanest shed
 That e'er shall hide the houseless head
 We doom to want and woe !"
 A sharp and shrieking echo gave,
 Coir-Uriskin, thy goblin cave !
 And the gray pass where birches wave
 On Beala-nam-bo.

XI

Then deeper paused the priest anew,
 And hard his laboring breath he drew,
 While, with set teeth and clenched hand,
 And eyes that glowed like fiery brand,
 He meditated curse more dread,
 And deadlier, on the clansman's head
 Who, summoned to his chieftain's aid,
 The signal saw and disobeyed.
 The crosslet's points of sparkling wood
 He quenched among the bubbling blood,
 And, as again the sign he reared,
 Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard :
 "When flits this Cross from man to man,
 Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,
 Burst be the ear that fails to heed !
 Palsied the foot that shuns to speed !
 May ravens tear the careless eyes,
 Wolves make the coward heart their
 prize !
 As sinks that blood stream in the earth,
 So may his heart's blood drench his
 hearth !
 As dies in hissing gore the spark,
 Quench thou his light, Destruction
 dark !
 And be the grace to him denied,
 Bought by this sign¹ to all beside !"
 He ceased ; no echo gave again
 The murmur of the deep Amen.

¹ The church teaches that the human race is redeemed (bought) by the sacrifice of Jesus on the cross.

XII

Then Roderick with impatient look
 From Brian's hand the symbol took :
 "Speed, Malise, speed !" he said, and
 gave
 The crosslet to his henchman brave.
 "The muster place¹ be Lanrick mead²—
 Instant³ the time — speed, Malise,
 speed !"
 Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,
 A barge across Loch Katrine flew :
 High stood the henchman on the prow ;
 So rapidly the barge-men row,
 The bubbles, where they launched the
 boat,
 Were all unbroken and afloat,
 Dancing in foam and ripple still,
 When it had neared the mainland hill ;
 And from the silver beach's side
 Still was the prow three fathom wide,
 When lightly bounded to the land
 The messenger of blood and brand.

XIII

Speed, Malise, speed ! the dun deer's
 hide⁴
 On fleeter foot was never tied.
 Speed, Malise, speed ! such cause of
 haste
 Thine active sinews never braced.
 Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,
 Burst down like torrent from its crest ;
 With short and springing footstep pass
 The trembling bog and false morass ;
 Across the brook like roebuck bound,
 And thread the brake like questing
 hound ;
 The crag is high, the scaur⁵ is deep,
 Yet shrink not from the desperate leap :
 Parched are thy burning lips and brow,
 Yet by the fountain pause not now ;
 Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
 Stretch onward in thy fleet career !

¹ Place to gather (muster) for war.

² Meadow.

³ At once.

⁴ The Highlander's shoes were made of deerskin with the hair on the outside.

⁵ Precipice.

The wounded hind thou track'st not now,
Pursuest not maid through greenwood
bough,

Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace
With rivals in the mountain race;
But danger, death, and warrior deed
Are in thy course — speed, Malise, speed!

XIV¹

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
In arms the huts and hamlets rise;
From winding glen, from upland brown,
They poured each hardy tenant down.
Nor slack'd the messenger his pace;
He showed the sign, he named the place,
And, pressing forward like the wind,
Left clamor and surprise behind.
The fisherman forsook the strand,
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand;
With changed cheer, the mower blithe
Left in the half-cut swath his scythe;
The herds without a keeper strayed,
The plow was in midfurrow stayed,
The falconer tossed his hawk away,
The hunter left the stag at bay;
Prompt at the signal of alarms,
Each son of Alpine rushed to arms;
So swept the tumult and affray
Along the margin of Achray.
Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!
The rocks, the bosky² thickets, sleep
So stilly on thy bosom deep,
The lark's blithe carol from the cloud
Seems for the scene too gayly loud.

XV

Speed, Malise, speed! The lake is past,
Duncraggan's huts appear at last,
And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half
seen,
Half hidden in the copse so green;
There mayst thou rest, thy labor done,
Their lord³ shall speed the signal on.

¹ Stanza XIV gives a vivid picture of the summons to war.

² Busny, dense. ³ The lord of Duncraggan.

As stoops the hawk upon his prey,
The henchman shot him down the way.
What woeful accents load the gale?
The funeral yell, the female wail!
A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,
A valiant warrior fights no more.
Who, in the battle or the chase,
At Roderick's side shall fill his place!
Within the hall, where torch's ray
Supplies the excluded beams of day,
Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,
And o'er him streams his widow's tear.
His stripling son stands mournful by,
His youngest weeps, but knows not why;
The village maids and matrons round
The dismal coronach¹ resound.

XVI

CORONACH

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the raindrops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,²
Sage counsel in cumber,³
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever!

¹ An ancient funeral chant characterized by many gloomy words and phrases, and intended to be sung slowly and mournfully.

² A hillside hollow, the hiding place of the game; here, the "chase." ³ Trouble.

XVII

See Stumah,¹ who, the bier beside,
 His master's corpse with wonder eyed,
 Poor Stumah! whom his least halloo
 Could send like lightning o'er the dew,
 Bristles his crest, and points his ears,
 As if some stranger step he hears.
 'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread,
 Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,
 But headlong haste or deadly fear
 Urge the precipitate career.
 All stand aghast; unheeding all,
 The henchman bursts into the hall;
 Before the dead man's bier he stood,
 Held forth the Cross besmeared with
 blood;
 "The muster place is Lanrick mead;
 Speed forth the signal! clansmen,
 speed!"

XVIII

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,
 Sprung forth and seized the fatal sign.
 In haste the stripling² to his side
 His father's dirk and broadsword tied;
 But when he saw his mother's eye
 Watch him in speechless agony,
 Back to her opened arms he flew,
 Pressed on her lips a fond adieu,—
 "Alas!" she sobbed,— "and yet be
 gone,
 And speed thee forth, like Duncan's
 son!"
 One look he cast upon the bier,
 Dashed from his eye the gathering tear,
 Breathed deep to clear his laboring
 breast,
 And tossed aloft his bonnet crest,
 Then, like the high-bred colt when, freed,
 First he essays his fire and speed,
 He vanished, and o'er moor and moss
 Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.
 Suspended was the widow's tear
 While yet his footsteps she could hear;
 And when she marked the henchman's
 eye
 Wet with unwonted sympathy,

¹ Faithful; here, a dog's name. ² Youth.

"Kinsman," she said, "his race is run¹
 That should have sped thine errand on;
 The oak has fallen,— the sapling bough
 Is all Duncraggan's shelter now.
 Yet trust I well, his duty done,
 The orphan's God will guard my son.
 And you,² in many a danger true,
 At Duncan's hest³ your blades that drew,
 To arms, and guard that orphan's head!
 Let babes and women wail the dead."
 Then weapon clang and martial call
 Resounded through the funeral hall,
 While from the walls the attendant band
 Snatched sword and targe with hurried
 hand;
 And short and fitting energy
 Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye,
 As if the sounds to warrior dear
 Might rouse her Duncan from his bier.
 But faded soon that borrowed force;
 Grief claimed his right, and tears their
 course.

XIX

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,
 It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.
 O'er dale and hill the summons flew,
 Nor rest nor pause young Angus knew;
 The tear that gathered in his eye
 He left the mountain breeze to dry;
 Until, where Teith's young waters roll
 Betwixt him and a wooden knoll
 That graced the sable strath with green,
 The chapel of Saint Bride was seen.
 Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,
 But Angus paused not on the edge;
 Though the dark waves danced dizzily,
 Though reeled his sympathetic eye,
 He dashed amid the torrent's roar:
 His right hand high the crosslet bore,
 His left the pole-ax grasped, to guide
 And stay his footing in the tide.
 He stumbled twice,— the foam splashed
 high,
 With hoarser swell the stream raced by;

¹ The meaning is, in simple words: "Duncan,
 who should have borne the cross, is now dead.
 The lad is my only defender."

² Men of Duncraggan.

³ Command.

And had he fallen,— forever there,
Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir!
But still, as if in parting life,
Firmer he grasped the Cross of strife,
Until the opposing bank he gained,
And up the chapel pathway strained.

XX

A blithesome rout that morning-tide
Had sought the chapel of Saint Bride.
Her troth Tombea's Mary gave
To Norman, heir of Armandave,
And, issuing from the Gothic arch,
The bridal¹ now resumed their march.
In rude but glad procession came
Bonneted sire and coif-clad² dame;
And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,
Which snooded maiden would not hear;
And children, that, unwitting why,
Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry;
And minstrels, that in measures vied
Before the young and bonny bride,
Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose
The tear and blush of morning rose.
With virgin step and bashful hand
She held the kerchief's snowy band.
The gallant bridegroom by her side
Beheld his prize with victor's pride,
And the glad mother in her ear
Was closely whispering word of cheer.

XXI

Who meets them at the churchyard gate?
The messenger of fear and fate!
Haste in his hurried accent lies,
And grief is swimming in his eyes.
All dripping from the recent flood,
Panting and travel-soiled he stood,
The fatal sign of fire and sword
Held forth, and spoke the appointed word:
"The muster place is Lanrick mead;
Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!"
And must he change so soon the hand
Just linked to his by holy band,

¹ Bridal party.

² The coif is a small, close-fitting cap worn by married women only.

For the fell Cross of blood and brand?
And must the day so blithe that rose,
And promised rapture in the close,
Before its setting hour, divide
The bridegroom from the plighted bride?
O fatal doom! — it must! it must!
Clan-Alpine's cause, her Chieftain's
trust,
Her summons dread, brook no delay;
Stretch to the race,— away! away!

XXII

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,
And lingering eyed his lovely bride,
Until he saw the starting tear
Speak woe he might not stop to cheer;
Then, trusting not a second look,
In haste he sped him up the brook,
Nor backward glanced till on the heath¹
Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Teith.
What in the racer's bosom stirred?
The sickening pang of hope deferred,
And memory with a torturing train
Of all his morning visions vain.
Mingled with love's impatience, came
The manly thirst for martial fame;
The stormy joy of mountaineers
Ere yet they rush upon the spears;
And zeal for Clan and Chieftain burning,
And hope, from well-fought field return-
ing,

With war's red honors on his crest,
To clasp his Mary to his breast.
Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and
brae,²

Like fire from flint he glanced away,
While high resolve and feeling strong
Burst into voluntary song.

XXIII

The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken³ curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary;

¹ A tract of waste land.

² The slope of a hill.

³ A tall fern.

To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
 My couch may be my bloody plaid,
 My vesper song thy wail, sweet maid!
 It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
 The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
 I dare not think upon thy vow,
 And all it promised me, Mary.
 No fond regret must Norman know;
 When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
 His heart must be like bended bow,
 His foot like arrow free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught,
 For, if I fall in battle fought,
 Thy hapless lover's dying thought
 Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
 And if returned from conquered foes,
 How blithely will the evening close,
 How sweet the linnet sing repose,
 To my young bride and me, Mary!

XXIV

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,
 Balquidder,* speeds the midnight blaze,
 Rushing in conflagration strong
 Thy deep ravines and dells along,
 Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow,
 And reddening the dark lakes below;
 Nor faster speeds it, nor so far,
 As o'er thy heaths the voice of war.
 The signal roused to martial coil¹
 The sullen margin of Loch Voil,
 Waked still Loch Doine, and to the
 source
 Alarmed, Balvaig, thy swampy course;
 Thence southward turned its rapid road
 Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,
 Till rose in arms each man might claim
 A portion in Clan-Alpine's name,
 From the gray sire, whose trembling
 hand
 Could hardly buckle on his brand,
 To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
 Were yet scarce terror to the crow.

¹ Tumult.

Each valley, each sequestered glen,
 Mustered its little horde of men,
 That met as torrents from the height
 In Highland dales their streams unite,
 Still gathering, as they pour along,
 A voice more loud, a tide more strong,
 Till at the rendezvous they stood
 By hundreds prompt for blows and blood,
 Each trained to arms since life began,
 Owning no tie but to his clan,
 No oath but by his chieftain's hand,
 No law but Roderick Dhu's command.

XXV

That summer morn had Roderick Dhu
 Surveyed the skirts¹ of Benvenue,
 And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath,
 To view the frontiers of Menteith.
 All backward came with news of truce;
 Still lay each martial Græme and Bruce,
 In Rednock courts no horsemen wait,
 No banner waved on Cardross gate,
 On Duchray's towers no beacon shone,
 Nor scared the herons from Loch Con;
 All seemed at peace. Now wot ye why
 The Chieftain with such anxious eye,
 Ere to the muster he repair,
 This western frontier scanned with care?
 In Benvenue's most darksome cleft,
 A fair though cruel pledge² was left;
 For Douglas, to his promise true,
 That morning from the isle withdrew,
 And in a deep sequestered dell
 Had sought a low and lonely cell.
 By many a bard in Celtic * tongue
 Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung;
 A softer name the Saxons gave,
 And called the grot the Goblin Cave.

XXVI

It was a wild and strange retreat,
 As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.
 The dell, upon the mountain's crest,
 Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast;
 Its trench had stayed³ full many a rock,
 Hurlled by primeval earthquake shock

¹ Lower slopes.² Ellen.³ Stopped.

From Benvenue's gray summit wild,
And here, in random ruin piled,
They frowned incumbent o'er the
spot.

And formed the rugged sylvan grot.
The oak and birch with mingled shade
At noontide there a twilight made,
Unless when short and sudden shone
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,
With such a glimpse as prophet's eye
Gains on thy depth, Futurity.
No murmur waked the solemn still,
Save tinkling of a fountain rill;
But when the wind chafed with the
lake,

A sullen sound would upward break,
With dashing hollow voice, that spoke
The incessant war of wave and rock.
Suspended cliffs with hideous sway
Seemed nodding o'er the cavern gray.
From such a den the wolf had sprung,
In such the wildcat leaves her young;
Yet Douglas and his daughter fair
Sought for a space their safety there.
Gray Superstition's whisper dread
Debarred the spot to vulgar tread;
For there, she said, did fays resort,
And satyrs * hold their sylvan court,
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

XXVII

Now eve, with western shadows long,
Floated on Katrine bright and strong,
When Roderick with a chosen few
Repassed the heights of Benvenue.
Above the Goblin Cave they go,
Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-bo;
The prompt retainers speed before,
To launch the shallop from the shore,
For 'cross Loch Katrine lies his way
To view the passes of Achray,
And place his clansmen in array.
Yet lags the Chief in musing mind,
Unwonted sight, his men behind.
A single page, to bear his sword,
Alone attended on his lord;

The rest their way through thickets
break,
And soon await him by the lake.
It was a fair and gallant sight,
To view them from the neighboring
height,
By the low-leveled sunbeam's light!
For strength and stature, from the clan
Each warrior was a chosen man,
As even afar might well be seen,
By their proud step and martial mien.
Their feathers dance, their tartans float,
Their targets gleam, as by the boat
A wild and warlike group they stand,
That well became such mountain strand.

XXVIII

Their Chief with step reluctant still
Was lingering on the craggy hill,
Hard by where turned apart the road
To Douglas's obscure abode.
It was but with that dawning morn
That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn
To drown his love in war's wild roar,
Nor think of Ellen Douglas more;
But he who stems¹ a stream with sand,
And fetters flame² with flaxen band,
Has yet a harder task to prove,³ —
By firm resolve to conquer love!
Eve finds the Chief, like restless ghost,
Still hovering near his treasure lost;
For though his haughty heart deny
A parting meeting to his eye,
Still fondly strains his anxious ear
The accents of her voice to hear,
And inly⁴ did he curse the breeze
That waked to sound the rustling trees.
But hark! what mingles in the strain?
It is the harp of Allan-Bane,
That wakes its measure slow and high,
Attuned to sacred minstrelsy.
What melting voice attends the strings?
'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings.

¹ Dams.

² Flax burns very readily, and hence would not stop fire.

³ Accomplish.

⁴ In his heart, silently.

XXIX

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN

Ave Maria! maiden mild!

Listen to a maiden's prayer!
Thou canst hear though from the wild,
Thou canst save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banished, outcast, and re-
viled —

Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother, hear a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share
Shall seem with down of eider piled,
If thy protection hover there.
The murky cavern's heavy air
Shall breathe of balm if thou hast
smiled;

Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer,
Mother, list a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! stainless styled!

Foul demons of the earth and air,
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bow us to our lot of care,
Beneath thy guidance reconciled:
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,
And for a father hear a child!

Ave Maria!

XXX

Died on the harp the closing hymn;
Unmoved in attitude and limb,
As listening still, Clan-Alpine's lord
Stood leaning on his heavy sword,
Until the page with humble sign
Twice pointed to the sun's decline.
Then while his plaid he round him cast,
"It is the last time — 'tis the last,"
He muttered thrice, — "the last time
e'er
That angel voice shall Roderick hear!"
It was a goading thought, — his stride
Hied hastier down the mountain side;

Sullen he flung him in the boat,
An instant 'cross the lake it shot.
They landed in that silvery bay,
And eastward held their hasty way,
Till, with the latest beams of light,
The band arrived on Lanrick height,
Where mustered in the vale below
Clan-Alpine's men in martial show.

XXXI

A various scene the clansmen made:
Some sat, some stood, some slowly
strayed;

But most, with mantles folded round,
Were couched to rest upon the ground,
Scarce to be known by curious eye
From the deep heather where they lie,
So well was matched the tartan screen
With heath-bell dark and brackens
green;

Unless where, here and there, a blade
Or lance's point a glimmer made,
Like glowworm twinkling through the
shade.

But when, advancing through the gloom,
They saw the Chieftain's eagle plume,
Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide,
Shook the steep mountain's steady side.
Thrice it arose, and lake and fell
Three times returned the martial yell;
It died upon Bochastle's plain,
And Silence claimed her evening reign.

CANTO FOURTH

The Prophecy

I

THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding
new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns
from fears;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning
dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed
in tears.
O wilding rose, whom fancy thus en-
dears,

I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
 Emblem of hope and love through
 future years!"

Thus spoke young Norman, heir of
 Armandave,
 What time the sun arose on Vennachar's
 broad wave.

II

Such fond conceit, half said, half sung,
 Love prompted to the bridegroom's
 tongue.

All while he stripped the wild-rose spray,
 His ax and bow beside him lay,
 For on a pass 'twixt lake and wood
 A wakeful sentinel he stood.

Hark!—on the rock a footstep rung,
 And instant to his arms he sprung.

"Stand, or thou diest!—What, Malise?
 —soon

Art thou returned from Braes of Doune.
 By thy keen step and glance I know,
 Thou bring'st us tidings of the foe."

For while the Fiery * Cross hied on,
 On distant scout had Malise gone.

"Where sleeps the Chief?" the hench-
 man said.

"Apart, in yonder misty glade;
 To his lone couch I'll be your guide."
 Then called a slumberer by his side,
 And stirred him with his slackened bow,
 "Up, up, Glentarkin! rouse thee, ho!
 We seek the Chieftain; on the track
 Keep eagle watch till I come back."

III

Together up the pass they sped.
 "What of the foeman?" Norman said.
 "Varying reports from near and far;
 This certain,—that a band of war
 Has for two days been ready boune,¹
 At prompt command to march from
 Doune;
 King James the whole, with princely
 powers,
 Holds revelry in Stirling * towers.

¹ Prepared.

Soon will this dark and gathering cloud
 Speak on our glens in thunder loud.
 Inured¹ to bide such bitter bout,
 The warrior's plaid may bear it out;
 But, Norman, how wilt thou provide
 A shelter for thy bonny bride?"

"What! know ye not that Roderick's
 care
 To the lone isle hath caused repair
 Each maid and matron of the clan,
 And every child and aged man
 Unfit for arms; and given his charge,
 Nor skiff nor shallop, boat nor barge,
 Upon these lakes shall float at large,
 But all beside the islet moor,
 That such dear pledge² may rest secure?"

IV

"'Tis well advised,—the Chieftain's
 plan
 Bespeaks the father of his clan.
 But wherefore sleeps Sir Roderick Dhu
 Apart from all his followers true?"

"It is because last evening-tide
 Brian an augury hath tried,
 Of that dread kind which must not be
 Unless in dread extremity,
 The Taghairm called; by which, afar,
 Our sires foresaw the events of war.
 Duncraggan's milk-white bull they slew."

MALISE

"Ah! well the gallant brute I knew!
 The choicest of the prey we had
 When swept our merry-men Gallangad.
 His hide was snow, his horns were dark,
 His red eye glowed like fiery spark;
 So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet,
 Sore did he cumber our retreat,
 And kept our stoutest kerns³ in awe,
 Even at the pass of Beal 'maha.
 But steep and flinty was the road,
 And sharp the hurrying pikeman's goad,
 And when we came to Dennan's Row
 A child might scathless⁴ stroke his brow."

¹ Accustomed to endure such hardships.

² My bride.

³ Common men.

⁴ Without harm.

V

NORMAN

"That bull was slain; his reeking hide
 They stretched the cataract beside,
 Whose waters their wild tumult toss
 Adown the black and craggy boss¹
 Of that huge cliff whose ample verge
 Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.
 Couched on a shelf beneath its brink,
 Close where the thundering torrents
 sink,
 Rocking beneath their headlong sway,
 And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,
 Midst groan of rock and roar of stream,
 The wizard waits prophetic dream.
 Nor distant rests the Chief; but hush!
 See, gliding slow through mist and bush,
 The hermit gains yon rock, and stands
 To gaze upon our slumbering bands.
 Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost,
 That hovers o'er a slaughtered host?
 Or raven on the blasted oak,
 That, watching while the deer is broke,²
 His morsel claims with sullen croak?"

MALISE

"Peace! peace! to other than to me
 Thy words were evil augury;
 But still I hold Sir Roderick's blade
 Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid,
 Not aught that, gleaned from heaven or
 hell,
 Yon fiend-begotten Monk can tell.
 The Chieftain joins him,³ see — and now
 Together they descend the brow."

VI

And, as they came, with Alpine's Lord
 The Hermit Monk held solemn word:
 "Roderick! it is a fearful strife,
 For man endowed with mortal life,
 Whose shroud of sentient clay⁴ can still
 Feel feverish pang and fainting chill,

¹ Face.² Cut up. The rules of hunting required that a portion be left for the birds.³ Brian.⁴ Body.

Whose eye can stare in stony trance,
 Whose hair can rouse like warrior's
 lance,—

'Tis hard for such to view, unfurled,
 The curtain of the future world.
 Yet, witness every quaking limb,
 My sunken pulse, mine eyeballs dim,
 My soul with harrowing anguish torn,
 This for my Chieftain have I borne!
 The shapes that sought my fearful couch
 A human tongue may ne'er avouch¹;
 No mortal man — save he, who, bred
 Between the living and the dead,
 Is gifted beyond nature's law —
 Had e'er survived to say he saw.
 At length the fateful answer came
 In characters of living flame!
 Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll,
 But borne and branded on my soul:
 WHICH² SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN'S
 LIFE,
 THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE."

VII

"Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care!
 Good is thine augury, and fair.
 Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood
 But first our broadswords tasted blood.
 A surer victim still I know,
 Self-offered to the auspicious blow:
 A spy³ has sought my land this morn,—
 No eve shall witness his return!
 My followers guard each pass's mouth,
 To east, to westward, and to south;
 Red Murdoch, bribed to be his guide,
 Has charge to lead his steps aside,
 Till in deep path or dingle brown
 He light on those shall bring him down.
 But see, who comes his news to show!
 Malise! what tidings of the foe?"

VIII

"At Doune,* o'er many a spear and
 glave
 Two Barons proud their banners wave.

¹ Tell.² The side that.³ Whom has Roderick in mind?

I saw the Moray's silver star,
 And marked the sable pale¹ of Mar."²
 "By Alpine's soul, high tidings those!
 I love to hear of worthy foes.
 When move they on?" "To-morrow's
 noon
 Will see them here for battle boune."
 "Then shall it see a meeting stern!
 But, for the place,— say, couldst thou
 learn
 Nought of the friendly clans of Earn?
 Strengthened by them, we well might bide
 The battle on Benledi's side.
 Thou couldst not? — well! Clan-
 Alpine's men
 Shall man the Trosachs' shaggy glen;
 Within Loch Katrine's gorge we'll fight,
 All in our maids' and matrons' sight,
 Each for his hearth and household fire,
 Father for child, and son for sire,
 Lover for maid beloved! — But why —
 Is it the breeze affects mine eye?
 Or dost thou come, ill-omened tear!
 A messenger of doubt or fear?
 No! sooner may the Saxon lance
 Unfix Benledi from his stance,³
 Than doubt or terror can pierce through
 The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu!
 'Tis stubborn as his trusty targe.
 Each to his post! — all know their
 charge."
 The pibroch sounds, the bands advance,
 The broadswords gleam, the banners
 dance,
 Obedient to the Chieftain's glance.
 I turn me from the martial roar,
 And seek Coir-Uriskin once more.

IX

Where is the Douglas? he is gone;
 And Ellen sits on the gray stone
 Fast by the cave, and makes her moan,
 While vainly Allan's words of cheer
 Are poured on her unheeding ear.

¹ A broad perpendicular stripe on a family shield.

² I saw the silver star of the Moray family and the black pale of the Mar family.

³ Position.

"He will return — dear lady, trust! —
 With joy return; — he will — he must.
 Well was it time to seek afar
 Some refuge from impending war,
 When e'en Clan-Alpine's rugged swarm
 Are cowed by the approaching storm.
 I saw their boats with many a light,
 Floating the livelong yesternight,
 Shifting like flashes darted forth
 By the red streamers of the north;¹
 I marked at morn how close they ride,
 Thick moored by the lone islet's side,
 Like wild ducks couching in the fen
 When stoops the hawk upon the glen.
 Since this rude race dare not abide
 The peril on the mainland side,
 Shall not thy noble father's care
 Some safe retreat for thee prepare?"

X

ELLEN

"No, Allan, no! Pretext so kind
 My wakeful terrors could not blind.
 When in such tender tone yet grave,
 Douglas a parting blessing gave,
 The tear that glistened in his eye
 Drowned not his purpose fixed and high.
 My soul, though feminine and weak,
 Can image his; e'en as the lake,
 Itself disturbed by slightest stroke,
 Reflects the invulnerable rock.
 He hears report of battle rife,
 He deems himself the cause of strife.
 I saw him redden when the theme
 Turned, Allan, on thine idle dream
 Of Malcolm Græme in fetters bound,
 Which I, thou saidst, about him wound.
 Think'st thou he trowed² thine omen
 aught?

O no! 'twas apprehensive thought
 For the kind youth, — for Roderick too —
 Let me be just — that friend so true;
 In danger both, and in our cause!
 Minstrel, the Douglas dare not pause.
 Why else that solemn warning given,
 'If not on earth, we meet in heaven!'

¹ The aurora borealis.

² Believed.

Why else, to Cambus-kenneth's fane,¹
 If eve return him not again,
 Am I to hie and make me known?
 Alas, he goes to Scotland's throne,
 Buys his friends' safety with his own;
 He goes to do — what I had done,
 Had Douglas' daughter been his son!"

XI

"Nay, lovely Ellen! — dearest, nay!
 If aught should his return delay,
 He only named yon holy fane
 As fitting place to meet again.
 Be sure he's safe; and for the Græme, —
 Heaven's blessing on his gallant name! —
 My visioned sight may yet prove true,
 Nor bode of ill to him or you.
 When did my gifted dream beguile?
 Think of the stranger at the isle,
 And think upon the harpings slow
 That presaged this approaching woe!
 Sooth was my prophecy of fear;
 Believe it when it augurs cheer.
 Would we had left this dismal spot!
 Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot.
 Of such a wondrous tale I know —
 Dear lady, change that look of woe,
 My harp was wont thy grief to cheer."

ELLEN

"Well, be it as thou wilt; I hear,
 But cannot stop the bursting tear."
 The Minstrel tried his simple art,
 But distant far was Ellen's heart.

XII

BALLAD — ALICE BRAND

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
 When the mavis² and merle³ are sing-
 ing,
 When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds
 are in cry,
 And the hunter's horn is ringing.

¹ Abbey of Cambus-kenneth, on the other side
 'of the Firth of Forth.

² Thrush.

³ Blackbird.

"O Alice Brand, my native land
 Is lost for love of you;
 And we must hold by wood and wold,¹
 As outlaws wont to do.

"O Alice, 'twas all for thy locks so
 bright,
 And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
 That on the night of our luckless flight
 Thy brother bold I slew.

"Now must I teach to hew the beech
 The hand that held the glaive,²
 For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
 And stakes to fence our cave.

"And for vest of pall,³ thy fingers small,
 That wont on harp to stray,
 A cloak must shear from the slaughtered
 deer,
 To keep the cold away."

"O Richard! if my brother died,
 'Twas but a fatal chance;
 For darkling was the battle tried,
 And fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair⁴ no more I wear,
 Nor thou the crimson sheen,
 As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,
 As gay the forest green.

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
 And lost thy native land,
 Still Alice has her own Richard,
 And he his Alice Brand."

XIII

BALLAD (CONTINUED)

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good green
 wood;
 So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
 On the beech's pride and oak's brown
 side
 Lord Richard's ax is ringing.

¹ Open country.

² Broadsword.

³ A mantle of rich cloth.

⁴ Soft fur, probably that of the squirrel.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
 Who woned¹ within the hill,—
 Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
 His voice was ghostly shrill.

“Why sounds yon stroke on beech and
 oak,
 Our moonlight circle’s² screen?
 Or who comes here to chase the deer,
 Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
 Or who may dare on wold to wear
 The fairies’ fatal green?”

“Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
 For thou wert christened man;
 For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
 For muttered word or ban.

“Lay on him the curse of the withered
 heart,
 The curse of the sleepless eye;
 Till he wish and pray that his life would
 part,
 Nor yet find leave to die.”

XIV

BALLAD (CONTINUED)

’Tis merry, ’tis merry, in good green-
 wood,
 Though the birds have stilled their
 singing;
 The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
 And Richard is fagots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
 Before Lord Richard stands,
 And, as he crossed and blessed himself,
 “I fear not sign,” quoth the grisly elf,
 “That is made with bloody hands.”

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
 That woman void of fear,—
 “And if there’s blood upon his hand,
 ’Tis but the blood of deer.”

“Now loud thou liest, thou bold of
 mood!

It cleaves unto his hand,
 The stain of thine own kindly blood,
 The blood of Ethert Brand.”

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,
 And made the holy sign,—
 “And if there’s blood on Richard’s hand,
 A spotless hand is mine.

“And I conjure thee, demon elf,
 By Him whom demons fear,
 To show us whence thou art thyself,
 And what thine errand here?”

XV

BALLAD (CONTINUED)

“’Tis merry, ’tis merry, in Fairyland,
 When fairy birds are singing,
 When the court doth ride by their mon-
 arch’s side,
 With bit and bridle ringing:

“And gayly shines the Fairyland —
 But all is glistening show,
 Like the idle gleam that December’s
 beam
 Can dart on ice and snow.

“And fading, like that varied gleam,
 Is our inconstant shape,
 Who now like knight and lady seem,
 And now like dwarf and ape.

“It was between the night and day,
 When the Fairy King has power,
 That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
 And ’twixt life and death was snatched
 away
 To the joyless Elfin bower.

“But wist I of a woman bold,
 Who thrice my brow durst sign,
 I might regain my mortal mold,
 As fair a form as thine.”

¹ Dwelt.

² Spots of grass that cattle will not eat are said
 to be the dancing places of the fairies.

She crossed him once — she crossed him
twice —
That lady was so brave;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold;
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mold,
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dunfermline¹
gray,
When all the bells were ringing.

XVI

Just as the minstrel sounds were stayed,
A stranger climbed the steepy glade;
His martial step, his stately mien,
His hunting-suit of Lincoln green,
His eagle glance, remembrance claims —
'Tis Snowdown's Knight, 'tis James
Fitz-James.

Ellen beheld as in a dream,
Then, starting, scarce suppressed a
scream:

"O stranger! in such hour of fear
What evil hap has brought thee here?"

"An evil hap how can it be
That bids me look again on thee?
By promise bound, my former guide
Met me betimes this morning tide,
And marshaled over bank and bourne²
The happy path of my return."

"The happy path! — what! said he
naught

Of war, of battle to be fought,
Of guarded pass?" "No, by my faith!
Nor saw I aught could augur scathe."³

"O haste thee, Allan, to the kern:
Yonder his tartans I discern;
Learn thou his purpose, and conjure⁴
That he will guide the stranger sure!

¹ Grayfriars Abbey, near Edinburgh.

² Brook. ³ Harm.

⁴ Bring it to pass [by your magic power].

What prompted thee, unhappy man?
The meanest serf in Roderick's clan
Had not been bribed, by love or fear,
Unknown to him to guide thee here."

XVII

"Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,
Since it is worthy care from thee;
Yet life I hold but idle breath
When love or honor's weighed with
death.

Then let me profit by my chance,
And speak my purpose bold at once.
I come to bear thee from a wild
Where ne'er before such blossom smiled,
By this soft hand to lead thee far
From frantic scenes of feud and war.

Near Bochart's my horses wait;
They bear us soon to Stirling* gate.
I'll place thee in a lovely bower,
I'll guard thee like a tender flower —"
"O hush, Sir Knight! 'twere female
art,

To say I do not read thy heart;
Too much, before, my selfish ear
Was idly soothed my praise to hear.
That fatal bait¹ hath lured thee back,
In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track;
And how, O how, can I atone
The wreck my vanity brought on!
One way remains — I'll tell him all —
Yes! struggling bosom, forth it shall!
Thou, whose light folly bears the blame,
Buy thine own pardon with thy shame!
But first — my father is a man
Outlawed and exiled, under ban;
The price of blood is on his head,
With me 'twere infamy to wed.
Still wouldst thou speak? — then hear
the truth!

Fitz-James, there is a noble youth² —
If yet he is! — exposed for me
And mine to dread extremity —
Thou hast the secret of my heart;
Forgive, be generous, and depart!"

¹ The pleasure Ellen took in the knight's compliments. ² Who is he?

XVIII

Fitz-James knew every wily train¹
 A lady's fickle heart to gain,
 But here he knew and felt them vain.
 There shot no glance from Ellen's eye,
 To give her steadfast speech the lie;
 In maiden confidence she stood,
 Though mantled in her cheek the blood,
 And told her love with such a sigh
 Of deep and hopeless agony,
 As death had sealed her Malcolm's doom
 And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.
 Hope vanished from Fitz-James's eye
 But not with hope fled sympathy.
 He proffered to attend her side,
 As brother would a sister guide.
 "O little know'st thou Roderick's heart!
 Safer for both we go apart.
 O haste thee, and from Allan learn
 If thou mayst trust yon wily kern."
 With hand upon his forehead laid,
 The conflict of his mind to shade,
 A parting step or two he made;
 Then, as some thought had crossed his
 brain,
 He paused,² and turned, and came again.

XIX

"Hear, lady, yet a parting word!
 It chanced in fight that my poor sword
 Preserved the life of Scotland's lord.³
 This ring the grateful Monarch gave,
 And bade, when I had boon to crave,⁴
 To bring it back, and boldly claim
 The recompense that I would name.
 Ellen, I am no courtly lord,
 But one who lives by lance and sword,
 Whose castle is his helm and shield,
 His lordship the embattled field.
 What from a prince can I demand,
 Who neither reck⁵ of state nor land?
 Ellen, thy hand — the ring is thine;
 Each guard and usher knows the sign.

¹ Artful lure.

² Note how the unusually long stops after
 "paused" and "turned" fit the action.
 What do we call such fitting of meter to sense?

³ King.

⁴ Favor to ask.

⁵ Care for.

Seek thou the King without delay;
 This signet shall secure thy way:
 And claim thy suit, whate'er it be,
 As ransom of his pledge to me."
 He placed the golden circlet on,
 Paused — kissed her hand — and then
 was gone.

The aged minstrel stood aghast,
 So hastily Fitz-James shot past.
 He joined his guide, and wending down
 The ridges of the mountain brown,
 Across the stream they took their way
 That joins Loch Katrine to Achray.

XX

All in the Trosachs' glen was still,
 Noontide was sleeping on the hill:
 Sudden his guide whooped loud and
 high —

"Murdoch! was that a signal cry?"
 He stammered forth, "I shout to scare
 Yon raven from his dainty fare."
 He looked — he knew the raven's prey,
 His own brave steed: "Ah! gallant gray!
 For thee — for me, perchance — 'twere
 well

We ne'er had seen the Trosachs' dell.
 Murdoch, move first — but silently;
 Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die!"
 Jealous and sullen on they fared,
 Each silent, each upon his guard.

XXI

Now wound the path its dizzy ledge
 Around a precipice's edge,
 When lo! a wasted female form,
 Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,
 In tattered weeds¹ and wild array,
 Stood on a cliff beside the way,
 And glancing round her restless eye,
 Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,
 Seemed naught to mark, yet all to spy.
 Her brow was wreathed with gaudy
 broom²;

With gesture wild she waved a plume

¹ Clothes.

² The broom bears showy yellow flowers.

Of feathers, which the eagles fling¹
 To crag and cliff from dusky wing;
 Such spoils her desperate step had sought,
 Where scarce was footing for the goat.
 The tartan plaid she first descried,
 And shrieked till all the rocks replied;
 As loud she laughed when near they
 drew,
 For then the Lowland garb she knew;²
 And then her hands she wildly wrung,
 And then she wept, and then she sung —
 She sung! — the voice, in better time,³
 Perchance to harp or lute might chime;
 And now, though strained and rough-
 ened, still
 Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

XXII

SONG

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
 They say my brain is warped and
 wrung —
 I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
 I cannot pray in Highland tongue.
 But were I now where Allan glides,
 Or heard my native Devan's tides,
 So sweetly would I rest, and pray
 That Heaven would close my wintry day!

'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,
 They made me to the church repair;
 It was my bridal morn, they said,
 And my true love would meet me there.
 But woe betide the cruel guile
 That drowned in blood the morning
 smile!
 And woe betide the fairy dream!
 I only waked to sob and scream.

XXIII

"Who is this maid? what means her
 lay?
 She hovers o'er the hollow way,
 And flutters wide her mantle gray,

¹ Drop.² For then she saw the Lincoln green of Fitz-James.³ In better days.

As the lone heron spreads his wing,
 By twilight, o'er a haunted spring."
 "'Tis Blanche of Devan," Murdoch said,
 "A crazed and captive Lowland maid,
 Ta'en on the morn she was a bride,
 When Roderick forayed Devan-side.
 The gay bridegroom resistance made,
 And felt our Chief's unconquered blade.
 I marvel she is now at large,
 But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's¹
 charge.
 Hence, brain-sick fool!" He raised his
 bow:
 "Now, if thou strik'st her but one blow,
 I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far
 As ever peasant pitched a bar!²"
 "Thanks, champion, thanks!" the Ma-
 niac cried,
 And pressed her to Fitz-James's side.
 "See the gray pennons I prepare,
 To seek my true love through the air!
 I will not lend that savage groom,
 To break his fall, one downy plume!
 No! — deep amid disjointed stones,
 The wolves shall batten³ on his bones,
 And then shall his detested plaid,
 By bush and brier in mid-air stayed,
 Wave forth a banner fair and free,
 Meet signal for their revelry."

XXIV

"Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still!"
 "O! thou look'st kindly, and I will.
 Mine eye has dried and wasted been,
 But still it loves the Lincoln green;
 And, though mine ear is all unstrung,
 Still, still it loves the Lowland tongue.

"For O, my sweet William was forester
 true,
 He stole poor Blanche's heart away!
 His coat it was all of the greenwood hue,
 And so blithely he trilled the Lowland
 lay!

¹ The woman in charge of Blanche.² A bar [of iron in an athletic contest].³ Fatten.

"It was not that I meant to tell . . .
But thou art wise and guessest well."
Then, in a low and broken tone,
And hurried note, the song went on.
Still on the clansman fearfully
She fixed her apprehensive eye,
Then turned it on the Knight, and then
Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen.

XXV

"The toils are pitched, and the stakes are
set,—
Ever sing merrily, merrily;
The bows they bend, and the knives they
whet,
Hunters live so cheerily.

"It was a stag, a stag of ten,¹
Bearing its branches sturdily;
He came stately down the glen,—
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

"It was there he met with a wounded doe,
She was bleeding deathfully;
She warned him of the toils below,
O, so faithfully, faithfully!

"He had an eye, and he could heed,—
Ever sing warily, warily;
He had a foot, and he could speed,—
Hunters watch so narrowly."

XXVI

Fitz-James's mind was passion-tossed,
When Ellen's hints and fears were lost;
But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought,
And Blanche's song conviction brought.
Not like a stag that spies the snare,
But lion of the hunt aware,
He waved at once his blade on high,
"Disclose thy treachery, or die!"
Forth at full speed the clansman flew,
But in his race his bow he drew.
The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest,
And thrilled² in Blanche's faded breast.

¹ One with ten-tined antlers, a large stag.
² Quivered.

Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed,
For ne'er had Alpine's son such need;
With heart of fire, and foot of wind,
The fierce avenger is behind!
Fate judges of the rapid strife —
The forfeit death — the prize is life;
Thy kindred ambush lies before,¹
Close couched upon the heathery moor;
Them couldst thou reach! — it may not
be —

Thine ambushed kin thou ne'er shalt see,
The fiery Saxon gains on thee!
Resistless speeds the deadly thrust,
As lightning strikes the pine to dust;
With foot and hand Fitz-James must
strain

Ere he can win² his blade again.
Bent o'er the fallen with falcon eye,
He grimly smiled to see him die,
Then slower wended back his way,
Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

XXVII

She sat beneath the birchen tree,
Her elbow resting on her knee;
She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,
And gazed on it, and feebly laughed;
Her wreath of broom and feathers gray,
Daggled³ with blood, beside her lay.
The Knight to stanch the lifestream
tried, —

"Stranger, it is in vain!" she cried.
"This hour of death has given me more
Of reason's power than years before;
For, as these ebbing veins decay,
My frenzied visions fade away.
A helpless injured wretch I die,
And something tells me in thine eye
That thou wert my avenger born.
Seest thou this tress? O, still I've worn
This little tress of yellow hair,
Through danger, frenzy, and despair!
It once was bright and clear as thine,
But blood and tears have dimmed its
shine.

¹ Your Highland friends are lying in ambush
before you. ² Withdraw. ³ Soaked.

I will not tell thee when 'twas shred,
Nor from what guiltless victim's head,—
My brain would turn! — but it shall wave
Like plumage on thy helmet brave,
Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain,
And thou wilt bring it me again.

I waver still. O God! more bright
Let reason beam her parting light!
O, by thy knighthood's honored sign,
And for thy life preserved by mine,
When thou shalt see a darksome man,
Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's Clan,
With tartans broad and shadowy plume,
And hand of blood, and brow of gloom,
Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,
And wreak¹ poor Blanche of Devan's
wrong! —

They watch for thee by pass and fell . . .
Avoid the path . . . O God! . . . fare-
well!"

XXVIII

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James;
Fast poured his eyes at pity's claims;
And now, with mingled grief and ire,
He saw the murdered maid expire.

"God, in my need, be my relief,
As I wreak this on yonder Chief!"

A lock from Blanche's tresses fair
He blended with her bridegroom's hair;
The mingled braid in blood he dyed,
And placed it on his bonnet-side:

"By Him whose word is truth, I swear,
No other favor² will I wear,
Till this sad token I imbrue³

In the best blood of Roderick Dhu!
But hark! what means yon faint halloo?

The chase is up, — but they shall know,
The stag at bay's a dangerous foe."

Barred from the known but guarded way,
Through copse and cliffs Fitz-James
must stray,

And oft must change his desperate track,
By stream and precipice turned back.

¹ Avenge.

² In a tournament the knight wore some slight token from a lady (such as a glove or a handkerchief), called a favor.

³ Soak.

Heartless, fatigued, and faint, at length,
From lack of food and loss of strength,
He couched him in a thicket hoar,
And thought his toils and perils o'er:

"Of all my rash adventures past,
This frantic feat must prove the last!
Who e'er so mad but might have
guessed

That all this Highland hornet's nest
Would muster up in swarms so soon
As e'er they heard of bands at Doune?
Like bloodhounds now they search me
out,—

Hark, to the whistle and the shout!
If farther through the wilds I go,
I only fall upon the foe:
I'll couch me here till evening gray,
Then darkling try my dangerous way."

XXIX

The shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapt in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe.

With cautious step and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake;
And not the summer solstice¹ there
Tempered the midnight mountain air,
But every breeze that swept the wold
Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famished and chilled, through ways
unknown,

Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
A watch-fire . . . before him burned.

XXX

Beside its embers red and clear,
Basked in his plaid a mountaineer;
And up he sprung with sword in hand:
"Thy name and purpose! Saxon,
stand!"

¹ Here, heat of summer.

"A stranger." "What dost thou require?"

"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."

"Art thou a friend to Roderick?" "No."

"Thou dar'st not call thyself a foe?"

"I dare! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand."

"Bold words! — but, though the beast of
game

The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip or bow we bend,
Who ever recked, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapped or slain?¹
Thus treacherous scouts, — yet sure they
lie,

Who say thou cam'st a secret spy!"

"They do, by heaven! — come Roderick
Dhu,

And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest."²

"If by the blaze I mark aright,³
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of
Knight."

"Then by these tokens mayst thou
know —

Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."

"Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare."⁴

Each word against his honor spoke
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more, — upon thy fate, 'tis said,
A mighty augury¹ is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn, —
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
But, not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honor's laws;
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and
ward,

Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,
As far as Coilantogle's ford;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."

"I take thy courtesy, by heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"

"Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."

With that he shook the gathered heath,
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

XXXI

He gave him of his Highland cheer,⁵
The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share⁶ his plaid.
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech addressed:
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;

¹ We always give a game beast a chance for life
before we set the dogs on him, but no one
cares how or when he kills a fox.

² With my sword I'll show them that I am no
spy. ³ Distinguish signs clearly.

⁴ Food and drink. ⁵ Food.

⁶ The plaid served as a cover at night.

CANTO FIFTH

The Combat

I

FAIR as the earliest beam of eastern
light,
When first, by the bewildered pilgrim
spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming
tide,
And lights the fearful path on moun-
tain side, —

¹ It has been foretold that the party that first
draws blood will win.

Fair as that beam, although the fairest
far,

Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's
bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that
cloud the brow of War.

II

That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Looked out upon the dappled sky,
Muttered their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael¹ around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain gray.
A wildering path! — they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gained not the length of horseman's lance.
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled oft that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of
dew,—
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

III

At length they came where, stern and
steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose;
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening
stone;

¹ The poet has not yet told us who this Gael is.
Such concealing of identity is called suspense.

A hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry.
But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers¹ fringed the swamp and hill;
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrent down had borne,
And heaped upon the cumbered land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And asked Fitz-James by what strange
cause
He sought these wilds, traversed by few,
Without a pass² from Roderick Dhu.

IV

"Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt and by my side;
Yet, sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
"I dreamt not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewildered in pursuit of game,
All seemed as peaceful and as still
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous Chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war.
Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,
Though deep perchance the villain lied."
"Yet why a second venture try?"
"A warrior thou, and ask me why!
Moves our free course by such fixed cause
As gives the poor mechanic laws?
Enough, I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day;
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A Knight's free footsteps far and wide,—
A falcon flown, a greyhound strayed,
The merry glance of mountain maid;
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone."

¹ Small, slender willows.

² Permit.

V

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war,
Against Clan-Alpine, raised by Mar?"

"No, by my word; of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;
Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune* had peaceful
hung."

"Free be they flung! for we were loath
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung! — as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
But, stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewildered in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you
show

Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?"
"Warrior, but yestermorn I knew
Naught of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlawed desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's¹ court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart."

VI

Wrathful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl,
A space he paused, then sternly said,
"And heard'st thou why he drew his
blade?"

Heard'st thou that shameful word and
blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his
foe?

What recked the Chieftain if he stood
On Highland heath or Holy-Rood?*

He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven."

"Still was it outrage; yet, 'tis true,
Not then claimed sovereignty his due;¹
While Albany with feeble hand
Held borrowed truncheon² of command,
The young King, mewed³ in Stirling
tower,

Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy Chieftain's robber life! —
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain
His herds and harvest reared in vain, —
Methinks a soul like thine should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne."

VII

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
And answered with disdainful smile:
"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked⁴ thee send delighted eye
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between;
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft⁵ the land.
Where dwell we now? See, rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread
For fattened steer or household bread,
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply,
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.'
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Aye, by my soul! While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain,
While of ten thousand herds there strays
But one along yon river's maze,

¹ Ruler's; until James V reached the age of twenty-one Scotland was governed by a regent. See "Albany."*

² The king was not of age.
³ Symbol of authority, staff.
⁴ Imprisoned.

⁵ Noticed.
⁶ Stole.

The Gael, of plain and river heir,
 Shall with strong hand redeem his share.
 Where live the mountain Chiefs who
 hold
 That plundering Lowland field and fold
 Is aught but retribution true?
 Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

VIII

Answered Fitz-James: "And, if I sought,
 Think'st thou no other could be brought?
 What deem ye of my path waylaid?
 My life given o'er to ambuscade?"
 "As of a meed to rashness due:
 Hadst thou sent warning fair and true,—
 I seek my hound or falcon strayed,
 I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,—
 Free hadst thou been to come and go;
 But secret path marks secret foe.
 Nor yet for this, even as a spy,
 Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to
 die,
 Save to fulfil an augury."
 "Well, let it pass; nor will I now
 Fresh cause of enmity avow,
 To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
 Enough, I am by promise tied
 To match me with this man of pride:
 Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
 In peace; but when I come again,
 I come with banner, brand, and bow,
 As leader seeks his mortal foe.
 For love-lorn swain in lady's bower
 Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
 As I, until before me stand
 This rebel Chieftain and his band!"

IX

"Have then, thy wish!" He whistled
 shrill,
 And he was answered from the hill;
 Wild as the scream of the curlew,
 From crag to crag the signal flew.
 Instant, through copse and heath, arose
 Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
 On right, on left, above, below,
 Sprung up at once the lurking foe;

From shingles gray their lances start,
 The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
 The rushes and the willow wand
 Are bristling into ax and brand,
 And every tuft of broom gives life
 To plaided warrior armed for strife.
 That whistle garrisoned the glen
 At once with full five hundred men,
 As if the yawning hill to heaven
 A subterranean host had given.
 Watching their leader's beck and will,
 All silent there they stood and still.
 Like the loose crags whose threatening
 mass
 Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
 As if an infant's touch could urge
 Their headlong passage down the verge,
 With step and weapon forward flung,
 Upon the mountain side they hung.
 The Mountaineer cast glance of pride
 Along Benledi's living side,
 Then fixed his eye and sable brow
 Full on Fitz-James: "How say'st thou
 now?
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
 And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!"¹

X

Fitz-James was brave; though to his
 heart
 The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
 He manned himself with dauntless air,
 Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
 His back against a rock he bore,
 And firmly placed his foot before:
 "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
 From its firm base as soon as I."
 Sir Roderick marked, and in his eyes
 Respect was mingled with surprise,
 And the stern joy which warriors feel
 In foeman worthy of their steel.
 Short space he stood, then waved his
 hand;
 Down sunk the disappearing band;
 Each warrior vanished where he stood,
 In broom or bracken, heath or wood;

¹ Such an unmasking of a disguised character in a story is called a *dénouement* [dā nōō'mān].

Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
In osiers pale and cospes low;
It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.¹
The wind's last breath had tossed in air
Pennon and plaid and plumage fair;
The next but swept a lone hillside,
Where heath and fern were waving wide;
The sun's last glance was glinted back
From spear and glaive, from targe² and
jack;³
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green and cold gray stone.

XI

Fitz-James looked round, — yet scarce
believed
The witness that his sight received;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied:
"Fear naught — nay, that I need not
say —
But — doubt not aught from mine
array.⁴
Thou art my guest; I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford:
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on; I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."
They moved; I said Fitz-James was brave
As ever knight that belted glaive,⁵
Yet dare not say that now his blood
Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through,

¹ Children.

² A round shield of wood or leather, studded with brass or iron nails.

³ A heavy leather war coat, often protected with iron rings.

⁴ The army just seen.

⁵ Buckled on a broadsword.

Which yet by fearful proof was rife
With lances, that, to take his life,
Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonored and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
The vanished guardians of the ground,
And still from copse and heather deep
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left; for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

XII¹

The Chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding
shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless
mines²
On Bochartle the moldering lines,³
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.⁴
And here his course the Chieftain stayed,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said:
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and
ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here all vantageless I stand,
Armed like thyself with single brand;

¹ This stanza is one of the most famous in the poem. Note how the sound imitates the swirl of the rapid torrent.

² Undermines.

³ An old Roman fort.

⁴ Raised her eagle standard.

For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee¹ with thy
sword."

XIII

The Saxon paused: "I ne'er delayed
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay more, brave Chief, I vowed thy
death;

Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:
Can naught but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?" "No, stranger,
none!

And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead:
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.'"
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read.

Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy;
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.

To James at Stirling let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favor free,
I plight mine honor, oath, and word
That, to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

XIV

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's
eye:

"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate;
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared? By heaven, I change

¹ Protect yourself.

My thought, and hold thy valor light
As that of some vain carpet knight,¹
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."

"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and, ruth, begone!
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
Though not from copse, or heath, or
cairn,

Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not — doubt not — which thou
wilt —

We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."
Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looks to sun and stream and plain
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then foot and point and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

XV

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside;
For, trained abroad² his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practiced every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;³
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.

¹ One made a knight for other cause than prowess
in warfare.

² Here, in France.

³ Note the rapid line that describes the knight's
warfare, and the two following slow lines that
describe Roderick's method of fighting.

Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock or castle roof
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And backward borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

XVI

"Now yield thee, or by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my
blade!"

"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
Like¹ adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel!
They tug, they strain! down, down they
go,

The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The Chieftain's gripe his throat com-
pressed,

His knee was planted on his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!
But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game:
For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and
eye.

Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.

¹ Note how vivid the repetition of "like" makes
this and the two following lines,

The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

XVII

He faltered thanks to Heaven for life,
Redeemed, unhopd, from desperate
strife;

Next on his foe his look he cast,
Whose every gasp appeared his last;
In Roderick's gore he dipped the braid,—
"Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly
paid;

Yet with thy foe must die, or live,
The praise that faith and valor give."
With that he blew a bugle note,
Undid the collar from his throat,
Unbonneted, and by the wave
Sat down his brow and hands to lave,
Then faint afar are heard the feet
Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet;
The sounds increase, and now are seen
Four mounted squires in Lincoln green;
Two who bear lance, and two who lead
By loosened rein a saddled steed;
Each onward held his headlong course,
And by Fitz-James reined up his horse,
With wonder viewed the bloody spot.

"Exclaim not, gallants! question not.
You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,
And bind the wounds of yonder knight;
Let the gray palfrey¹ bear his weight,
We destined for a fairer freight,²
And bring him on to Stirling straight;
I will before at better speed,
To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.³
The sun rides high; I must be boune
To see the archer game at noon;
But lightly Bayard clears the lea.
De Vaux and Herries, follow me.

XVIII

"Stand, Bayard, stand!" — the steed
obeyed,
With arching neck and bended head,

¹ A lady's riding horse.

² Ellen.

³ Dress.

And glancing eye and quivering ear,
 As if he loved his lord to hear.
 No foot Fitz-James in stirrup stayed,
 No grasp upon the saddle laid,
 But wreathed his left hand in the mane,
 And lightly bounded from the plain,
 Turned on the horse his armed¹ heel,
 And stirred his courage with the steel.
 Bounded² the fiery steed in air,
 The rider sat erect and fair,
 Then like a bolt from steel crossbow
 Forth launched, along the plain they go.
 They dashed that rapid torrent through,
 And up Carhonie's hill they flew;
 Still at the gallop pricked³ the Knight,
 His merry men followed as they might.
 Along thy banks, swift Teith, they ride,
 And in the race they mock thy tide;
 Torry and Lendrick now are past,
 And Deanstown lies behind them cast;
 They rise, the bannered towers of Doune,
 They sink in distant woodland soon;
 Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,
 They sweep like breeze through Och-
 tertery;

They mark just glance and disappear
 The lofty brow of ancient Kier;
 They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,
 Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,
 And on the opposing shore take ground,
 With splash, with scramble, and with
 bound.
 Right-hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-
 Forth!
 And soon the bulwark of the North,
 Gray Stirling, with her towers and town,
 Upon their fleet career looked down.

XIX

As up the flinty path they strained,
 Sudden his steed the leader reined;
 A signal to his squire he flung,
 Who instant to his stirrup sprung:
 "Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman
 gray,

¹ Spurred.² Note the words and other devices Scott uses
to indicate great speed,³ Rode,

Who townward holds the rocky way,
 Of stature tall and poor array?
 Mark'st thou the firm yet active stride
 With which he scales the mountain side?
 Know'st thou from whence he comes, or
 whom?"

"No, by my word; a burly groom
 He seems, who in the field or chase
 A baron's train would nobly grace —"
 "Out, out, De Vaux! can fear supply,
 And jealousy, no sharper eye?
 Afar, ere to the hill he drew,
 That stately form and step I knew;
 Like form in Scotland is not seen,
 Treads not such step on Scottish green.
 'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle!¹
 The uncle of the banished Earl.
 Away, away, to court, to show
 The near approach of dreaded foe:
 The King must stand upon his guard;
 Douglas and he must meet prepared."
 Then right-hand wheeled their steeds,
 and straight
 They won the Castle's postern² gate.

XX

The Douglas who had bent his way
 From Cambus-kenneth's abbey gray,
 Now, as he climbed the rocky shelf,
 Held sad communion with himself³:
 "Yes! all is true my fears could frame;
 A prisoner lies the noble Græme,
 And fiery Roderick soon will feel
 The vengeance of the royal steel.
 I, only I, can ward their fate,—
 God grant the ransom come not late!
 The Abbess hath her promise given,
 My child shall be the bride of Heaven;
 Be pardoned one repining tear!
 For He who gave her knows how dear,
 How excellent! — but that is by,
 And now my business is — to die.
 Ye towers! within whose circuit dread
 A Douglas⁴ by his sovereign bled;

¹ An obscure saint. His name is probably used
here because of the rime. ² Rear.³ Gave himself over to sad thoughts.⁴ In 1452 William, earl of Douglas, was slain by
King James II,

And thou, O sad and fatal mound!¹
 That oft hast heard the death-ax sound,
 As on the noblest of the land
 Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand,—
 The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb
 Prepare, for Douglas seeks his doom!
 But hark! what blithe and jolly peal
 Makes the Franciscan steeple reel?²
 And see! upon the crowded street,
 In motley groups what maskers meet!
 Banner and pageant, pipe and drum,
 And merry morris-dancers³ come.
 I guess, by all this quaint array,
 The burghers hold their sports to-day.
 James will be there; he loves such show,
 Where the good yeoman bends his bow,
 And the tough wrestler foils his foe,
 As well as where, in proud career,
 The high-born tilter shivers spear.⁴
 I'll follow to the Castle park,
 And play my prize⁵; King James shall
 mark
 If age has tamed these sinews stark,
 Whose force so oft in happier days
 His boyish wonder loved to praise.”

XXI

The Castle gates were open flung,
 The quivering drawbridge⁶ rocked and
 rung,

¹ The hill on which state prisoners were executed.

² Scott probably has St. Giles in mind. Her steeple had a bell as early as 1460. At a later date it was equipped with eight “chime bells” and twenty-three “music bells,” which were rung “upon all joyous occasions.” At the time of King James V, St. Giles was a Franciscan church.

³ Dancers in a lively dance supposed to be of Moorish origin. The dancers wore varicolored clothes adorned with ribbons and with bells at the ankles.

⁴ In ancient Scotland, in every town of considerable size, one day was set aside for games and sports in which all classes mingled. The commons contended in wrestling and archery; the nobles jostled (tilted), that is, contended on horse with spear and lance.

⁵ Do my stunt.

⁶ A bridge, so constructed that one end could be drawn up, spanned the trench of water (moat) that surrounded every castle.

And echoed loud the flinty street
 Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,
 As slowly down the steep descent
 Fair Scotland's King and nobles went,
 While all along the crowded way
 Was jubilee and loud huzza.
 And ever James was bending low
 To his white jennet's¹ saddlebow,
 Doffing his cap to city dame,
 Who smiled and blushed² for pride and
 shame.

And well the simperer might be vain,—
 He chose the fairest of the train.
 Gravely he greets each city sire,
 Commends each pageant's quaint attire,
 Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,
 And smiles and nods upon the crowd,
 Who rend the heavens with their ac-
 claims:

“Long live the Commons' King, King
 James!”

Behind the King thronged peer and
 knight,

And noble dame and damsel bright,
 Whose fiery steeds ill brooked the stay
 Of the steep street and crowded way.
 But in the train you might discern
 Dark lowering brow and visage stern;
 There nobles mourned their pride re-
 strained,

And the mean burgher's joys disdained;
 And chiefs, who, hostage³ for their clan,
 Were each from home a banished man,
 There thought upon their own gray
 tower,

Their waving woods, their feudal power,
 And deemed themselves a shameful part
 Of pageant which they cursed in heart.

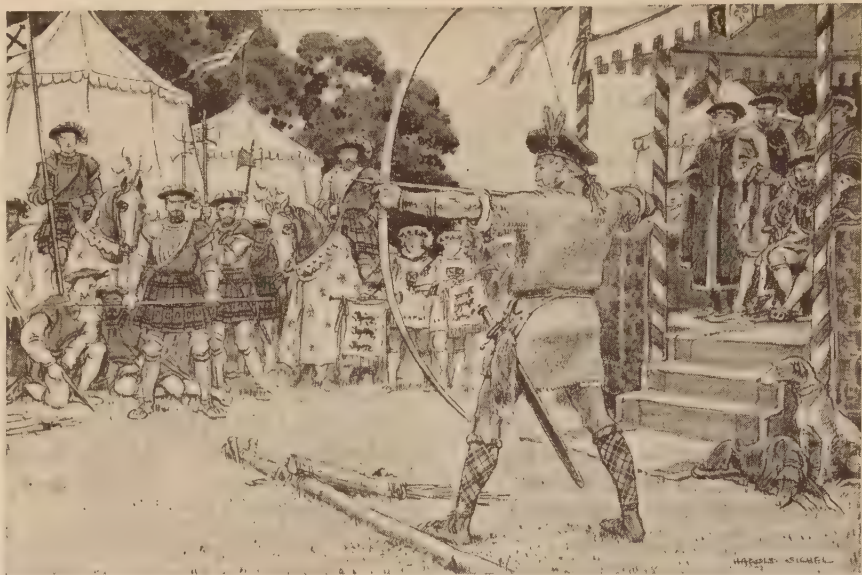
XXII

Now, in the Castle park, drew out
 Their checkered bands the joyous rout.
 There morrisers, with bell at heel
 And blade in hand, their mazes wheel;

¹ The jennet is a small horse of Spanish stock.

² For the king to doff his hat to a commoner was unusual.

³ One given by his clan as a pledge that a treaty would be carried out.



But chief, beside the butts,¹ here stand
 Bold Robin * Hood and all his band,—
 Friar² Tuck with quarterstaff and cowl,
 Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,
 Maid Marian, fair as ivory bone,
 Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John;
 Their bugles challenge all that will,
 In archery to prove their skill.
 The Douglas bent a bow of might,—
 His first shaft centered in the white,³
 And when in turn he shot again,
 His second split the first in twain.
 From the King's hand must Douglas
 take

A silver dart, the archers' stake⁴;
 Fondly he watched, with watery eye,
 Some answering glance of sympathy;
 No kind emotion made reply!
 Indifferent as to archer wight,⁵
 The monarch gave the arrow bright.

¹ Targets.

² The proper names in the following lines are of characters in tales of Robin Hood. See "Dictionary of Names and Phrases."

³ Hit the center of the mark.

⁴ Prize.

⁵ Person; here, a common man.

XXIII

Now, clear the ring! for, hand to hand,
 The manly wrestlers take their stand.
 Two o'er the rest superior rose,
 And proud demanded mightier foes;
 Nor called in vain, for Douglas came.
 For life is Hugh of Larbert lame;
 Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,
 Whom senseless home his comrades
 bare.

Prize of the wrestling match, the King
 To Douglas gave a golden ring,
 While coldly glanced his eye of blue,
 As frozen drop of wintry dew.
 Douglas would speak, but in his breast
 His struggling soul his words suppressed;
 Indignant then he turned him where
 Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,
 To hurl the massive bar in air.
 When each his utmost strength had
 shown,

The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone
 From its deep bed, then heaved it
 high,
 And sent the fragment through the sky

A rood beyond the farthest mark ;
And still in Stirling's royal park
The gray-haired sires, who know the past,
To strangers point the Douglas cast,
And moralize on the decay
Of Scottish strength in modern day.

XXIV

The vale with loud applauses rang,
The Ladies' Rock¹ sent back the clang.
The King, with look unmoved, bestowed
A purse well filled with pieces broad.
Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,
And threw the gold among the crowd,
Who now with anxious wonder scan,
And sharper glance, the dark gray man ;
Till whispers rose among the throng,
That heart so free, and hand so strong,
Must to the Douglas blood belong.
The old men marked and shook the
head,
To see his hair with silver spread,
And winked aside, and told each son
Of feats upon the English done,
Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand
Was exiled from his native land.
The women praised his stately form,
Though wrecked by many a winter's
storm ;
The youth with awe and wonder saw
His strength surpassing Nature's law.²
Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd,
Till murmurs rose to clamors loud.
But not a glance from that proud ring
Of peers who circled round the King
With Douglas held communion kind,
Or called the banished man to mind ;
No, not from those who at the chase
Once held his side the honored place,
Begirt his board, and in the field
Found safety underneath his shield ;
For he³ whom royal eyes disown,
When was his form to courtiers known !

¹ A mound from which ladies viewed the contest.

² Douglas's strength was greater than one would have expected in a man of his age.

³ Many poets are fond of such moralizing sentences, called epigrams.

XXV

The Monarch saw the gambols flag,
And bade let loose a gallant stag,
Whose pride, the holiday to crown,
Two favorite greyhounds should pull
down,
That venison free and Bourdeaux wine
Might serve the archery to dine.
But Lufra,¹ — whom from Douglas' side
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide,
The fleetest hound in all the North, —
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.
She left the royal hounds midway,
And dashing on the antlered prey,
Sunk her dark muzzle in his flank,
And deep the flowing lifeblood drank.
The King's stout huntsman saw the sport
By strange intruder broken short,
Came up, and with his leash unbound
In anger struck the noble hound.
The Douglas had endured, that morn,
The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn,
And last, and worst to spirit proud,
Had borne the pity of the crowd ;
But Lufra had been fondly bred,
To share his board, to watch his bed,
And oft would Ellen Lufra's neck
In maiden glee with garlands deck ;
They were such playmates that with
name
Of Lufra Ellen's image came.
His stifled wrath is brimming high,
In darkened brow and flashing eye ;
As waves before the bark divide,
The crowd gave way before his stride ;
Needs but a buffet² and no more,
The groom lies senseless in his gore.
Such blow no other hand could deal,
Though gauntleted in glove of steel.

XXVI

Then clamored loud the royal train,
And brandished swords and staves
amain,
But stern the Baron's warning: "Back!
Back, on your lives, ye menial pack!

¹ Douglas's dog.

² Blow.

Beware the Douglas. Yes! behold,
King James! The Douglas, doomed of
old,

And vainly sought for near and far,
A victim to atone the war,
A willing victim, now attends,
Nor craves thy grace but for his friends.”

“Thus is my clemency repaid?

Presumptuous Lord!” the Monarch said:

“Of thy misproud¹ ambitious clan,

Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,

The only man, in whom a foe

My woman-mercy would not know;

But shall a Monarch's presence brook

Injurious blow and haughty look?

What ho! the Captain of our Guard!

Give the offender fitting ward.

Break off the sports!” — for tumult

rose,

And yeomen 'gan to bend their bows,—

“Break off the sports!” he said and

frowned,

“And bid our horsemen clear the ground.”

XXVII

Then uproar wild and misarray²

Marred the fair form of festal day.

The horsemen pricked among the crowd,

Repelled by threats and insult loud;

To earth are borne the old and weak,

The timorous fly, the women shriek;

With flint, with shaft, with staff, with

bar,

The harder urge tumultuous war.

At once round Douglas darkly sweep

The royal spears in circle deep,

And slowly scale the pathway steep,

While on the rear in thunder pour

The rabble with disordered roar.

With grief the noble Douglas saw

The Commons³ rise against the law,

And to the leading soldier said:

“Sir John of Hyndford, 'twas my blade

That knighthood on thy shoulder laid;

For that good deed permit me then

A word with these misguided men.

¹ Improperly proud. ³ Common people.

² Disorder.

XXVIII

“Hear, gentle friends, ere yet for me

Ye break the bands of fealty.¹

My life, my honor, and my cause,

I tender free to Scotland's laws.

Are these so weak as must require

The aid of your misguided ire?

Or if I suffer causeless wrong,

Is then my selfish rage so strong,

My sense of public weal² so low,

That, for mean vengeance on a foe,

Those cords of love I should unbind

Which knit my country and my kind?

O no! Believe, in yonder tower

It will not soothe my captive hour,

To know those spears our foes should

dread

For me in kindred gore are red:

To know, in fruitless brawl begun,

For me that mother wails her son,

For me that widow's mate expires,

For me that orphans weep their sires,

That patriots mourn insulted laws,

And curse the Douglas for the cause.

O let your patience ward³ such ill,

And keep your right to love me still!”

XXIX

The crowd's wild fury sunk again

In tears, as tempests melt in rain.

With lifted hands and eyes, they prayed

For blessings on his generous head

Who for his country felt alone,

And prized her blood beyond his own.

Old men upon the verge of life

Blessed him who stayed the civil strife;

And mothers held their babes on high,

The self-devoted Chief to spy,

Triumphant over wrongs and ire,

To whom the prattlers owed a sire.

Even the rough soldier's heart was

moved;

As if behind some bier beloved,

With trailing arms and drooping head,

The Douglas up the hill he led,

¹ Faithfulness to the king. ³ Keep off.

² Welfare.

And at the Castle's battled verge,
With sighs resigned his honored charge.

XXX

The offended Monarch rode apart,
With bitter thought and swelling heart,
And would not now vouchsafe again
Through Stirling streets to lead his
train.

"O Lennox, who would wish to rule
This changeling¹ crowd, this common
fool?

Hear'st thou," he said, "the loud acclaim
With which they shout the Douglas
name?

With like acclaim the vulgar throat
Strained for King James their morning
note;

With like acclaim they hailed the day
When first I broke the Douglas sway;
And like acclaim would Douglas greet
If he could hurl me from my seat.
Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain?
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.
Thou many-headed monster thing,
O, who would wish to be thy king?

XXXI

"But soft! what messenger of speed
Spurs hitherward his panting steed?
I guess his cognizance² afar —
What from our cousin, John of Mar?"
"He prays, my liege, your sports keep
bound

Within the safe and guarded ground;
For some foul purpose yet unknown,—
Most sure for evil to the throne,—
The outlawed Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Has summoned his rebellious crew;
'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's³ aid
These loose banditti stand arrayed.

¹ Variable.

³ Have we met him?

² Coat of arms.

The Earl of Mar this morn from Doune
To break their muster marched, and soon
Your Grace will hear of battle fought;
But earnestly the Earl besought,
Till for such danger he provide,
With scanty train¹ you will not ride."

XXXII

"Thou warn'st me I have done amiss;
I should have earlier looked to this;
I lost it in this bustling day.
Retrace with speed thy former way;
Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,
The best of mine shall be thy meed.²
Say to our faithful Lord of Mar
We do forbid the intended war;
Roderick this morn in single fight
Was made our prisoner by a knight,
And Douglas hath himself and cause
Submitted to our kingdom's laws.
The tidings of their leaders lost
Will soon dissolve the mountain host,
Nor would we that the vulgar³ feel,
For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel.
Bear Mar our message, Braco, fly!"
He turned his steed: "My liege, I hie,
Yet ere I cross this lily lawn
I fear the broadswords will be drawn."
The turf the flying courser spurned,
And to his towers the King returned.

XXXIII

Ill with King James's mood that day
Suited gay feast and minstrel lay;
Soon were dismissed the courtly throng,
And soon cut short the festal song.
Nor less upon the saddened town
The evening sunk in sorrow down.
The burghers spoke of civil jar,
Of rumored feuds and mountain war,
Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,
All up in arms; the Douglas too,
They mourned him pent within the hold,
Where stout Earl William⁴ was of old.

¹ With few attendants.

² Reward.

³ Common people.

⁴ The Douglas slain by James II. See footnote 4,
p. 224.

And there his word the speaker stayed,
 And finger on his lip he laid,
 Or pointed to his dagger blade.
 But jaded horsemen from the west
 At evening to the Castle pressed,
 And busy talkers said they bore
 Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore;
 At noon the deadly fray begun,
 And lasted till the set of sun.
 Thus giddy rumor shook the town,
 Till closed the Night her pennons brown.

CANTO SIXTH

The Guard Room

I

THE sun, awakening, through the
 smoky air

Rousing each caitiff¹ to his task of
 care,

Of sinful man the sad inheritance;
 Summoning revelers from the lagging
 dance;

Scaring the prowling robber to his den;
 Gilding on battled tower the warder's
 lance,

And warning student pale to leave his
 pen

And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind
 nurse² of men.

What various scenes, and O, what scenes
 of woe,

Are witnessed by that red and strug-
 gling beam!

The fevered patient, from his pallet
 low,³

Through crowded hospital beholds it
 stream;

The ruined maiden trembles at its
 gleam;

The debtor wakes to thought of gyve⁴
 and jail;

The lovelorn wretch starts from tor-
 menting dream;

The wakeful mother, by the glimmering
 pale,
 Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes
 his feeble wail.

II

At dawn the towers of Stirling* rang
 With soldier step and weapon clang,
 While drums with rolling note foretell
 Relief to weary sentinel.

Through narrow loop¹ and casement
 barred

The sunbeams sought the Court of
 Guard,²

And, struggling with the smoky air,
 Deadened the torches' yellow glare.

In comfortless alliance shone
 The lights through arch of blackened
 stone,

And showed wild shapes in garb of war,
 Faces deformed with beard and scar,
 All haggard from the midnight watch,
 And fevered with the stern debauch;
 For the oak table's massive board,
 Flooded with wine, with fragments
 stored,

And beakers drained, and cups o'er-
 thrown,

Showed in what sport the night had
 flown.

Some, weary, snored on floor and bench;
 Some labored still their thirst to quench;
 Some, chilled with watching, spread
 their hands

O'er the huge chimney's dying brands,
 While round them, or beside them flung,
 At every step their harness³ rung.

III

These drew not for their fields the sword,
 Like tenants of a feudal lord,
 Nor owned the patriarchal claim
 Of Chieftain in their leader's name;
 Adventurers they from far, who roved,
 To live by battle which they loved.

¹ Loophole.

² The quarters of the soldiers.

³ Armor and other personal war gear.

¹ Here, merely an unfortunate person.

² Sleep. ³ A low bed. ⁴ Chains.

There the Italian's clouded face;
The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace;
The mountain-loving Switzer¹ there
More freely breathed in mountain air;
The Fleming² there despised the soil
That paid so ill the laborer's toil;
Their rolls showed French and German
name;

And merry England's exiles came,
To share, with ill-concealed disdain,
Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.
All brave in arms, well trained to wield
The heavy halberd,³ brand, and shield;
In camps licentious, wild, and bold;
In pillage fierce and uncontrolled;
And now, by holytide and feast,
From rules of discipline released.

IV

They held debate of bloody fray,
Fought 'twixt Loch Katrine and Achray.
Fierce was their speech, and mid their
words,
Their hands oft grappled to their swords;
Nor sunk their tone to spare the ear
Of wounded comrades groaning near,
Whose mangled limbs and bodies gored
Bore token of the mountain sword,
Though, neighboring to the Court of
Guard,
Their prayers and feverish wails were
heard,—
Sad burden⁴ to the ruffian joke,
And savage oath by fury spoke!
At length up started John of Brent,
A yeoman from the banks of Trent⁵;
A stranger to respect or fear,
In peace a chaser of the deer,
In host⁶ a hardy mutineer,
But still the boldest of the crew
When deed of danger was to do.

¹ Swiss.

² A native of Flanders, now a part of Belgium.
He despised the barren soil of Scotland be-
cause that of his own country was very rich.

³ A weapon combining a spear and a battle-ax.

⁴ Chorus.

⁵ A river in England.

⁶ In an army.

He grieved that day their games cut
short,
And marred the dicer's brawling sport,
And shouted loud, "Renew the bowl!
And, while a merry catch I troll,¹
Let each the buxom chorus bear,
Like brethren of the brand and spear."

V

SOLDIER'S SONG

Our vicar still preaches that Peter and
Poule
Laid a swinging long curse on the bonny
brown bowl,
That there's wrath and despair in the
jolly black-jack,
And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of
sack;
Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with thy liquor,
Drink upsees out, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear
lip,
Says that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief
so sly,
And Apollyon shoots darts from her
merry black eye;
Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian the
quicker,
Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the
vicar!

Our vicar thus preaches,—and why
should he not?
For the dues of his cure are the placket
and pot;
And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to
lurch
Who infringe the domains of our good
Mother Church.
Yet whoop, bully-boys! off with your
liquor,
Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for
the vicar!

¹ I sing a merry song.

VI

The warder's challenge, heard without,
 Stayed in mid-roar, the merry shout.
 A soldier to the portal went,—
 "Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent;
 And — beat for jubilee the drum! —
 A maid and minstrel with him come."
 Bertram, a Fleming, gray and scarred,
 Was entering now the Court of Guard,
 A harper with him, and, in plaid
 All muffled close, a mountain maid,
 Who backward shrunk to 'scape the view
 Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.
 "What news?" they roared; "I only
 know,
 From noon till eve we fought with foe,
 As wild and as untamable
 As the rude mountains where they dwell;
 On both sides store¹ of blood is lost,
 Nor much success can either boast."
 "But whence thy captives, friend? such
 spoil
 As theirs must needs reward thy toil.
 Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp;
 Thou now hast glee-maiden² and harp!
 Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,
 The leader of a juggler band."

VII

"No, comrade; no such fortune mine.
 After the fight these³ sought our line,
 That aged harper and the girl,
 And, having audience of the Earl,⁴
 Mar bade I should purvey them⁵ steed,
 And bring them hitherward with speed.
 Forbear your mirth and rude alarm,
 For none shall do them shame or harm."
 "Hear ye his boast?" cried John of
 Brent,
 Ever to strife and jangling bent;
 "Shall he strike doe⁶ beside our lodge,
 And yet the jealous niggard⁷ grudge

¹ Much.² Dancing girl.³ The minstrel and the girl.⁴ Having talked with the Earl.⁵ Provide them with.⁶ Kill a deer.⁷ Stingy person.

To pay the forester his fee?
 I'll have my share howe'er it be,
 Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee."
 Bertram his forward step withstood;
 And, burning in his vengeful mood,
 Old Allan, though unfit for strife,
 Laid hand upon his dagger knife;
 But Ellen boldly stepped between,
 And dropped at once the tartan screen;
 So, from his morning cloud, appears
 The sun of May through summer tears.
 The savage soldiery, amazed,
 As on descended angel gazed;
 Even hardy Brent, abashed and tamed,
 Stood half admiring, half ashamed.

VIII

Boldly she spoke: "Soldiers, attend!
 My father was the soldier's friend,
 Cheered him in camps, in marches led,
 And with him in the battle bled.
 Not from the valiant or the strong
 Should exile's daughter suffer wrong."
 Answered De Brent, most forward still
 In every feat or good or ill:
 "I shame me of the part I played;
 And thou an outlaw's child, poor maid!
 An outlaw I by forest laws,
 And merry Needwood knows the cause.
 Poor Rose, if Rose be living now," —
 He wiped his iron eye and brow, —
 "Must bear such age, I think, as thou.
 Hear ye, my mates! I go to call
 The Captain of our watch to hall:
 There lies my halberd on the floor;
 And he that steps my halberd o'er,
 To do the maid injurious part,
 My shaft shall quiver in his heart!
 Beware loose speech, or jesting rough;
 Ye all know John de Brent. Enough."

IX

Their Captain came, a gallant young, —
 Of Tullibardine's house he sprung, —
 Nor wore he yet the spurs of knight;
 Gay was his mien, his humor light,

And, though by courtesy controlled,
Forward his speech, his bearing bold.
The high-born maiden ill could brook
The scanning of his curious look
And dauntless eye; and yet, in sooth,
Young Lewis was a generous youth;
But Ellen's lovely face and mien,
Ill suited to the garb and scene,¹
Might lightly bear construction strange,
And give loose fancy scope to range.
"Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid!
Come ye to seek a champion's aid,
On palfrey white, with harper hoar,
Like errant damosel of yore?
Does thy high quest a knight require,
Or may the venture suit a squire?"²
Her dark eye flashed; she paused and
sighed:

"O what have I to do with pride!
Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and
strife,
A suppliant for a father's life,
I crave an audience of the King.
Behold, to back my suit,³ a ring,
The royal pledge of grateful claims,
Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James."

X

The signet ring young Lewis took
With deep respect and altered look,
And said: "This ring our duties own;
And pardon, if to worth unknown,
In semblance mean obscurely veiled,
Lady, in aught my folly failed.
Soon as the day flings wide his gates,
The King shall know what suitor waits.
Please you meanwhile in fitting bower⁴
Repose you till his waking hour;
Female attendance⁵ shall obey
Your hest,⁶ for service or array.
Permit I marshal you the way."

¹ Not in harmony with her rude garb and the surroundings in which she found herself.

² In the days of chivalry a lady in distress might call upon a knight for aid. If her complaint was trifling, a squire, a pupil knight, was sometimes sent.

³ Request.

⁴ Apartment set aside for women.

⁵ A woman servant.

⁶ Order.

But, ere she followed, with the grace
And open bounty of her race,
She bade her slender purse be shared
Among the soldiers of the guard.
The rest with thanks their guerdon¹ took,
But Brent, with shy and awkward look,
On the reluctant maiden's hold
Forced bluntly back the proffered gold:
"Forgive a haughty English heart,
And O, forget its ruder part!
The vacant purse shall be my share,
Which in my barret-cap² I'll bear,
Perchance, in jeopardy of war,
Where gayer crests may keep afar."
With thanks — 'twas all she could —
the maid
His rugged courtesy repaid.

XI

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,
Allan made suit to John of Brent:
"My lady safe, O let your grace
Give me to see my master's face!
His minstrel I,— to share his doom
Bound from the cradle to the tomb.
Tenth in descent, since first my sires
Waked for his noble house their lyres,
Nor one of all the race was known
But prized its weal above their own.
With the Chief's birth³ begins our care;
Our harp must soothe the infant heir,
Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace
His earliest feat of field or chase;
In peace, in war, our rank we keep,
We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep,
Nor leave him till we pour our verse —
A doleful tribute! — o'er his hearse.
Then let me share his captive lot;
It is my right,— deny it not!"
"Little we reck," said John of Brent,
"We Southern men, of long descent;
Nor wot we how a name — a word —
Makes clansmen vassals to a lord:
Yet kind my noble landlord's part,—
God bless the house of Beaudesert!"

¹ Reward.

² A soldier's flat cap.

³ Read carefully this sketch of the duties of a minstrel contained in the next seven lines.

And, but I loved¹ to drive the deer
 More than to guide the laboring steer,
 I had not dwelt an outcast here.
 Come, good old Minstrel, follow me;
 Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt thou see."

XII

Then, from a rusted iron hook,
 A bunch of ponderous keys he took,
 Lighted a torch, and Allan led
 Through grated arch and passage dread.
 Portals they passed, where, deep within,
 Spoke prisoner's moan and fetters' din;
 Through rugged vaults, where, loosely
 stored,
 Lay wheel,² and ax, and headsman's
 sword,
 And many a hideous engine³ grim,
 For wrenching joint and crushing limb,
 By artists formed who deemed it shame
 And sin to give their work a name.
 They halted at a low-browed porch,
 And Brent to Allan gave the torch,
 While bolt and chain he backward rolled,
 And made the bar unhasp its hold.
 They entered: 'twas a prison room
 Of stern security and gloom,
 Yet not a dungeon; for the day
 Through lofty gratings found its way,
 And rude and antique garniture⁴
 Decked the sad walls and oaken floor,
 Such as the rugged days of old
 Deemed fit for captive noble's hold.
 "Here," said De Brent, "thou mayst
 remain
 Till the Leech⁵ visit him again.
 Strict is his charge, the warders tell,
 To tend the noble prisoner well."
 Retiring then the bolt he drew,
 And the lock's murmurs growled anew.

¹ Had I not loved hunting more than I loved working on the farm, I should not be an outcast here.

² A contrivance to which a convict was strapped with his limbs extended. The executioner broke the prisoner's bones with an iron bar.

³ Machine.

⁴ Furniture or decorations.

⁵ Doctor of medicine.

Roused at the sound, from lowly bed
 A captive feebly raised his head;
 The wondering Minstrel looked, and
 knew —
 Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu!
 For, come from where Clan-Alpine
 fought,
 They, erring, deemed the Chief he sought.

XIII

As the tall ship,¹ whose lofty prone²
 Shall never stem the billows more,
 Deserted by her gallant band,
 Amid the breakers lies astrand,
 So on his couch lay Roderick Dhu!
 And oft his fevered limbs he threw
 In toss abrupt, as when her sides
 Lie rocking in the advancing tides,
 That shake her frame with ceaseless beat,
 Yet cannot heave her from her seat;
 O, how unlike her course at sea!
 Or his free step on hill and lea!
 Soon as the Minstrel he could scan³:
 "What of thy lady? — of my clan?
 My mother? Douglas? tell me all!
 Have they been ruined in my fall?
 Ah, yes! or wherefore art thou here?
 Yet speak, — speak boldly, — do not
 fear."

For Allan, who his mood well knew,
 Was choked with grief and terror too.
 "Who fought? Who fled? Old man, be
 brief;

Some might, for they had lost their Chief.
 Who basely live? Who bravely died?"
 "O, calm thee, Chief!" the Minstrel
 cried,

"Ellen is safe!" "For that thank
 Heaven!"

"And hopes are for the Douglas given;
 The Lady Margaret too is well;
 And, for thy clan,— on field or fell,
 Has never harp of minstrel told
 Of combat fought so true and bold.
 Thy stately Pine is yet unbent,
 Though many a goodly bough is rent."

¹ Read this pathetic figure slowly.

² Prow. ³ See clearly.

XIV

The Chieftain reared his form on high,
And fever's fire was in his eye;
But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks
Checked his swarthy brow and cheeks.
"Hark, Minstrel! I have heard thee play,
With measure bold on festal day,
In yon lone isle,— again where ne'er
Shall harper play or warrior hear! —
That stirring air that peals on high,
O'er Dermid's race our victory.
Strike it! and then,— for well thou
canst,—

Free from thy minstrel spirit glanced,
Fling me the picture of the fight,
When met my clan the Saxon might.
I'll listen, till my fancy hears
The clang of swords, the crash of spears!
These grates, these walls, shall vanish
then

For the fair field of fighting men,
And my free spirit burst away,
As if it soared from battle fray."
The trembling Bard with awe obeyed;
Slow on the harp his hand he laid;
But soon remembrance of the sight
He witnessed from the mountain's height,
With what old Bertram told at night,
Awakened the full power of song,
And bore him in career along;
As shallop launched on river's tide,
That slow and fearful leaves the side,
But, when it feels the middle stream,
Drives downward swift as lightning's
beam.

XV

BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE

"The Minstrel came once more to vjew
The eastern ridge of Benvenue,
For ere he parted he would say
Farewell to lovely Loch Achray;
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand!

There is no breeze upon the fern,
No ripple¹ on the lake,

Upon her eyry¹ nods the erne,²

The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.

Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance
The sun's retiring beams?

I see the dagger crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far!
To hero bounè for battle strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array!

XVI

"Their light-armed archers far and
near
Surveyed the tangled ground,
Their center ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned,
Their barded³ horsemen in the rear
The stern battalia⁴ crowned.
No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armor's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests to
shake,

Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
That shadowed o'er their road.
Their vaward⁵ scouts no tidings bring,
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirred the roe;

¹ The changes in the meter make this description of the battle especially vivid.

¹ Nest.

² Eagle.

³ Covered with mail.

⁴ Army.

⁵ Advance guard.

The host moves like a deep-sea wave,
 Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
 High-swelling, dark, and slow.
 The lake is passed, and now they gain
 A narrow and a broken plain,
 Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws;
 And here the horse and spearmen pause,
 While, to explore the dangerous glen,
 Dive through the pass the archer men.

XVII

"At once there rose so wild a yell
 Within that dark and narrow dell,
 As all the fiends from heaven that fell
 Had pealed the banner cry of hell!
 Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
 Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
 The archery appear:
 For life! for life! their flight they ply,
 And shriek, and shout, and battle cry,
 And plaids and bonnets waving high,
 And broadswords flashing to the sky,
 Are maddening in the rear.
 Onward they drive in dreadful race,
 Pursuers and pursued;
 Before that tide of flight and chase,
 How shall it keep its rooted place,
 The spearmen's twilight wood?
 'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances
 down!
 Bear back both friend and foe!'
 Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
 That serried grove of lances brown
 At once lay leveled low;
 And closely shouldering side to side,
 The bristling ranks the onset bide.
 'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
 As their tinchel cows the game!¹
 They come as fleet as forest deer;
 We'll drive them back as tame.'

XVIII

"Bearing before them in their course
 The relics of the archer force,
 Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
 Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.

¹ As a ring formed by hunters frightens deer.

Above the tide, each broadsword
 bright
 Was brandishing like beam of light,
 Each targe was dark below;
 And with the ocean's mighty swing,
 When heaving to the tempest's wing,
 They hurled them on the foe.
 I heard the lance's shivering crash,
 As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
 I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
 As if a hundred anvils rang!
 But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
 Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank:
 'My banner man, advance!
 I see,' he cried, 'their column shake.
 Now, gallants! for your ladies' sake,
 Upon them with the lance!'
 The horsemen dashed among the rout,¹
 As deer break through the broom;
 Their steeds are stout, their swords
 are out,
 They soon make lightsome room.
 Clan-Alpine's best are backward
 borne —
 Where, where was Roderick then!
 One blast upon his bugle horn
 Were worth a thousand men.
 And reflux² through the pass of fear
 The battle's tide was poured;
 Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
 Vanished the mountain sword.
 As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and
 steep,
 Receives her roaring linn,³
 As the dark caverns of the deep
 Suck the wild whirlpool in,
 So did the deep and darksome pass
 Devour the battle's mingled mass;
 None linger now upon the plain,
 Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

XIX

"Now westward rolls the battle's din,
 That deep and doubling pass within.
 Minstrel, away! the work of fate
 Is bearing on; its issue wait,

¹ Crowd. ² Pouring back. ³ Waterfall.

Where the rude Trosachs' dread defile
Opens on Katrine's lake and isle.
Gray Benvenue I soon repassed,
Loch Katrine lay beneath me cast.

The sun is set; the clouds are met,

The lowering scowl of heaven

An inky hue of livid blue

To the deep lake has given;

Strange gusts of wind from mountain glen
Swept o'er the lake, then sunk again.

I heeded not the eddying surge,
Mine eye but saw the Trosachs' gorge,
Mine ear but heard that sullen sound,
Which like an earthquake shook the
ground,

And spoke the stern and desperate strife
That parted but with parting life.

Seeming, to minstrel ear, to toll

The dirge of many a passing soul.

Nearer it comes — the dim-wood glen

The martial flood disgorged again,

But not in mingled tide;

The plaided warriors of the North

High on the mountain thunder forth

And overhang its side,

While by the lake below appears

The darkening cloud of Saxon spears.

At weary bay each shattered band,

Eying their foemen, sternly stand;

Their banners stream like tattered sail,

That flings its fragments to the gale,

And broken arms and disarray

Marked the fell havoc of the day.

XX

"Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,

The Saxons stood in sullen trance,

Till Moray pointed with his lance,

And cried: 'Behold yon isle!'

See! none are left to guard its strand

But women weak, that wring the hand:

'Tis there of yore the robber band

Their booty wont to pile;

My purse, with bonnet-pieces¹ store,

To him will swim a bowshot o'er,

And loose a shallop from the shore.

¹ Coins bearing the king's head with a bonnet instead of a crown.

Lightly we'll tame the war wolf then,
Lords of his mate, and brood, and den.'

Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,
On earth his casque¹ and corselet² rung,

He plunged him in the wave;

All saw the deed, the purpose knew,

And to their clamors Benvenue

A mingled echo gave;

The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,

The helpless females scream for fear,

And yells for rage the mountaineer.

'Twas then, as by the outcry riven,

Poured down at once the lowering
heaven;

A whirlwind swept Loch Katrine's breast,

Her billows reared their snowy crest.

Well for the swimmer swelled they high,

To mar the Highland marksman's eye;

For round him showered, mid rain and
hail,

The vengeful arrows of the Gael.

In vain. He nears the isle — and lo!

His hand is on a shallop's bow.

Just then a flash of lightning came,

It tinged the waves and strand with
flame;

I marked Duncraggan's widowed dame,³

Behind an oak I saw her stand,

A naked dirk gleamed in her hand;

It darkened, but amid the moan

Of waves I heard a dying groan;

Another flash! the spearman floats

A weltering corse beside the boats,

And the stern matron o'er him stood,

Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

XXI

"'Revenge! revenge!' the Saxons cried,

The Gaels' exulting shout replied.

Despite the elemental rage,⁴

Again they hurried to engage⁵;

But, ere they closed⁶ in desperate fight,

Bloody with spurring came a knight,

Sprung from his horse, and from a crag

Waved 'twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.

¹ Helmet.

² A metal vest.

³ Have we read of her elsewhere?

⁴ Storm and rain.

⁵ To fight.

⁶ Rushed together.

Clarion and trumpet by his side
 Rung forth a truce note high and wide,
 While, in the Monarch's name, afar
 A herald's voice forbade the war,
 For Bothwell's lord and Roderick bold
 Were both, he said, in captive hold."
 But here the lay made sudden stand,
 The harp escaped the Minstrel's hand!
 Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy
 How Roderick brooked his minstrelsy.
 At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,
 With lifted hand kept feeble time;
 That motion ceased, yet feeling strong
 Varied his look as changed the song;
 At length, no more his deafened ear
 The minstrel melody can hear;
 His face grows sharp, his hands are
 clenched,
 As if some pang his heart strings
 wrenched;
 Set are his teeth, his fading eye
 Is sternly fixed on vacancy;
 Thus, motionless and moanless, drew
 His parting breath stout Roderick Dhu!
 Old Allan-bane looked on aghast,
 While grim and still his spirit passed;
 But when he saw that life was fled,
 He poured his wailing o'er the dead.

XXII

LAMENT

"And art thou cold and lowly laid,
 Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,
 Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade!
 For thee shall none a requiem¹ say?
 For thee, who loved the minstrel's lay,
 For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,
 The shelter of her exiled line,
 E'en in this prison house of thine
 I'll wail for Alpine's honored Pine!

"What groans shall yonder valleys fill!
 What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill!
 What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
 When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
 Thy fall before the race was won,
 Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!

There breathes not clansman of thy line,
 But would have given his life for thine.
 O, woe for Alpine's honored Pine!

"Sad was thy lot on mortal stage!
 The captive thrush may brook the cage,
 The prisoned eagle dies for rage.
 Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain!
 And, when its notes awake again,
 Even she,¹ so long beloved in vain,
 Shall with my harp her voice combine,
 And mix her woe and tears with mine,
 To wail Clan-Alpine's honored Pine."

XXIII

Ellen the while, with bursting heart,
 Remained in lordly bower apart,
 Where played, with many-colored gleams,
 Through storied² pane the rising beams.
 In vain on gilded roof they fall,
 And lightened up a tapestried wall,
 And for her use a menial train
 A rich collation³ spread in vain.
 The banquet proud, the chamber gay,
 Scarce drew one curious glance astray;
 Or if she looked, 'twas but to say,
 With better omen dawned the day
 In that lone isle, where waved on high
 The dun deer's hide for canopy;
 Where oft her noble father shared
 The simple meal her care prepared,
 While Lufra, crouching by her side,
 Her station claimed with jealous pride,
 And Douglas, bent on woodland game,
 Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Græme,
 Whose answer, oft at random made,
 The wandering of his thoughts betrayed.
 Those who such simple joys have known
 Are taught to prize them when they're
 gone.

But sudden, see, she lifts her head,
 The window seeks with cautious tread.
 What distant music has the power
 To win her in this woeful hour?
 'Twas from a turret that o'erhung
 Her latticed bower, the strain was sung.

¹ Ellen.² Stained glass, with pictures that illustrate stories.³ Meal.¹ Mass for the repose of the souls of the dead.

XXIV

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN

"My hawk is tired of perch and hood,¹
My idle greyhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.
I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forest green,
With bended bow and bloodhound free,
For that's the life is meet for me.

"I hate to learn the ebb of time
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
Inch after inch, along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing,
These towers, although a king's they be,
Have not a hall of joy for me.

"No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
And homeward wend with evening dew;
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wing of glee,—
That life is lost to love and me!"

XXV

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,
The listener had not turned her head,
It trickled still, the starting tear,
When light a footstep struck her ear,
And Snowdown's graceful Knight was
near.

She turned the hastier, lest again
The prisoner should renew his strain.
"O welcome, brave Fitz-James!" she
said;

"How may an almost orphan maid
Pay the deep debt —" "O say not so!
To me no gratitude you owe.
Not mine, alas! the boon² to give,
And bid thy noble father live;
I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,
With Scotland's King thy suit to aid.

¹ The words indicate enforced idleness.

² Gift.

No tyrant he, though ire and pride
May lay his better mood aside.
Come, Ellen, come! 'tis more than time,
He holds his court at morning prime."
With beating heart, and bosom wrung,
As to a brother's arm she clung.
Gently he dried the falling tear,
And gently whispered hope and cheer;
Her faltering steps half led, half stayed,
Through gallery fair and high arcade,
Till at his touch its wings of pride
A portal arch unfolded wide.

XXVI

Within 'twas brilliant all and light,
A thronging scene of figures bright;
It glowed on Ellen's dazzled sight,
As when the setting sun has given
Ten thousand hues to summer even,
And from their tissue fancy frames
Aërial knights and fairy dames.
Still by Fitz-James her footing stayed,
A few faint steps she forward made,
Then slow her drooping head she raised,
And fearful round the presence gazed;
For him she sought who owned this state,
The dreaded Prince whose will was fate!
She gazed on many a princely port¹
Might well have ruled a royal court;
On many a splendid garb she gazed,
Then turned bewildered and amazed,
For all stood bare; and in the room
Fitz-James² alone wore cap and plume.
To him each lady's look was lent,
On him each courtier's eye was bent;
Midst furs and silks and jewels sheen,
He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
The center of the glittering ring,—
And Snowdown's Knight is Scotland's
King!

XXVII

As wreath of snow on mountain breast
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
And at the Monarch's feet she lay;

¹ A man with the bearing of a prince.

² All but him stood with head bared in the presence of the King.

No word her choking voice commands;
She showed the ring, she clasped her
hands.

O, not a moment could he brook,
The generous Prince, that suppliant look!
Gently he raised her, and, the while,
Checked with a glance the circle's smile¹;
Graceful, but grave, her brow he kissed,
And bade her terrors be dismissed:

"Yes, fair; the wandering poor Fitz-
James

The fealty² of Scotland claims.
To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring;
He will redeem his signet ring.
Ask naught for Douglas; yester even
His Prince and he have much forgiven;
Wrong hath he had from slanderous
tongue,

I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.
We would not, to the vulgar crowd,
Yield what they craved with clamor
loud;

Calmly we heard and judged his cause,
Our council aided and our laws.
I stanch'd thy father's death feud stern
With stout De Vaux and gray Glencairn;
And Bothwell's Lord³ henceforth we own
The friend and bulwark of our throne.
But, lovely infidel, how now?
What clouds thy misbelieving brow?
Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid;
Thou must confirm this doubting maid."

XXVIII

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,
And on his neck his daughter hung.
The Monarch drank, that happy hour,
The sweetest, holiest draught of Power,
When it can say with godlike voice,
Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!
Yet would not James the general eye
On nature's raptures long should pry;
He stepped between — "Nay, Douglas,
nay,
Steal not my proselyte⁴ away!

¹ The courtiers smiled at Ellen's simplicity.

² Loyalty. ³ The Douglas of the poem.

⁴ Recent convert.

The riddle 'tis my right to read,
That brought this happy chance to
speed.

Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray
In life's more low but happier way,
'Tis under name which veils my power,
Nor falsely veils, for Stirling's tower
Of yore the name of Snowdown claims,
And Normans* call me James Fitz-
James.¹

Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
Thus learn to right the injured cause."
Then, in a tone apart and low,—
"Ah, little traitress! none must know
What idle dream, what lighter thought,
What vanity full dearly bought,
Joined to thine eye's dark witchcraft,
drew

My spellbound steps to Benvenue
In dangerous hour, and all but gave
Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive!"
Aloud he spoke: "Thou still dost hold
That little talisman of gold,
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring,—
What seeks fair Ellen of the King?"

XXIX

Full well the conscious maiden guessed
He probed the weakness of her breast;
But with that consciousness there came
A lightening of her fears for Græme,
And more she deemed the Monarch's ire
Kindled 'gainst him who for her sire
Rebellious broadsword boldly drew;
And, to her generous feeling true,
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.
"Forbear thy suit; the King of kings
Alone can stay life's parting wings.
I know his heart, I know his hand,
Have shared his cheer, and proved² his
brand;

My fairest earldom would I give
To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live!
Hast thou no other boon to crave?
No other captive friend to save?"
Blushing, she turned her from the King,
And to the Douglas gave the ring,

¹ James, son of James.

² Tested [in a fight].

As if she wished her sire to speak
 The suit that stained her glowing cheek.
 "Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,
 And stubborn justice holds her course.
 Malcolm, come forth!" — and, at the
 word,
 Down kneeled the Græme to Scotland's
 Lord.
 "For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,
 From thee may Vengeance claim her
 dues,
 Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
 Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
 And sought amid thy faithful clan
 A refuge for an outlawed man,
 Dishonoring thus thy loyal name.
 Fetters¹ and warder for the Græme!"
 His chain of gold the King unstrung,
 The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,
 Then gently drew the glittering band,
 And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

HARP of the North, farewell! The hills
 grow dark,
 On purple peaks a deeper shade de-
 scending;
 In twilight copse the glowworm lights her
 spark,
 The deer, half seen, are to the covert
 wending.
 Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain
 lending,
 And the wild breeze, thy wilder min-
 strals;
 Thy numbers sweet with nature's
 vespers blending,
 With distant echo from the fold and lea,
 And herd boy's evening pipe, and hum of
 housing bee.

Yet once again, farewell, thou Minstrel
 Harp!
 Yet, once again, forgive my feeble
 sway,
 And little reck I of the censure sharp
 May idly cavil at an idle lay.

¹ Chains.

Much have I owed thy strains on life's
 long way,
 Through secret woes the world has never
 known,
 When on the weary night dawned
 wearier day,
 And bitterer was the grief devoured
 alone.
 That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress!
 is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow
 retire,
 Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy
 string!
 'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,
 'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic
 wing.
 Receding now the dying numbers ring
 Fainter and fainter down the rugged
 dell;
 And now the mountain breezes scarcely
 bring
 A wandering witch note of the distant
 spell —
 And now, 'tis silent all! Enchantress,
 fare thee well!

Study Hints

1. When you have finished reading "The Lady of the Lake," ask yourself just how much of the story you remember. If certain portions seem hazy, read them again.

2. Read the selections from the Iliad on page 149 and from the Odyssey on page 153. Compare the games with those in Canto Five. (It will interest you to know that Pope's translation of Homer was one of the delights of Scott's boyhood.)

3. In several places in this poem the interest is maintained by concealing someone's identity. Find several concealed identities, and write a sentence or two about each.

4. Lay a piece of thin paper on the map on the inside back cover and trace the principal hills, lakes, and streams. With a colored pencil mark the route of the chase; with another, the route of the Knight's swift ride.

5. Describe the Fiery Cross: Of what was it made? By what ceremonies was it prepared for its mission? How was it borne upon its journey?

6. Compare the Fiery Cross of this poem with the crosslet of Chapter XXI of "Kidnapped" (p. 81).

7. Tell of the Scottish Highland Minstrel, his descent, his training, his duties.

8. Discuss Highland hospitality. (Wherever possible, quote words or phrases from the text.)

9. Do you find the critic's remark, "Scott always describes as a painter would," to be accurate?

10. A critic has said, "Scott's best similes are those in which he compares men with animals." Do you find it so?

11. Describe one of the following characters of the poem: Ellen, Roderick, Malcolm, Allan, James V. (Describe their dress, weapons, physical appearance, and other characteristics that the character's words or deeds might suggest.)

12. Write a short theme on one or more of the following subjects:

- a.* The Highland call to arms.
- b.* Ellen's Isle.
- c.* Roderick meets the king.
- d.* The combat.
- e.* Ellen's stay in the Goblin Cave.

- f.* Douglas at the games.
- g.* The king stands revealed.
- h.* Blanche's story.

13. Write a report such as a spy might have made to the King after he had witnessed what took place in Roderick's lodge (Canto Second).

14. Write a conversation that might have taken place between the King and Malcolm after the youth returned from guiding Douglas to the lodge.

15. Write a conversation that might have taken place between Ellen and Lady Margaret after the stranger has retired.

16. Draw pictures of:

- a.* The hall in the lodge.
- b.* Allan and Ellen on the shore (Canto Second).
- c.* "And Saxon,— I am Roderick Dhu!" (Canto Five).
- d.* The henchman bearing the Fiery Cross.
- e.* Allan and Roderick in the dungeon.
- f.* "He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse" (Canto One).

17. Select half a dozen similes that seem especially good.

18. Select a dozen lines in which the sound seems to fit the sense.

19. Commit to memory one passage of thirty successive lines.

Orations



Oratory — discourse intended to be spoken before an audience on a special occasion — is a very old but still very popular type of literature. Though some orations are very logical and so appeal mostly to the intellect, the great majority appeal chiefly to the emotions — the heart. The orations that have lived cover a wide range in style and in subject. In one respect only are they similar: those which have been considered *good* are those composed in words and phrases adapted to the occasions which called them forth. If the speaker wished to lead men to action, the speech is spirited; if he wished to pay tribute to the dead, it is calm and low. Between these extremes one finds a great variety.

The Address in Independence Hall

[FEBRUARY 22, 1861]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN * (1809-1865)

["The Address in Independence Hall" (Philadelphia, Pennsylvania), though not so polished as some other speeches delivered by Lincoln, is a worthy address, considering that it was delivered without preparation. The hope of peace here expressed seems sad when we reflect that seven weeks later the North and the South were at war.]

MR. CUYLER: I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing in this place, where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle, from which sprang the institutions under which we live. You have kindly suggested to me that in my hands is the task of restoring peace to our distracted country. I can say in return, sir, that all the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments¹ which originated in and were given to the world from this hall. I

have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and framed and adopted that Declaration. I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that independence. I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy¹ so long together. It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this

¹ Not the Confederacy that fought the War between the States, but the original union of the colonies, that formulated the Declaration of Independence.

¹ The declaration that all men are created equal.

country be saved on that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it. Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there is no need of bloodshed and war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course; and I may say in advance that there will be no bloodshed unless it is forced upon the government. The government will not use force, unless force is used against it.

My friends, this is wholly an unprepared speech. I did not expect to be called on to say a word when I came here. I supposed I was merely to do something toward raising a flag. I may, therefore, have said something indiscreet. [Cries of "No, no."] But I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by.

Farewell to his Friends in Springfield (Illinois)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN* (1809-1865)

[Springfield, Illinois, was the home of Lincoln during all his adult life. Here he practiced law, entered state and national politics, sat on cracker barrels in front of the grocery store, entertained the crowd of loafers with stories, dreamed of a free nation, and composed the inimitable speeches that still delight those who read them.]

The "Farewell to his Friends in Springfield," spoken as he was about to leave for Washington, D.C., to assume the duties of the presidency, like all Lincoln's speeches, is simple, brief, and wholly appropriate to the occasion.]

MY FRIENDS: No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe

everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return,¹ with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being, who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

The Gettysburg Address

ABRAHAM LINCOLN* (1809-1865)

["The Gettysburg Address" is one of the greatest pieces of oratory in the English language. Its greatness lies in its brevity, in its simplicity, in its perfect suitableness to the occasion, and in its irresistible appeal to the feelings.]

The facsimile reproduced on page 245 is taken from a copy of the speech written for the ladies of Baltimore by President Lincoln himself, and printed in their charming little volume, "Autograph Leaves of our Country's Authors," which was sold to raise funds to care for sick and wounded soldiers.]

Study Hints

1. Write concrete, specific terms for such roundabout expressions as "four score and seven." Do you like the effect?
2. Make a list of the "chords" which Lincoln strikes in "The Gettysburg Address" and in the "Farewell to his Friends in Springfield."
3. If you do not know "The Gettysburg Address," commit it to memory.
4. Write a newspaper account of the occasion upon which "The Gettysburg Address" was delivered. (Of course your account will have to be imaginary.)

¹Lincoln did not return to Springfield alive. His body was brought there for burial.

Address delivered at the dedication of the
Cemetery at Gettysburg

Four score and seven years ago our fathers
brought forth on this continent, a new na-
tion, conceived in liberty, and dedicated
to the proposition that all men are cre-
ated equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war;
testing whether that nation, or any nation
so conceived and so dedicated, can long
endure. We are met on a great battle-field
of that war. We have come to dedicate a
portion of that field, as a final resting
place for those who here gave their lives
that that nation might live. It is rather
fitting and proper that we should
do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedi-
cate—we can not consecrate—we can not
dedicate—this ground. The brave men, live

ing and dead, who struggled here have con-
secrated it, far above our poor power to add
or detract. The world will little note, nor
long remember what we say here, but it can
never forget what they did here. It is for
the living, rather, to be dedicated here to
the unfinished work which they who fore-
go have here thus far so nobly advanced.
It is rather for us to be here dedicated to
the great task remaining before us—that
from these honored dead we take increased
devotion to that cause for which they gave
the last full measure of devotion—that
we here highly resolve that these dead shall
not have died in vain—that this nation,
under God, shall have a new birth of free-
dom—and that government of the people,
by the people, for the people, shall not per-
ish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln.

November 19, 1863.

5. In what words does Lincoln express his intense desire to save the Union?

6. Why did Lincoln use the word "independence" so many times in the "Address in Independence Hall"?

Lee's Farewell

ROBERT E. LEE * (1807-1870)

[Though "Lee's Farewell" does not speak of, or allude to, so many events as does "The Gettysburg Address," it vies with that famous speech in simplicity of language and in fitness to the occasion. Moreover, the speaker addresses an army who loved him as soldiers have seldom loved a leader. Read it aloud and thus realize the full beauty of its well-rounded sentences.]

AFTER four years¹ of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia² has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but, feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen. By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain there until exchanged.³ You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed;⁴ and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to

you his blessing and protection. With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid an affectionate farewell.

Study Hints

1. Make a list of the "chords" which Lee strikes. Compare the list with a similar list made for "The Gettysburg Address" (p. 244).

2. If you can commit to memory easily, commit this speech to memory.

3. What reasons does Lee give for his surrender?

4. Pick out the phrases that Lee used to lessen the sting of defeat and to turn the minds of the soldiers toward the future.

5. Write an account of the delivery of this address for a local newspaper.

Spartacus* to the Gladiators¹

ELIJAH KELLOGG (1813-1901)

["Spartacus to the Gladiators" is spirited oratory. Because it was intended as a speech to inflame, not to persuade, men to action, it abounds in sharp contrasts, strong picture-bringing words, and strong sentences. The speech is still best when read aloud with vigor and with feeling.]

YE CALL me chief,² and ye do well to call *him* chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena³ every form of man or beast that the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did

¹ This speech was delivered when Lee bade farewell to his army after the surrender to Grant at Appomattox, Virginia, on April 10, 1865.

² The largest of the armies of the South during the War between the States.

³ Until a Northern prisoner is released for each Southern prisoner released.

⁴ This phrase has often been quoted.

¹ Professional fighters in ancient Rome. They were very much like our prize fighters except that they fought with weapons.

² This speech differs from most speeches in that it is purely imaginary; it is what a writer imagined Spartacus might have said.

³ An open field surrounded by tiers of seats, used as a place for public contests.

belie my tongue, let him stand forth, and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands,¹ let them come on.

And yet,² I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from Sparta,* and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syracella.³ My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal.

One evening, after the sheep were folded,⁴ and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon* and Leuctra, and how in ancient times a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, till my mother, parting the hair from my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars.

That very night, the Romans landed on our coast. I saw⁵ the breast that had nourished me trampled beneath the hoof of the war horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling! Today I killed a man in the arena; and when I broke his helmet clasps asunder, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died,—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adven-

turous boyhood, we scaled some lofty cliff to pluck the first wild grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph.

I told the prætor¹ that the dead man had been my friend, generous, and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn² it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Aye! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals,* and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at the sight of that piece of bleeding clay!³ And the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said, "Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!" And so, fellow gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs.

Rome!⁴ Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me! Aye! thou hast given, to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; hast taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail⁵ and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe!—to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian* lion,⁶ even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, till the yellow Tiber* is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy lifeblood lies curdled!

Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your

¹ A Roman officer whose duties were somewhat similar to those of our judges.

² In ancient Rome dead bodies were placed on piles of wood and burned.

³ The body of his friend.

⁴ Such turning aside from the previous trend of discourse to address some person or thing not present is called apostrophe. It is a favorite figure with orators.

⁵ Mail was armor made of links of metal woven together. The speaker has used several words meaning the same thing, merely for emphasis.

⁶ Gladiators sometimes fought with wild beasts.

¹ Of the arena.

² Notice the contrast between the picture that precedes and the one that follows.

³ A region in Dacia, modern Rumania.

⁴ Driven into the pen, or fold.

⁵ Note the picture-bringing words in this sentence.

toughened sinews; but tomorrow some Roman Adonis,* breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces¹ upon your blood! Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but tomorrow he shall break his fast upon yours,—and a dainty meal for him ye will be!

If ye are *brutes*, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife; if ye are *men*,—follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do your bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ!* Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians!—if we must fight, let us fight for *ourselves*; if we must slaughter, let us slaughter our *oppressors*; if we must die, let us die under the open sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!

Study Hints

1. Make a list of the "picture-bringing" words.
2. Write a speech that a modern prize fighter might deliver to an audience in defense of his profession.
3. Pick out the places in the speech where the speaker contrasts words, phrases, or scenes. Does he gain or lose emphasis by the contrast?
4. How often in this speech has the speaker used apostrophe?

Makers of the Flag

FRANKLIN K. LANE (1864–1921)

[In one respect "Makers of the Flag" differs from the other speeches in this volume—it is almost entirely conversational in tone. It is just what a teacher might say to a class or a father might say to the children about the evening fireplace.]

¹ Roman coins of small value.

THIS morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say, "Good morning, Mr. Flag-Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the president of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a government clerk."¹

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag-Maker," replied the gay voice. "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in the Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the helpful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of the new ditch² in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag-Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska;³ but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night to give her boy an education. She too is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law⁴ to

¹ Lane was Secretary of the Interior under Wilson. He delivered this speech to the employees of his department.

² Irrigation canal.

³ The speaker is alluding to the bill providing for the building of the Alaskan railway.

⁴ The Federal Reserve Act.

prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school-teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working."

Then came a great shout from the flag.

"*The work* that we do is the making of the flag.

"I am not the flag at all; not at all. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a people may become.

"I live a changing life,—a life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then the purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, the statutes and the statute-makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of tomorrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of a resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of the big thing which makes the Nation. My stars and my stripes are your dreams and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag, and it is well that you glory in the making."

Study Hints

1. What duties of the Secretary of the Interior are mentioned in this speech?

2. Does the frequent repetition of "I" add to the emphasis or not?

3. Rewrite the speech in three or four paragraphs. Is it as forceful as it was before?

4. In one paragraph the speaker departs from the conversational manner. Which one is it? Does he gain in emphasis by doing so?

A Pan-American Policy

ELIHU ROOT (1845)

[Like other great pieces of modern oratory "A Pan-American Policy" is characterized by numerous sentences that touch upon many topics in a few words, and that express sentiments appropriate to the occasion by which they were called forth.]

NO NATION¹ can live unto itself alone and continue to live. Each nation's growth is a part of the development of the race. There may be leaders, and there may be laggards; but no nation can continue very far in advance of the general progress of mankind, and no nation that is not doomed to extinction can remain very far behind. It is with nations as it is with individual men; intercourse, association, correction of egotism² by the influence of others' judgment,

¹ This speech is taken from a much longer address delivered by Mr. Root in Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, in 1906.

² Selfishness.

broadening of view by the experience and thought of equals, acceptance of the moral standards of a community the desire for whose good opinion lends a sanction to the rules of right conduct,—these are the conditions of growth in civilization. A people whose minds are not open to the lessons of the world's progress, whose spirits are not stirred by the aspirations and achievements of humanity struggling the world over for liberty and justice, must be left behind by civilization, in its steady and beneficent advance.

These beneficent results the government and the people of the United States of America greatly desire. We wish for no victories but those of peace; for no territory except our own; for no sovereignty except the sovereignty of ourselves. We deem the independence and equal rights of the smallest and weakest member of the family of nations entitled to as much respect as those of the greatest empire, and we deem observance of that respect the chief guaranty of the weak against the oppression of the strong. We neither claim nor desire any rights, or privileges, or powers that we do not freely concede to every American republic. We wish to increase our prosperity, to expand our trade, to grow in wealth, in wisdom, and in spirit; but our conception of the true way to accomplish this is not to pull down others and profit by their ruin, but to help all friends to a common prosperity and a common growth, that we may all become greater and stronger together.

Let us help each other to show that for all the races of men the Liberty for which we have fought and labored is the twin sister of Justice and Peace. Let us unite in creating and maintaining and making effective an all-American public opinion, whose power shall influence international conduct and prevent international wrong, and narrow the causes of war, and forever preserve our free lands from the

burden of such armaments as are massed behind the frontiers of Europe, and bring us ever nearer to the perfection of ordered liberty. So shall come security and prosperity, production and trade, wealth, learning, the arts, and happiness for us all.

Not in a single conference, nor by a single effort, can very much be done. You labor more for the future than for the present; but if the right impulse be given, if the right tendency be established, the work you do here will go on among all the millions of people in the American continents long after your final adjournment, long after your lives, with incalculable benefit to all our beloved countries, which may it please God to continue free and independent and happy for ages to come.

Study Hints

1. Why should Mr. Root spend so much time in speaking of backward (laggard) nations in addressing an assembly in South America?

2. Select a sentence that seems to touch upon many things. See if you can reduce the number of words without weakening the effectiveness of the sentence.

3. According to Mr. Root, what things are necessary if a nation is to advance?

Two Noblemen

MARTIN W. LITTLETON (1872—)

["Two Noblemen" is characterized by the number and beauty of its figures of speech, and by the rich, full tones of its well-molded sentences.]

THE strongest¹ thing about the character of the two greatest men in American history is that they did not surrender to the passion of the time.

¹ This speech is a part of a longer speech delivered at a Washington's Birthday celebration given by the Ellicott Club of Buffalo.

Washington withstood the French radicalism of Jefferson and the British conservatism of Hamilton. He invited each of them into his cabinet; he refused to allow either of them to dictate his policy. His enemies could not terrify him by assault; his friends could not deceive him with flattery. In this respect he resembled in marked degree the splendid character of Lincoln.

The single light that led Lincoln's feet along the hard highway of life was justice; the single thought that throbbed his brain to sleep at night was justice; the single impulse that lingered in a heart already wrung by a nation's grief was justice; in every word that fell from him in touching speech there was the sad and sober spirit of justice. He sat upon the storm when the nation shook with passion. Treason, wrong, injustice, crime, graft, a thousand wrongs, in system and in single, added to the burden of his melancholy spirit. Silently, as the soul of the just makes war on sin; silently, as the spirit of the mighty withstands the spite of wrong; silently, as the heart of the truly brave resists the assault of the crowd, this prince of patience and peace endured the calumny of the country he died to save.

Lincoln blazed the way from the cabin to the crown; working away in the silence of the woods, he heard the murmur of a storm; toiling in the forest of flashing leaf and armored oak, he heard Lexington¹ calling unto Sumter,¹ Valley Forge² crying unto Gettysburg,² and Yorktown³ shouting to Appomattox.³ Lingered before the dying fires in a humble hut, he saw with sorrowful heart the blazing camps in Virginia, and felt the awful stillness of slumbering armies. Beneath it all he saw the strained muscles

of the slave, the broken spirit of the serf, the bondage of immortal souls; and beyond it all, looking through the tears that broke from a breaking heart, he saw the widow by the empty chair, the aged father's fruitless vigil at the gate, the daughter's dreary watch beside the door, the son's solemn step from boyhood to old age. And behind this picture he saw the lonely family altar upon which was offered the incense of tears coming from millions of broken hearts; and, looking still beyond, he saw the battlefields where silent slabs told of the death of those who died in deathless valor. He saw the desolated earth, where golden grain no more broke from the rich, resourceful soil, where the bannered wheat no longer rose from the productive earth; he saw the South with its smokeless chimneys, its deserted hearthstones, its maimed and wounded trudging with bowed heads and bent forms back to their homes, there to want and to waste and to struggle and to build up again; he saw the North recover itself from the awful shock of arms and start anew to unite the arteries of commerce that had been cut by the cruel sword of war. And with his gentle hand, and as a last act of his sacrificial life, he dashed the awful cup of brother's blood from the lustful lip of war and shattered the cannon's roar into nameless notes of song.

Then turn to the vision of Washington leaving a plantation of peace and plenty to suffer on the bloodstained battlefield, surrendering the dominion over the princely domain of a Virginia gentleman to accept the privations of an unequal war—the vision of patriotism over against the vision of greed.

O my friends, we must live so that the spirit of these men shall settle all about our lives and deeds; so that the patriotism of their service shall burn as a fire in the hearts of all who shall follow them. The Constitution which came from one, the universal liberty which

¹ The first battles of the Revolutionary and the Civil War.

² The turning points of the Revolutionary and the Civil War.

³ The endings of the Revolutionary and the Civil War.

came from the other, must be set in our hearts as institutions in the blood of our race, so that this government shall not perish until every drop of that blood has been shed in its defense; and we shall behold the flag of our country as the beautiful emblem of their unselfish lives, whose red ran out of a soldier's heart, whose white was bleached by a nation's tears, whose stars were hung there to sing together until the eternal morning when all the world shall be free.

Study Hints

1. Mr. Littleton is fond of contrasting ideas. Examine the speech to see how many such contrasts it contains.

2. Mr. Littleton is fond of using a series of words that lead gradually up to one strong, vigorous word or phrase. How many such climaxes do you find in this speech?

3. Mr. Littleton is fond of phrases in which several words begin with the same letter. How many cases of such alliterative sentences do you find?

4. Rewrite one of the sentences containing climaxes that use words of similar meaning. Is your sentence an improvement?

Logan to Dunmore

JOHN LOGAN (Tah-gah-jute)
(1725(7)–1780)

["Logan to Dunmore," a message sent to Lord Dunmore by the Indian leader, Tah-gah-jute, through a trader, John Gibson, is one of the most tragic and powerful orations in the English language.]

I APPEAL to any white man to say if ever he entered Logan's¹ cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if

¹ The chief was given the name "Logan" in honor of William Penn's secretary, James Logan, a warm friend of the Indians.

ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war¹ Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed at me as they passed, and said: "Logan is the friend of the white men."

I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap,² the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature.

This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many.³ I have glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not think that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. Logan will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!

Study Hints

1. What seems to be the most tragic sentence in the speech?

2. What sentences seem to be wholly Indian in sentiment?

3. Which sentences seem more like the sentiments of a white man than those of an Indian?

¹ The French and Indian War.

² A bold and ruthless frontiersman of Colonial days. A fort, built to defend himself and his followers against the Indians, still stands on the banks of the Susquehanna near Wrightsville, Pennsylvania. The charge which Logan here makes against him is known to be false.

³ During Dunmore's War (1774) Logan was especially ferocious, taking thirty scalps.

Letters



Some of the best literature of the English-speaking peoples is found in the letters that men and women have written to each other. These vary from the short, courteous business letter, in which the writer may not use one unnecessary word, to the personal letter, in which the writer may be as informal as he pleases in choosing his words and in arranging his phrases. In one respect all good letters are alike: they reveal the personality of the writer.

Letter to Dr. John Cochran

GEORGE WASHINGTON * (1732-1799)

[Washington's letter to Dr. John Cochran reveals the playful side of the Father of his Country. Irving says it is almost the only instance of mirthful writing in Washington's correspondence.]

Dear Doctor :

I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me tomorrow; but am I not in honor bound to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies; of this they had ocular proof¹ yesterday. To say how it is usually covered is more essential, and this shall be the purport of my letter. Since our arrival at this happy spot we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon,² to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot, and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, the center. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case tomorrow, we have two beefsteak pies or dishes of crabs in addition, one on each side of the center dish, dividing

the space, and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which, without them, would be about twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies; and it is a question if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples instead of having both of beefsteaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates, once tin, but now iron — not become so by the labor of scouring — I shall be happy to see them.

Study Hints

1. At what time of the year does the letter seem to have been written? Give a reason for your answer.
2. What in the letter suggests that Washington was in camp?
3. If you like to draw, make a picture of the dinner table.

Letter to Mrs. Bixby

ABRAHAM LINCOLN * (1809-1865)

[The "Letter to Mrs. Bixby" has become famous as an example of sincere feeling expressed in simple yet beautiful language.]

¹ Saw. ² Here, pork cured and dried.

November 21, 1864

Dear Madam :

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully

Abraham Lincoln

Letter to General Hooker

ABRAHAM LINCOLN * (1809-1865)

[The "Letter to General Hooker" shows how polite yet sharp Lincoln (one of the kindest of men) could be when the case seemed to require it, and yet how little his actions were determined by mere personal feeling.]

January 26, 1863

General¹:

I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac.² Of course I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which of course I like. I also believe you do not mix

¹ Late in June, just before the Battle of Gettysburg, Hooker resigned the command given him in this letter.

² The army of the North that fought in the neighborhood of Washington during the War between the States.

politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticizing their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon,* if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it; and now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

Yours very truly

A. Lincoln

Letter to General Washington

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN * (1706-1790)

[From one of the darkest periods in the early history of our country comes this personal letter from one great American patriot to another. It illustrates Franklin's profound knowledge of men and his fondness for drawing comparisons from the simple, humble things of the world around him.]

Passy,¹ France,
March 5, 1780

Sir :

I have received but lately the letter Your Excellency did me the honor of writing to me in recommendation of the Marquis de Lafayette. His modesty detained it long in his own hands. We became acquainted, however, from the time of his arrival at Paris; and his zeal for the honor of our country, his activity in our affairs here, and his firm attachment to our cause and to you, impressed me with the same regard and esteem for him that Your Excellency's letter would have done, had it been immediately delivered to me.

Should peace arrive after another campaign or two, and afford us a little leisure, I should be happy to see Your Excellency in Europe, and to accompany you, if my age and strength would permit, in visiting some of its ancient and most famous kingdoms. You would, on this side of the sea, enjoy the great reputation you have acquired, pure and free from those little shades that the jealousy and envy² of a man's countrymen and contemporaries are ever endeavoring to cast over living merit. Here you would know and enjoy what posterity will say of Washington, for a thousand leagues have nearly the same effect with a thousand years. The feeble voice of those groveling passions cannot extend so far either in time or distance.

At present I enjoy that pleasure for you, as I frequently hear old generals of this martial country,³ who study the maps of America, and mark upon them all your operations, speak with sincere approbation and great applause of your conduct, and join in giving you the character of one of the greatest captains of the

age. I must soon quit this scene,¹ but you may live to see our country flourish, as it will amazingly and rapidly after the war is over; like a field of young Indian corn, which long fair weather and sunshine had enfeebled and discolored, and which in that weak state, by a thunder-gust of violent wind, hail, and rain, seemed to be threatened with absolute destruction; yet the storm being past, it recovers fresh verdure, shoots up with double vigor, and delights the eye, not of its owner only, but of every observing traveler.

The best wishes that can be formed for your health, honor, and happiness, ever attend you from

Yours, etc.

B. Franklin

Study Hints

1. What was going on in America at the time that this letter was written?

2. Do you find any illustrations of Franklin's fondness for wise sayings (epigrams) in this letter?

Letters written during the World War

ALAN SEEGER (1888-1916)

[Below are printed three letters written by the gifted young American poet Alan Seeger, a soldier for France in the World War. In the third, written for the public, he is a reporter looking at war through the eyes of a poet; in the first two he is a dutiful son and an affectionate brother.]

*To his mother*²

Nov. 17, 1914

I haven't seen any more of the little cards I sent you, so I will write a few lines to let you know that I am well and take this risk of the letter's getting

¹ Franklin was in France as the agent, or minister, of the colonies.

² At this time Washington was subject to much criticism.

³ Warlike country, France.

¹ Die. Franklin was then seventy-four years old.

² Alan Seeger, *Letters and Diary*. Charles Scribner's Sons.

through.¹ As you may see by the stationery, I have already received the valise; the contents were most welcome. It arrived by the wagon while we were camping in the woods. I just had time to mark the things, to transfer what I could carry to my sack, and give the rest to comrades. Thaw took the Zarape²; I had a good blanket already. It was out of the question to carry extra weight; you see all the property we now have must go on our backs on the marches, and the weight would astonish you a little could you lift it. I am now well equipped for any weather. Yesterday we had our first flurry of snow, so you see how opportunely the things arrived.

Unfortunately I left my MS. with a printer in Bruges,³ which is now in the hands of the Germans and the center of the fiercest fighting. After the war I shall return there and look it up. And then I shall think of America again. With my volume and my *médaille commémorative* I fancy I should have enough to account for my European visit in point of thought and action. This experience will teach me the sweetness and worth of the common things of life. The world will be more beautiful to me in consequence. So wait and count on my being with you next summer.⁴

*To his sister*⁵

[Written in pencil on the flyleaves of "Les Confessions" de J. J. Rousseau," Genève, 1782.]

We have just come from six days in C——, where we were *cantonnés*⁷ in the

¹ During the World War letters containing information that might have been useful to the enemy were detained by the military authorities.

² A blanket or shawl usually worn by Spanish women.

³ An important town in Belgium taken early in the war by the Germans.

⁴ Before the summer came the poet had given his life in battle.

⁵ Alan Seeger, Letters and Diary. Charles Scribner's Sons.

⁶ Rousseau's "Confessions," one of the greatest books ever written.

⁷ Quartered.

*caves*¹ of the *petit château*² that I described in my last letter in the *Sun*.³ We put in a very pleasant week here,— nine hours of guard at night in our outposts up on the hillside; in the daytime sleep, or foraging in the ruined villages, loafing in the pretty garden of the *château*, or reading up in the library. We have cleaned this up⁴ now, and it is an altogether curious sensation to recline here in an easy-chair, reading some fine old book, and just taking the precaution not to stay in front of the glassless⁵ windows through which the sharpshooters can snipe⁶ at you from the plateau, not six hundred meters away. Sometimes our artillery opens up, and then you lay down your book for a while and, looking through a peephole, watch the 75's⁷ and the 120's⁸ throw up fountains of dirt and débris all along the line of the enemy's trenches.

Here is a volume from the library. I hope it will become one of the treasures on your library shelves. It must be a very early if not the first edition of the "Confessions." You see it is only the first half, published probably before the work was completed. I have never read the "Confessions" except desultorily, but I am very fond of the "Promenades," which you will also find here, especially the fifth, about the "Île St. Pierre."

*To the New York "Sun"*⁹

On the Aisne, April 28, 1915

... The most interesting finds of the kind [souvenirs taken from fallen foes] that I have seen were some letters that a

¹ Cellars.

² Little castle.

³ The New York *Sun*.

⁴ We have driven out the enemy.

⁵ The glass had been broken during the fighting.

⁶ Shoot from concealment.

⁷ Cannon that shoot shells about two inches in diameter.

⁸ Cannon that shoot shells about three inches in diameter.

⁹ Alan Seeger, Letters and Diary. Charles Scribner's Sons.

man brought in a few nights ago from a German body up on the hill. They were postcards, dated the last of August and the first of September last. I wish I had taken them down textually so that you could share some of the emotion that was mine, contrasting with the poor shell of humanity up there in the grass these living tokens of ties that once bound him to earth. It was Austin Dobson's "After Sedan"¹ exactly. The cards were addressed to a certain *Muskatier*² *Maier*. They were headed *Mein Lieber Bruder, Lieber Sohn*,³—simple little family messages, repeating a father's pride, a sister's love, a mother's fears. Far away in some German village they have long since found his name in the lists of the missing. But soon we will go out in the night and bury these bodies nearest our lines as a sanitary measure, and the manner of his death or the place of his nameless grave⁴ they will never know. . . .

Firing, as a matter of fact, is becoming rarer and rarer along the line now in comparison to what it was in the winter, when Mauser and Lebel⁵ sputtered at each other all through the night. I have no doubt, if we were to remain here much longer under the same conditions, that there would be a kind of tacit understanding not to fire at outposts, and that there would even develop neutral zones and surreptitious commerce⁶ between the sentinels, as I have heard from veterans was the case in the latter part of our Civil War. For the evolution of hostility is naturally toward chivalry, not toward unmitigated ferocity.

The hymns of hate,⁷ the rancor and vindictiveness, are the expressions of non-

combatants whose venom has time to accrue in the quiet of studies far from the noise of cannon. To the actual combatant the sense of the grandeur of his calling is too strong upon him to let such ignoble trivialities intrude. Without striking any the less strongly when the time comes, he is yet ready enough to pay tribute to his enemy where tribute is deserved, and glad enough to be able to say of him as the old Spanish romancer said of his country's deadliest foes:

Caballeros granadinos
Aunque moros, hijos d'algo.¹

Study Hints

1. Read "Before Sedan" (p. 130). In what way does it go with this letter?

2. Imagine yourself a soldier and describe "getting a box from home."

A Busy, Happy Summer

ELINORE PRUITT STEWART (1878-)

["A Busy, Happy Summer" is a plain, unadorned, unaffected piece of writing. It came from the pen of Mrs. Elinore Rupert (later Mrs. Stewart), who left the city to earn a livelihood for herself and her little girl as a housekeeper on a ranch in Colorado. Though high school and college were denied her, she knew her Dickens and her Bryant well enough to quote from them in almost the same breath that speaks of cutting grass, making jelly, and milking cows. The letter, as a personal letter should do, reflects the author's surroundings—the tang of the sage, the free air of the hills, the sunset glow of the mountains. The entire volume from which this letter is taken ("Letters of a Woman Homesteader") is worth reading, because it tells the life story of Mrs. Stewart, a tale of unconscious heroism.]

September 11, 1909

Dear Mrs. Coney,

This has been for me the busiest, happiest summer I can remember. I have

¹ "Knights of Granada, although [you are] Moors, [you are] chivalrous men."

¹ Probably "Before Sedan" (see page 130).

² Musketeer.

³ My dear Brother; Dear Son.

⁴ The hero buried in a strange land has ever been a sad theme for writers. Read "The Burial of Sir John Moore" (p. 131).

⁵ Makes of rifles.

⁶ Secret going back and forth.

⁷ During the war the Germans were said to sing hymns declaring their hatred of the Allies.

worked very hard, but it has been work that I really enjoy. Help of any kind is very hard to get here, and Mr. Stewart has been too confident of getting men, so that haying caught him with too few men to put up the hay. He had no man to run the mower, and he couldn't run both the mower and the stacker,¹ so you can fancy what a place he was in.

I don't know that I ever told you, but my parents died within a year of each other and left six of us to shift for ourselves. Our people offered to take one here and there among them until we should all have a place, but we refused to be raised on the halves and so arranged to stay at grandmother's and keep together. Well, we had no money to hire men to do our work, so had to learn to do it ourselves. Consequently I learned to do many things which girls more fortunately situated don't even know have to be done. Among the things I learned to do was the way to run a mowing-machine. It cost me many bitter tears because I got sunburned, and my hands were hard, rough, and stained with machine oil, and I used to wonder how any Prince Charming could overlook all that in any girl he came to. For all I had ever read of the prince had to do with his "reverently kissing her lily-white hand," or doing some other fool trick with a hand as white as a snowflake. Well, when my prince showed up he didn't lose much time in letting me know that "Barkis* was willin'," and I wrapped my hands in my old checked apron and took him up before he could catch his breath. Then there was no more mowing, and I almost forgot that I knew how, until Mr. Stewart got into such a panic. If he put a man to mow, it kept them all idle at the stacker, and he just couldn't get enough men. I was afraid to tell him I could mow for fear

he would forbid me to do so. But one morning, when he was chasing a last hope for help, I went down to the barn, took out the horses, and went to mowing. I had enough cut before he got back to show him I knew how, and as he came back manless he was delighted as well as surprised. I was glad, because I really like to mow, and besides that, I am adding feathers to my cap in a surprising way. When you see me again you will think I am wearing a feather duster, but it is only that I have been said to have almost as much sense as a "mon," and that is an honor I never aspired to, even in my wildest dreams.

I have done most of my cooking at night, have milked seven cows every day, and have done all the hay-cutting, so you see I have been working. But I have found time to put up thirty pints of jelly and the same amount of jam for myself. I used wild fruits, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, and cherries. I have almost two gallons of cherry butter, and I think it is delicious. I wish I could get some of it to you, I am sure you would like it.

We began haying July 5 and finished September 8. After working so hard and so steadily I decided on a day off, so yesterday I saddled the pony, took a few things I needed, and Jerrine and I fared forth. Baby can ride quite well. We got away by sun-up and a glorious day we had. We followed a stream higher up into the mountains, and the air was so keen and clear at first we had on our coats. There was a tang of sage and of pine in the air, and our horse was mid-side deep in rabbit-brush, a shrub just covered with flowers that look and smell like goldenrod. The blue distance promised many alluring adventures, so we went along singing and simply gulping in summer. Occasionally a bunch of sage chickens would fly up out of the sagebrush, or a jack rabbit would leap out. Once we saw a bunch of antelope gallop over a hill, but we were out just

¹ A kind of derrick used for removing hay from wagons and placing it on large piles, or "stacks."

to be out, and the game didn't tempt us. I started, though, to have just as good a time as possible, so I had a fishhook in my knapsack.

Presently, about noon, we came to a little dell where the grass was quite soft and as green as a lawn. The creek kept right up against the hills on one side, and there were groves of quaking asp and cottonwoods that made shade, and service bushes and birches that shut off the ugly hills on the other side. We dismounted and prepared to noon.¹ We caught a few grasshoppers and I cut a birch pole for a rod. The trout are so beautiful now, their sides are so silvery, with dashes of old rose and orange, their speckles are so black, while their backs look as if they had been sprinkled with gold-dust. They bite so well that it doesn't require any special skill or tackle to catch a plenty for a meal in a few minutes.

In a little while I went back to where I had left my pony browsing, with eight beauties. We made a fire first, then I dressed my trout while it was burning down to a nice bed of coals. I had brought a frying pan and a bottle of lard, salt, and buttered bread. We gathered a few service berries, our trout were soon browned, and with water, clear, and as cold as ice, we had a feast. The quaking aspens are beginning to turn yellow, but no leaves have fallen. Their shadows dimpled and twinkled over the grass like happy children. The sound of a dashing, roaring water kept inviting me to cast for trout, but I didn't want to carry them so far, so we rested until the sun was getting low and then started for home, with the song of the locusts in our ears warning us that the melancholy days are almost here. We would come up over the top of a hill into the glory of a beautiful sunset with its gorgeous colors, then down into the valley already purpling with mysterious twilight. So on, until, just at dark,

¹ Eat lunch.

we rode into our corral¹ and a mighty tired, sleepy little girl was powerfully glad to get home.

After I had mailed my other letter I was afraid that you would think me plumb bold about the little Bo-Peep² and was a heap sorrier than you can think. If you only knew the hardships these poor men endure. They go two together, and sometimes it is months before they see another soul, and rarely ever a woman. I wouldn't act so free in town, but these men see people so seldom that they are awkward and embarrassed. I like to put them at ease, and it is to be done only by being a kind of hail-fellow-well-met with them. So far not one has ever misunderstood me, and I have been treated with every courtesy and kindness, so that I am powerfully glad you understand. They really enjoy doing these little things like fixing our dinner, and if my poor company can add to anyone's pleasure, I am only too glad.

Sincerely yours

Elinore Rupert

Study Hints

1. Read "Riding the Rim Rock" (p. 409). Do the writers say the same things about the sagebrush?

2. Read "O Bury Me not on the Lone Prairie" (p. 403). Does it seem to bear any relationship to the "poor men" of this story?

3. Draw a picture of some incident in Mrs. Stewart's outing. (The lunch would be a good subject.)

4. From hints found in the story, write an account of a busy day on the ranch.

5. If you enjoy composing parodies, describe Mrs. Stewart's outing in the spirit and in the form of the lines of "The Lady of the Lake" that tell of the flight of the stag (beginning Canto First, stanza II, p. 174).

¹ A large, unroofed pen, or inclosure, for animals.

² In a previous letter Mrs. Stewart has told of a kindness that she extended to two shepherds, the "poor men" of several lines below.

6. In two hundred words, give the story of Mrs. Stewart's life. (Use the hints given in this letter.)

Harmless Teasing

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY (1825–1895)

[Huxley, generally known only as a great scientist, here shows himself to be an ordinary human being with a delightful sense of humor as he teases the poet Matthew Arnold about a "strayed" umbrella.]

26 Abbey Place, July 8th, [1869?]

My dear Arnold:

Look at Bishop Wilson¹ on the sin of covetousness, and then inspect your umbrella stand. You will there see a beautiful brown smooth-handled umbrella which is *Not* your property.

Think of what the excellent prelate² would have advised, and bring it with you next time you come to the club. The porter will take care of it for me.

Ever yours faithfully

T. H. Huxley

Letter to Charles Baxter³

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON* (1850–1894)

[The "Letter to Charles Baxter" gives a peep into the days when Stevenson was so poor that he could scarcely buy food enough to keep alive. It reveals the genial, happy spirit that led Stevenson to make merry in spite of all hardships, — a trait that marked him throughout life.]

608 Bush Street, San Francisco,
Jan. 26, '80

My dear Charles:

I have to drop from a 50-cent to a 25-cent dinner; today begins my fall. That brings down my outlay in food and drink

¹ Thomas Wilson, an eighteenth-century clergyman. He refused an appointment because the salary was too high.

² Bishop Wilson.

³ Sidney Colum, *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson to his Family and Friends*, Charles Scribner's Sons.

to 45 cents, or 1s. 10½*d.* per day. How are the mighty fallen! Luckily, this is such a cheap place for food; I used to pay as much as that for my first breakfast in the Savile in the grand old palmy days of yore. I regret nothing, and do not even dislike these straits, though the flesh will rebel on occasion. It is today bitter cold, after weeks of lovely warm weather, and I am all in a chitter. I am about to issue¹ for my little shilling and halfpenny meal, taken in the middle of the day, the poor man's hour; and I shall eat and drink to your prosperity.

Ever yours

R. L. S.

Letter to his Mother

JAMES WOLFE (1727–1759)

[While David and Alan, the heroes of "Kidnapped," were dodging redcoats on the Balquidder* braes, a young British officer, engaged in the task of policing the Highlands,* wrote the following letter to his mother. The author is best known to us as the man who captured Quebec in 1759.]

Glasgow, October 2, 1749

Dear Madam:

It will not be possible in my circumstances to get leave of absence for four months; we can expect no such indulgence. A less time is not worth asking for, and therefore I'll pass the winter at Perth. I must hunt and shoot for exercise, and read for entertainment. After Christmas, when the company comes into Edinburgh, and the place is in all its perfection of dirt and gaiety, I'll repair thither, and stay a fortnight or three weeks. It will help to dispel melancholy, and I have been told that a certain smell is a remedy for the vapors²; there I can't fail to meet the cure. This day fortnight we leave this town, and till we return to it cannot hope to find so good quarters. According to the rotation of the troops

¹ Go out,

² The blues.

in Scotland, the sixth year brings us back; but 'tis a dreadful interval, a little life to a military man; and for my particular, so far from being in love with the country that I'd go to the Rhine or Italy, nay, serve in a campaign against the Turks, rather than continue in it the time I have mentioned, and that, too, in the very blossoming season of our days. It is my misfortune to miss the improving hour, and to degenerate instead of brightening. Few of my companions surpass me in common knowledge, but most of them in vice. This is a truth that I should blush to relate to one that had not all my confidence, lest it be thought to proceed either from insolence or vanity; but I think you don't understand it so. I dread their habits and behavior, and am forced to an eternal watch upon myself, that I may avoid the very manner which I most condemn in them. Young men should have some object constantly in their aim, some shining character to direct them. 'Tis a disad-

vantage to be first at an imperfect age; either we become enamored with ourselves, seeing nothing superior, or fall into the degree of our associates.

I'll stop here, that you may not think me very uneasy. As I now am, it is possible that I might be better pleased, but my duty and a natural indolence of temper make it less irksome; and then a pretty constant employment helps to get me through, and secures me from excess or debauch. That, too, is enough prevented by the office of a commander.

My duty to my father.

I am, dear Madam,

Your obedient and affectionate son

J. Wolfe

Study Hints

1. What does this letter suggest was the British officer's attitude toward a stay in Italy or in Germany?
2. Does Wolfe relish his work in the Highlands?

Short Stories



English literature contains many "short stories,"¹—narratives that involve a plot. This means that in the course of the action of the story the lives or fortunes of two or more persons become entangled (complicated) and are again unfolded (resolved). The action is usually so arranged that it leads up to one moment of intense activity and intense interest called the climax. The number of ways in which the threads of the story may be woven together and then unraveled is very large. A part of the fascination which the "short story" has for us lies in the recognition of *old*, and the discovery of *new*, plots.

The Last Leaf²

O.* HENRY (1862–1910)

["The Last Leaf" is what is known as a human-interest story,—a tale that makes the reader laugh and weep by turns. Although this type of literature is as old as story-telling itself, it was only in the last part of the nineteenth century that it became popular. Our interest in "The Last Leaf" lies in the humorous style, in the peculiar turns of phrase, and in the vivid word pictures of the two student artists. The author is always at his best when, as in this story, he is telling of the humor, the pathos, and the heroism that often beautify the lives of the poor.]

IN A little district west of Washington Square the streets have run crazy and broken themselves into small strips called "places." These "places" make strange angles and curves. One street crosses itself a time or two. An artist once discovered a valuable possibility in this street. Suppose a collector with a bill

for paints, paper, or canvas should, in traversing this route, suddenly meet himself coming back, without a cent being paid on account!

So, to quaint Greenwich Village¹ the art people soon came prowling, hunting for north windows, and eighteenth-century gables, and Dutch attics, and low rents. Then they imported some pewter mugs and a chafing-dish or two from Sixth Avenue and became a "colony."

At the top of a squatty "three-story brick" Sue and Johnsy had their studio. "Johnsy" was familiar² for Joanna. One was from Maine; the other from California. They had met at the *table d'hôte*³ of an Eighth Street "Delmonico's"⁴ and found their tastes in art, chickory salad, and bishop sleeves⁵ so congenial that the joint studio resulted.

¹ A New York artists' colony.

² A pet name.

³ A table at which all who dine eat the same bill of fare.

⁴ Eighth Street is one of the poorer streets of New York. Delmonico's was a famous restaurant. O. Henry means to say that the girls met in a rather poor eating-house.

⁵ A wide sleeve, similar to those of the Anglican bishop's gown. They were popular about the time the story was written.

¹ The name "short story" is often loosely applied to tales and descriptive sketches. It is, however, properly used of a brief narrative with a plot.

² From "The Trimmed Lamp," by O. Henry, copyrighted 1905 by Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc.

That was in May. In November a cold unseen stranger, whom the doctors called Pneumonia, stalked about the colony touching one here and one there with his icy fingers. Over on the east side¹ this ravager strode boldly, smiting his victims by scores, but his feet trod slowly through the maze of the narrow and moss-grown "places."

Mr. Pneumonia was not what you would call a chivalric old gentleman. A mite of a little woman, with blood thinned by California zephyrs, was hardly fair game for the red-fisted, short-breathed old duffer. But Johnsy he smote; and she lay scarcely moving, on her painted iron bedstead, looking through the small Dutch windowpanes at the blank side of the next brick house.

One morning the busy doctor invited Sue into the hallway, with a shaggy gray eyebrow.

"She has one chance in let us say, ten," he said, as he shook down the mercury in his clinical thermometer. "And that chance is for her to want to live. This way that people have of lining up on the side of the undertaker makes the entire pharmacopœia² look silly. Your little lady has made up her mind that she's not going to get well. Has she anything on her mind?"

"She — she wanted to paint the Bay of Naples some day," said Sue.

"Paint? — bosh! Has she anything on her mind worth thinking about — a man, for instance?"

"A man?" said Sue, with a Jew's-harp twang in her voice. "Is a man worth — but no, doctor; there is nothing of the kind."

"Well, it is the weakness, then," said the doctor. "I will do all that science, so far as it may filter through my efforts, can accomplish. But whenever my patient begins to count the carriages in

her funeral procession, I subtract 50 per cent from the curative power of medicines. If you will get her to ask one question about the new winter styles in cloak sleeves, I will promise you a one-in-five chance for her, instead of one-in-ten."

After the doctor had gone Sue went into the workroom and cried a Japanese napkin to a pulp. Then she swaggered into Johnsy's room with her drawing-board, whistling ragtime.

Johnsy lay, scarcely making a ripple under the bedclothes, with her face toward the window. Sue stopped whistling, thinking she was asleep.

She arranged her board and began a pen-and-ink drawing to illustrate a magazine story. Young artists must pave their way to art by drawing pictures for magazine stories that young authors write to pave their way to literature.

As Sue was sketching a pair of elegant horse-show riding trousers and a monocle on the figure of the hero, an Idaho cowboy, she heard a low sound, several times repeated. She went quickly to the bed side.

Johnsy's eyes were wide open. She was looking out of the window and counting — counting backward.

"Twelve," she said, and a little later "eleven"; and then "ten," and "nine"; and then "eight," and "seven," almost together.

Sue looked solicitously out of the window. What was there to count? There was only a bare, dreary yard to be seen, and the blank side of the brick house twenty feet away. An old ivy vine, gnarled, and decayed at the roots, climbed halfway up the brick wall. The cold breath of winter had stricken its leaves from the vine until its skeleton branches clung, almost bare, to the crumbling bricks.

"What is it, dear?" asked Sue.

"Six," said Johnsy, in almost a whisper. "They're falling faster now. Three days ago there were almost a hun-

¹ The poorer section of New York.

² The whole collection of drugs used by physicians; here, the art of healing.

dred. It makes my head ache to count them. But now it's easy. There goes another one. There are only five left now."

"Five what, dear? Tell your Sudie."

"Leaves. On the ivy vine. When the last one falls, I must go too. I've known that for three days. Didn't the doctor tell you?"

"Oh, I've never heard of such nonsense," complained Sue, with magnificent scorn. "What have the old ivy leaves to do with your getting well? And you used to love that vine so, you naughty girl. Don't be a goosey. Why, the doctor told me this morning that your chances for getting well real soon were — let's see exactly what he said — he said the chances were ten to one! Why, that's almost as good a chance as we have in New York when we ride on the street cars or walk past a new building. Try to take some broth now, and let Sudie go back to her drawing, so she can sell the editor man with it, and buy port wine for her sick child, and pork chops for her greedy self."

"You needn't get any wine," said Johnsy, keeping her eyes fixed out the window. "There goes another. No, I don't want the broth. That leaves just four. I want to see the last one fall before it gets dark. Then I'll go, too."

"Johnsy, dear," said Sue, bending over her, "will you promise to keep your eyes closed, and not look out of the window until I am done working? I must hand those drawings in by tomorrow. I need the light or I would draw the shade down."

"Couldn't you draw in the other room?" asked Johnsy, coldly.

"I'd rather be here by you," said Sue. "Besides, I don't want you to be looking at those silly ivy leaves."

"Tell me as soon as you have finished," said Johnsy, closing her eyes, and lying white and still as a fallen statue, "because I want to see the last one fall. I'm tired of waiting. I'm tired of think-

ing. I want to turn loose my hold on everything and go sailing down, down, just like one of those poor tired leaves."

"Try to sleep," said Sue. "I must call Behrman up to be my model for the old hermit miner. I'll not be gone a minute. Don't try to move till I get back."

Old Behrman was a painter who lived on the ground floor beneath them. He was past sixty and had a Michelangelo's Moses beard¹ curling down from the head of a satyr * along the body of an imp. Behrman was a failure in art. Forty years he had wielded the brush without getting near enough to touch the hem of his mistress's robe.² He had been always about to paint a masterpiece, but had never yet begun it. For several years he had painted nothing except now and then a daub in the line of commerce or advertising. He earned a little by serving as a model to those young artists in the colony who could not pay the price of a professional. He drank gin to excess, and still talked about his coming masterpiece. For the rest, he was a fierce little man who scoffed terribly at softness in anyone, and who regarded himself a special mastiff-in-waiting to protect the two young artists in the studio above.

Sue found Behrman smelling strongly of juniper berries³ in his dimly lighted den below. In one corner was a blank canvas on an easel that had been waiting there for twenty-five years to receive the first line of his masterpiece. She told him of Johnsy's fancy and how she feared she would, indeed, light and fragile as a leaf herself, float away when the slight hold upon the world grew weaker.

Old Behrman, with his red eyes plainly streaming, shouted his contempt and derision for such idiotic imaginings.

¹ A long white beard like that in the figure of Moses by the famous Italian sculptor Michelangelo.

² His mistress was his art. The sentence means that he had tried forty years but he had not become an artist.

³ Here, gin.

"Vass!" he cried. "Is dere people in der world mit der foolishness to die because leafs day drop off from a con-founded vine? I haf not heard of such a thing. No, I will not bese as a model for your fool hermit-dunderhead. Vy do you allow that silly pusiness to come in der brain of her? Ach, dot poor lettle Miss Johnsy."

"She is very ill and weak," said Sue, "and the fever has left her mind morbid and full of strange fancies. Very well, Mr. Behrman, if you do not wish to pose for me, you needn't. But I think you are a horrid old — old flibbertigibbet."

"You are just like a woman," yelled Behrman. "Who said I vill not bese? Go on. I come mit you. For half an hour already I haf been trying to say dot I vill bese. Gott! dis is not any blace in which one so goot as Miss Yohnsy should lie sick. Some day I will baint a masterpiece, and ve shall all go away. Gott! yes."

Johnsy was sleeping when they went upstairs. Sue pulled the shade down to the window-sill and motioned Behrman into the other room. In there they peered out the window fearfully at the ivy vine. Then they looked at each other for a moment without speaking. A persistent, cold rain was falling, mingled with snow. Behrman, in his old blue shirt, took his seat as the hermit miner on an upturned kettle for a rock.

When Sue awoke from an hour's sleep the next morning she found Johnsy with dull, wide-open eyes staring at the drawn green shade.

"Pull it up; I want to see," she ordered, in a whisper.

Wearily Sue obeyed.

But, lo! after the beating rain and fierce gusts of wind that had endured through the livelong night there yet stood out against the brick wall one ivy leaf. It was the last one on the vine. Still dark green near its stem, but with serrated edges tinted the yellow of dis-

solution and decay, it hung bravely from a branch some twenty feet above the ground.

"It is the last one," said Johnsy. "I thought it would surely fall during the night. I heard the wind. It will fall to-day, and I shall die at the same time."

"Dear, dear!" said Sue, leaning her worn face down to the pillow. "Think of me, if you won't of yourself. What would I do?"

But Johnsy did not answer. The loneliest thing in all the world is a soul when it is making ready to go on its mysterious, far journey. The fancy seemed to possess her more strongly as one by one the ties that bound her to friendship and to earth were loosed.

The day wore away, and even through the twilight they could see the lone ivy leaf clinging to its stem against the wall. And then, with the coming of the night, the north wind was again loosed, while the rain still beat against the windows and pattered down from low Dutch eaves.

When it was light enough Johnsy, the merciless, commanded that the shade be raised.

The ivy leaf was still there.

Johnsy lay for a long time looking at it, and then she called to Sue, who was stirring her chicken broth over the gas stove.

"I've been a bad girl, Sudie," said Johnsy. "Something has made that last leaf stay there to show me how wicked I was. It is a sin to want to die. You may bring me a little broth now, and some milk with a little port¹ in it, and — no bring me a hand mirror first, and then pack some pillows about me, and I will sit up and watch you cook."

An hour later she said: "Sudie, some day I hope to paint the Bay of Naples."

The doctor came in the afternoon, and Sue had an excuse to go into the hallway as he left.

¹ Wine.

"Even chances," said the doctor, taking Sue's thin, shaking hand in his. "With good nursing you'll win. And now I must see another case downstairs. Behrman, his name is — some kind of an artist, I believe. Pneumonia, too! He is an old, weak man, and the attack is acute. There is no hope for him, but he goes to the hospital today to be made comfortable."

The next day the doctor said to Sue: "She's out of danger. You've won. Nutrition and care now — that's all."

And that afternoon Sue came to the bed where Johnsy lay, contentedly knitting a blue and very useless woolen shoulder scarf, and put one arm around her, pillows and all.

"I have something to tell you, white mouse," she said. "Mr. Behrman died of pneumonia today in the hospital. He was ill only two days. The janitor found him on the morning of the first day in his room downstairs, helpless with pain. His shoes and clothes were wet through and icy cold. They couldn't imagine where he had been on such a dreadful night. And then they found a lantern, still lighted, and a ladder had been dragged from its place, and some scattered brushes, and a palette¹ with green and yellow colors mixed on it, and — look out the window, dear, at that last leaf on the wall. Didn't you wonder why it never fluttered or moved when the wind blew? Ah, darling, it's Behrman's masterpiece — he painted it there the night the last leaf fell."

Study Hints

1. Read "Casabianca" (p. 125) and "The Wreck of the *Hesperus*" (p. 147). What have they in common with "The Last Leaf"?

2. From hints given in the story, and from your own imagination, describe the life of a student in Greenwich Village.

¹ A flat, thin wooden plate used by artists for mixing their colors.

3. Write an imaginary story of Behrman's youth.

4. Write a different ending for the story.

5. Draw a picture of a corner of the girls studio. If you cannot draw, describe the corner in words.

The Freshman Fullback¹

RALPH D. PAINE (1871-1925)

[Accounts of heroic struggles against heavy odds have always appealed particularly to the English-speaking peoples. Our ancestors loved tales of fights with dragons and of hand-to-hand encounters against sword and lance; we of today are thrilled just as much by accounts of prowess on the athletic field.

"The Freshman Fullback" is doubly interesting, for it tells of a double victory — a young man's hard-won success on the grid-iron, and his father's grim struggle and victory over heartsickness and discouragement. Moreover, it gives a colorful and satisfying picture of a great athletic contest between two famous universities.]

THE boyish night city editor² glanced along the copy-readers'³ table and petulantly exclaimed: "Isn't that spread head⁴ ready yet, Mr. Seeley? It goes on the front page and we are holding open for it. Whew, but you are slow. You ought to be holding down a job on a quarterly review."

A portly man of middle age dropped his pencil and turned heavily in his chair to face the source of this public humiliation. An angry flush overspread his face, and he chewed at a grayish mustache as if fighting down rebellion. His comrades at the long table had looked up from their work and were eyeing the oldest copy-reader with sympathetic uneasiness while

¹ Ralph D. Paine, *College Years*. Charles Scribner's Sons.

² The editor who is responsible for local news and has direct charge of the reporters.

³ One who reads and corrects what has been written by the reporters.

⁴ A large two-or-three-line heading of a newspaper article, followed by several lines in smaller type.

they hoped that he would be able to hold himself in hand. The night city editor felt the tension of the brief tableau¹ and waited the threatened outbreak with a nervous smile. But Seeley jerked his green eyeshade so low that his face was partly in eclipse, and wheeled round to resume his task with a catch of the breath and a tone of surrender in his reply.

"The head will be ready in five minutes, sir. The last pages of the story are just coming in."

A much younger man, at the farther end of the table, whispered to his neighbor: "That's cheap and nasty, to call down old man Seeley as if he were a cub² reporter. He may have lost his grip, but he deserves decent treatment for what he has been. Managing editor of this very sheet,³ London correspondent before that, and the crack man of the staff when most of the rest of us were in short breeches. And now Henry Harding Seeley isn't any too sure of keeping his job on the copy desk."

"That's what the New York newspaper game can do to you if you stick at it too long," murmured the other. "Back to the farm for mine."

It was long after midnight when these two put on their coats and bade the city editor's desk a perfunctory "Good-night."

They left Henry Harding Seeley still slumped in his chair, writing with dogged industry.

"He's dead tired; you can see that," commented one of the pair as they headed for Broadway, "but, as usual, he is grinding out stuff for the Sunday sheet after hours. He must need the extra coin mighty bad. I came back for my overcoat at four the other morning, after the poker game, and he was still pegging away just like that."

Other belated editors and reporters of the *Chronicle* staff drifted toward the elevator, until the gray-haired copy-reader was left alone in the city room as

if marooned.¹ Writing as steadily as if he were a machine warranted to turn out so many words an hour, Seeley urged his pencil until the last page was finished. Then he read and corrected the "story,"² slipped it through a slit in a door marked "Sunday Editor," and trudged out while the tower clock was striking three.

Instead of seeking the chop-house, wherein the vivacious and tireless youth of the staff were wont to linger over supper, he turned into a side street and betook himself to a small café as yet unfrequented by the night owls of journalism. Seeley was a beaten man, and he preferred to nurse his wounds in a morbid isolation. His gait and aspect were those of one who was stolidly struggling on the defensive, as if hostile circumstances had driven him into a corner where he was making his last stand.

Through the years of his indomitable youth as a reporter of rare ability and resourcefulness he had never spared himself. Burning the candle at both ends, with a vitality which seemed inexhaustible, he had won step after step of promotion until, at forty, he was made managing editor of that huge and hard-driven organization, the New York *Chronicle*. For five years of racking responsibility Henry Harding Seeley had been able to maintain the pace demanded of his position.

Then came an error of judgment,—a midnight decision demanded of a fagged mind,—and his O.K. was scrawled upon the first sheet of a story of embezzlement in Wall Street.³ By an incredible blunder the name of the fugitive cashier was coupled with that of the wrong bank. Publication of the *Chronicle* story started a terrific run⁴ on this innocent institu-

¹ Put ashore on a desert island.

² In the newspaper office any news account is called a "story."

³ A street in New York famous for its large banking and brokerage houses.

⁴ The depositors came in large numbers to withdraw their money.

¹ Here, scene.

² Beginning.

³ Newspaper.

tion, which won its libel suit against the newspaper in the amount of one hundred thousand dollars.

The managing editor, two reporters, and the copy-reader who had handled the fatal manuscript were swept out of the building by one cyclonic order from the owner thereof. Henry Seeley accepted his indirect responsibility for the disaster in grim, manly fashion, and straightway sought another berth befitting his journalistic station. But his one costly slip was more than a nine-days' scandal along Park Row,¹ and other canny proprietors were afraid that he might hit them in the very vital regions of their pockets. Worse than this, his confidence in himself had suffered mortal damage. The wear and tear of his earlier years had left him with little reserve power, and he went to pieces in the face of adverse fortune.

"Worked out at forty-five" was the verdict of his friends, and they began to pity him.

The will to succeed had been broken, but Seeley might have rallied had not his wife died during the ebb tide of his affairs. She had walked hand in hand with him since his early twenties, her faith in him had been his mainstay, and his happiness in her complete and beautiful. Bereft of her when he stood most in need of her, he seemed to have no more fight in him, and, drifting from one newspaper office to another, he finally eddied into his old "shop" as a drudging copy-reader and an object of sympathy to a younger generation.

There was one son, strong, bright, eager, and by dint of driving his eternally wearied brain overtime, the father had been able to send him to Yale, his own Alma Mater.² More or less pious deception had led young Ernest Seeley to believe that his father had regained much of his old-time prestige with the *Chronicle*

and that he had a hand in guiding its editorial destinies. The lad was a freshman, tremendously absorbed in the activities of the autumn term, and his father was content that he should be so hedged about by the interests of the campus world as to have small time or thought for the grizzled,¹ taciturn² toiler in New York.

He was the kind of man that trudged heavily into the little German café of an early morning after his long night's slavery at the copy desk. His mind, embittered and sensitive to slights like a raw nerve, was brooding over the open taunt of the night city editor, who had been an office boy under him in the years gone by. From force of habit he seated himself at a table in the rear of the room, shunning the chance of having to face an acquaintance. Unfolding a copy of the city edition, which had been laid on his desk damp from the press room, Seeley scanned the front page with scowling uneasiness, as if fearing to find some blunder of his own handiwork. Then he turned to the sporting page and began to read the football news.

His son Ernest had been playing as a substitute with the university eleven, an achievement which stirred his father's pride without moving enthusiasm. And the boy, chilled by his father's indifference, had said little about it during his infrequent visits to New York. But now the elder Seeley sat erect, and his stolid countenance was almost animated as he read, under a New Haven date line:

The Yale confidence of winning the game with Princeton tomorrow has been shattered, and gloom enshrouds the camp of the Elis³ tonight. Collins, the great fullback, who has been the keystone of Yale's offensive game, was taken to the infirmary late this afternoon. He complained of feeling ill after the signal practice yesterday; fever developed over-

¹ Gray.

² Silent.

³ The Yale students are called Elis in playful recognition of Elihu Yale, after whom the college is named.

¹ The part of New York in which the newspaper offices are located.

² The college from which one is graduated.

night, and the consulting physicians decided that he must be operated on for appendicitis without delay. His place in the Princeton game will be filled by Ernest Seeley, the freshman¹ who has been playing a phenomenal game in the backfield, but who is so lacking in experience that the coaches are all at sea tonight. The loss of Collins has swung the betting around to even money instead of 5 to 3 on Yale.

The elder Seeley wiped his glasses as if not sure that he had read right.

Ernest had seemed to him no more than a sturdy infant, and here he was, on the eve of a championship football battle, picked to fight for the "old blue."² The father's career at Yale had been a most honorable one. He too had played on the eleven and had helped to win two desperate contests against Princeton. But all this belonged to a life which was dead and done for. He had not achieved in after years what Yale expected of him, and his record there was with his buried memories.

Supper was forgotten while Henry Seeley wondered whether he really wanted to go to New Haven to see his boy play. Many of his old friends and classmates would be there, and he did not wish to meet them. And it stung him to the quick as he reflected: "I should be very happy to see him win, but—but to see him whipped! I couldn't brace and comfort him. And supposing it breaks his heart to be whipped as it has broken mine? No, I won't let myself think that. I'm a poor Yale man and a worse father, but I couldn't stand going up there today."

Even more humiliating was the thought that he would shrink from asking leave of the city editor. Saturday was not his "day off," and he so greatly hated to ask favors at the office that the possibility of being rebuffed was more than he was willing to face.

Into his unhappy meditations broke a boisterous hail: "Diogenes! Seeley, as I live. Why, you old rascal, I thought you were dead or something. Glad I didn't get foolish and go to bed. Here, waiter, get busy."

Seeley was startled, and he lumbered from his table to grasp the outstretched hand of a classmate. The opera hat of this Mr. Richard Giddings was cocked at a rakish angle, his blue eye twinkled good cheer and youthful hilarity, and his aspect was utterly care-free.

"How are you, Dick?" said Seeley, with an unusual smile which singularly brightened his face. "You don't look a day older than when I last saw you. Still cutting coupons for a living?"

"Oh, money is the least of my worries," gayly rattled Mr. Giddings. "Been doing the heavy society act tonight, and on my way home found I needed some sauerkraut . . . to tone up my jaded system. By Jove, Harry, you're as gray as a badger. This newspaper game must be bad for the nerves. Lots of fellows have asked me about you. Never see you at the University Club; nobody sees you anywhere. Remarkable how a man can lose himself right here in New York. Still running the *Chronicle*, I suppose."

"I'm still in the old shop, Dick," replied Seeley, glad to be rid of this awkward question. "But I work nearly all night and sleep most of the day, and am like a cog in a big machine that never stops grinding."

"Shouldn't do it. Wears a man out," and Mr. Giddings sagely nodded his head. "Course you are going up to the game today. Come along with me. Special car with a big bunch of your old pals inside. They'll be tickled to death to find I've dug you out of your hole. Hello! Is that this morning's paper? Let me look at the sporting page. Great team at New

¹ In the day of which Paine writes freshmen were permitted to play on college teams.

² The college color of Yale.

¹ Legend says Diogenes shunned society and lived in a tub. Seeley is addressed as Diogenes, since he too avoided his old friends.

Haven, they tell me. What's the latest odds? I put up a thousand at five to three last week and am looking for some more easy money."

The alert eye of the volatile Richard Giddings swept down the New Haven dispatch like lightning.

With a grievous outcry he smote the table and shouted: "Collins out of the game? Great Scott, Harry, that's awful news. And a green freshman going to fill his shoes at the last minute. I feel like weeping; honest I do. Who the deuce is this Seeley? Any kin of yours? I suppose not or you would have bellowed it at me before this."

"He is my only boy, Dick," and the father held up his head with a shadow of his old manner. "I didn't know he had the ghost of a show to make the team until I saw this dispatch."

"Then, of course, you are coming up with me," roared Mr. Giddings. "I hope he's a chip of the old block. If he has your sand they can't stop him. Jumping Jupiter, they couldn't have stopped you with an ax when you were playing guard in our time, Harry. I feel better already to know that it is your kid going in at fullback today."

"No, I'm not going up, Dick," said Seeley, slowly. "For one thing, it is too short notice for me to break away from the office, and I — I haven't the nerve to watch the boy go into the game. I'm not feeling very fit."

"Stuff and nonsense, you need a brain cure," vociferated Richard Giddings. "You, an old Yale guard, with a pup¹ on the team, and he a freshman at that! Throw out your chest, man; tell the office to go to the devil,— where all newspapers belong,— and meet me at the station at ten o'clock sharp. You talk and look like the oldest living grad with one foot in the grave."

Seeley flushed and bit his lip. His dulled realization of what Yale had been to him was quickened by this tormenting comrade of the brave days of old, but he could not be shaken from his attitude of morbid self-effacement.

"No, Dick; it's no use," he returned with a tremulous smile. "You can't budge me. But give my love to the crowd and tell them to cheer for that youngster of mine until they're blue in the face."

Mr. Richard Giddings eyed him quizzically and surmised that something or other was gravely wrong with his grizzled classmate. But Seeley offered no more explanations, and the vivacious intruder fell to his task of demolishing sauerkraut with great gusto, after which he nimbly vanished into a cruising hansom¹ with a sense of having been rebuffed.

Seeley watched him depart at great speed and then plodded toward his up-town lodgings. His sleep was distressed with unhappy dreams, and during a wakeful interval he heard a knock at his sitting-room door.

An office boy from the *Chronicle* editorial rooms gave him a note and waited for an answer.

Seeley recognized the handwriting of the managing editor and was worried, for he was always expecting the worst to happen. He sighed with relieved surprise as he read:

My dear Mr. Seeley:

Please go to New Haven as soon as possible and do a couple of columns of descriptive introduction of the Yale-Princeton game. The sporting department will cover the technical story, but a big steamboat collision has just happened in North River, two or three hundred drowned and so on, and I need every man in the shop. As an old Yale player I am sure I can depend on you for a good story, and I know you used to do this kind of stuff in fine style.

Seeley fished his watch from under a pillow. It was after ten o'clock, and the

¹ A kind of horse-drawn cab.

¹ A bulldog has long been the emblem of the Yale team; hence the son of an old Yale player might well be called a pup.

game would begin at two. While he hurried into his clothes he was conscious of a distinct thrill of excited interest akin to his old-time joy in the day's work. Could he "do this kind of stuff in fine style?" Why, before his brain had begun to be always tired, when he was the star reporter of the *Chronicle*, his football introductions had been classics in Park Row. If there was a spark of the old fire left in him he would try to strike it out, and for the moment he forgot the burden of inertia¹ which had so long crushed him.

"But I don't want to run into Dick Giddings and his crowd," he muttered as he sought his hat and overcoat. "And I'll be up in the press box² away from the mob of old grads. Perhaps my luck has turned."

When Henry Seeley reached the Yale field the eleven had gone to the dressing rooms in the training house, and he hovered on the edge of the flooding crowds, fairly yearning for a glimpse of the freshman fullback and a farewell grasp of his hand. The habitual dread lest his son find cause to be ashamed of his father had been shoved into the background by a stronger, more natural emotion. But he well knew that he ought not to invade the training quarters in these last crucial moments. Ernest must not be distraught by a feather's weight of any other interest than the task in hand. The coaches would be delivering their final words of instruction, and the old Yale guard could picture to himself the tense absorption of the scene. Like one coming out of a dream, the past was returning to him in vivid, heart-stirring glimpses. Reluctantly he sought his place in the press box high above the vast amphitheater.

The preliminary spectacle was movingly familiar: the rippling banks of color which rose on all sides to frame the

long carpet of chalked turf; the clamorous outbursts of cheering when an eddy of Yale or Princeton undergraduates swirled and tossed at command of the dancing dervish¹ of a leader at the edge of the field below; the bright, buoyant aspect of the multitude as viewed *en masse*.² Seeley leaned against the railing of his lofty perch and gazed at this pageant until a sporting editor, long in harness, nudged his elbow and said: "Hello! I haven't seen you at a game in a dozen years. Doing the story or just working the press-badge graft³? That namesake of yours will be meat for the Tigers,⁴ I'm afraid. Glad he doesn't belong to you, aren't you?"

Seeley stared at him like a man in a trance and replied evasively: "He may be good enough. It all depends on his sand and nerve. Yes, I am doing the story for a change. Have you the final line-up?"

"Princeton is playing all her regular men," said the sporting editor, giving Seeley his notebook. "The only Yale change is at fullback — and that's a catastrophe."

Seeley copied the lists for reference, and his pencil was not steady when he came to "Fullback, Ernest T. Seeley." But he pulled his thoughts away from the eleven and began to jot down notes of the passing incidents which might serve to weave into the fabric of his description. The unwonted stimulus aroused his talent as if it were not dead but dormant. The scene appealed to him with almost as much freshness and color as if he were observing it for the first time.

A roar of cheering rose from a far corner of the field and ran swiftly along

¹ Mohammedan priests who dance as a part of their service. Here the term is humorously applied to the cheer leader.

² In a body.

³ Reporters who wear their badges are admitted free.

⁴ Because they wear orange jerseys striped with black, Princeton players are nicknamed "Tigers."

¹ Unwillingness to act.

² A booth, or stall, assigned to newspaper reporters.

the Yale side of the amphitheater, which blossomed in tossing blue. The Yale eleven scampered into view like colts at pasture, the substitutes veering toward the benches behind the side line. Without more ado the team scattered in formation for signal practice, paying no heed to the tumult which raged around and above them. Agile, clean-limbed, splendid in their disciplined young manhood, the dark blue of their stockings and the white "Y" gleaming on their sweaters fairly trumpeted their significance to Henry Seeley. And, poised behind the rush line,¹ wearing his hard-won university blue, was the lithe figure of the freshman fullback, Ernest Seeley.

The youngster, whose fate it was to be called a "forlorn hope," looked fragile beside his comrades of the eleven. Although tall and wiry, he was like a greyhound in a company of mastiffs. His father, looking down at him from so great a height that he could not read his face, muttered to himself while he dug his nails into his palms: "He is too light for this day's work. But he carries himself like a thoroughbred."

The boy and his fellows seemed singularly remote from the shouting thousands massed so near them. They had become the sole arbiters of their fate,² and their impressive isolation struck Henry Seeley anew as the most dramatic feature of this magnificent picture. He must sit idly by and watch his only son battle through the most momentous hour of his young life, as if he were gazing down from another planet.

The staccato cheers of Princeton rocketed along the other side of the field, and the eleven from Old Nassau³ ran briskly over the turf and wheeled into line for a

last rehearsal of their machinelike tactics. Henry Seeley was finding it hard to breathe, just as it had happened in other days when he was waiting for the "kick-off" and facing a straining Princeton line. The minutes were like hours while the officials consulted with the captains in the center of the field. Then the two elevens ranged themselves across the brown turf, there was breathless silence, and a Princeton toe lifted the ball far down toward the Yale goal. It was the young fullback who waited to receive the opening kick, while his comrades thundered toward him to form a flying screen of interference. But the twisting ball bounded from his too eager arms, and another Yale back fell on it in time to save it from the clutches of a meteoric Princeton end.

"Nervous. Hasn't steadied down yet," exclaimed a reporter behind Henry Seeley. "But he can't afford to give Princeton any more chances like that. Her ends are faster than chain lightning."

The father groaned and wiped the sweat from his eyes. If the team were afraid of this untried fullback, such a beginning would not give them confidence. Then the two lines locked and heaved in the first scrimmage, and a stocky Yale halfback was pulled down in his tracks. Again the headlong Princeton defense held firm, and the Yale captain gasped, "Second down and three yards to gain." The Yale interferers sped to circle one end of the line, but they were spilled this way and that, and the runner went down a yard short of the needed distance.¹

The Yale fullback dropped back to punt. Far and true the ball soared into the Princeton field, and the lithe freshman had somewhat redeemed himself. But now, for their own part, the sons of Old Nassau found themselves unable to make decisive gains against the Yale defense. Greek met Greek* in these

¹ *Rush line.* An old name for the "line" of a football team.

² The only ones who could decide their fate. An old and common phrase in literature.

³ Princeton. The name is given to her because her first college building, erected in 1756, was called Nassau Hall.

¹ At the time of which Paine writes, the "needed distance" was five yards in three plays.

early clashes, and both teams were forced to punt again and again. Trick plays were spoiled by alert end rushers¹ for the blue or the orange and black; fiercely launched assaults at center were torn asunder; the longer the contest raged up and down the field, the more clearly it was perceived that these ancient rivals were rarely well matched in point of strength and strategy.

The Yale coaches were dismayed at this turn of events. They had hoped to see the ball carried toward the Princeton goal by means of shrewdly devised teamwork, instead of which the burden of the game was shifted to one man, the weakest link in the chain, the freshman at fullback. He was punting with splendid distance,² getting the ball away when it seemed as if he must be overwhelmed by the hurtling Tigers. Once or twice, however, a hesitant nervousness almost wrought quick disaster, and the Yale partisans watched him with tormenting apprehension.

The first half³ of the game was fought into the last few minutes of play, and neither eleven had been able to score. Then luck and skill combined to force the struggle far down into Yale territory. Only ten yards more of trampled turf to gain, and Princeton would cross the last white line. The indomitable spirit which had placed upon the escutcheon of Yale football the figure of a bulldog rampant⁴ rallied to meet this crisis, and the hard-pressed line held stanch and won possession of the ball on downs.⁵ Back to the very shadow of his own goal posts the Yale fullback ran to punt the ball out of the danger zone. It shot fairly into his grasp from a faultless pass, but his fingers

juggled the slippery leather as if it were bewitched. For a frantic, awful instant he fumbled with the ball and wildly dived after it as it caromed off to one side, bounded crazily, and rolled beyond his reach.

The Princeton quarterback had darted through the line like a bullet. Without slackening speed or veering from his course he scooped up the ball as he fled toward the Yale goal line. It was done and over within a twinkling, and while the Yale team stampeded helplessly in his wake the devastating hero was circling behind the goal posts, where he flopped to earth, the precious ball apparently embedded in his stomach. It was a Princeton touchdown fairly won, but made possible by the tragic blunder of one Yale man. While ten thousand Princeton throats were barking their jubilation, as many more loyal friends of Yale sat sad-eyed and sullen, and glowered their unspeakable displeasure at the slim figure of the fullback as he limped into line to face the try for goal.

The goal was not scored, however, and the fateful tally stood five to nothing when the first half ended, with the blue banners drooping disconsolate.

Henry Seeley pulled his slouch hat over his eyes and sat with hunched shoulders staring at the Yale team as it left the field for the intermission. He had forgotten about his story of the game. The old specter of failure obsessed him. It was already haunting the pathway of his boy. Was he also to be beaten by one colossal blunder? Henry Seeley felt that Ernest's whole career hung upon his behavior in the second half. How would the lad "take his medicine"? Would it break his heart or rouse him to fight more valiantly? As if the father had been thinking aloud, the sporting editor at his side observed: "He may win the game yet. I like the looks of that boy. But he did make a hideous mess of it, didn't he? I hope he hasn't got a streak of yellow in him."

¹ Ends; formerly linesmen were called "rushers."

² Making long kicks.

³ Formerly football games were divided into two halves.

⁴ A bulldog standing on his hind legs in a fighting attitude.

⁵ By preventing their opponents from making the necessary five yards.

Henry Seeley turned on his neighbor with a savage scowl and could not hold back the quivering retort, "He belongs to me, I want you to understand, and we'll say nothing about yellow streaks until he has a chance to make good next half."

"Whew-w-w, why did you hold it out on me, old man?" gasped the sporting editor. "No wonder you kicked me black and blue without knowing it. I hope he is a chip of the old block. I saw you play here in your last game."

Seeley grunted something and resumed staring at the field. He was thinking of the present moment in the training quarters, of the muddy, weary players sprawled around the head coach, of his wise, bitter, stinging rebukes and admonitions. Perhaps he would take Ernest out of the game. But Seeley was confident that the coaches would give the boy a chance to redeem himself if they believed his heart was in the right place. Presently the two teams trotted on the field, not as nimbly as at their first appearance, but with dogged resolution in their demeanor. Henry Seeley saw his son glance up at the "cheering sections" as if wondering whether their welcome was meant to include him. One cheer, at least, was intended to greet him, for Henry Seeley stood on his chair, waved his hat, and thundered: "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, for Yale, my boy. Eat 'em alive as your daddy used to do."

The men from Princeton had no intention of being devoured in this summary fashion. They resumed their tireless, whirlwind attack like giants refreshed, and so harried their Yale foemen¹ that they were forced to their utmost to ward off another touchdown. This incessant battering dulled the edges of their offensive tactics, and they seemed unable to set in motion a consistent series of advances. But the joy of Princeton was tempered by the knowledge that this, her dearest enemy, was not beaten until the last play had been signaled.

And somehow the Yale machine of muscle, brains, and power began to find itself when the afternoon shadows were slanting athwart the arena.¹ With the ball on Princeton's forty-yard line the chosen sons of Eli began a heroic advance down the field. It was as if some missing cog had been supplied. "Straight old-fashioned football" it was, eleven minds and bodies working as one and animated by a desperate resolve, which carried the Yale team along for down after down into the heart of Princeton's ground.

Perhaps because he was fresher than the other backs, perhaps because the captain knew his man, the ball was given the Yale fullback for one swift and battering assault after another. His slim figure pelted at the rush line, was overwhelmed in an avalanche of striped arms and legs, but somehow twisted, wriggled, dragged itself ahead as if there were no stopping him. The multitude comprehended that this despised and disgraced freshman was working out his own salvation along with that of his comrades. Once, when the scrimmage was untangled, he was dragged from beneath a heap of players, unable to regain his feet. He lay on the grass, a huddled heap, blood smearing his forehead. A surgeon and the trainer doused and bandaged him, and presently he staggered to his feet and hobbled to his station, rubbing his hands across his eyes as if dazed.

When, at length, the stubbornly retreating Princeton line had been driven deep down into their end of the field, they too showed that they could hold fast in the last extremity. The Yale attack crumpled against them as if it had struck a stone wall. Young Seeley seemed to be so crippled and exhausted that he had been given a respite from the interlocked, hammering onslaught, but at the third down the panting quarterback croaked out his signal. His comrades managed to rip a semblance of an opening for him, he

¹ Here, the field.

plunged through, popped clear of the line, fell to his knees, recovered his footing by a miracle of agility, and lunged onward, to be brought down within five yards of the coveted goal posts.

He had won the right to make the last momentous charge. Swaying in his tracks, the fullback awaited the summons. Then he dived in behind the interference for a circuit of the right end. Two Princeton men broke through as if they had been shot out of mortars, but the Yale fullback had turned and was plowing straight ahead. Pulled down, dragging the tackler who clung to his waist, he floundered to earth with most of the Princeton team piled above him. But the ball lay beyond the fateful chalk line, the Yale touchdown was won, and the game was tied.

The captain clapped Seeley on the shoulder, nodded at the ball, and the fullback limped onto the field to kick the goal or lose a victory. There were no more signs of nervousness in his bearing. With grave deliberation he stood waiting for the ball to be placed in front of the goal posts. The sun had dropped behind the lofty grandstands. The field lay in a kind of wintry twilight. Thirty thousand men and women gazed in tensest silence at the mud-stained, battered youth who had become the crowning issue of this poignant moment. Up in the press box a thickset, grayish man dug his fists in his eyes and could not bear to look at the lonely, reliant figure down yonder on the quiet field. The father found courage to take his hands from his face only when a mighty roar of joy boomed along the Yale side of the amphitheater, and he saw the ball drop in a long arc behind the goal posts. The kick had won the game for Yale.

Once clear of the crowds, Henry Seeley hurried toward the training quarters. His head was up, his shoulders squared, and he walked with the free stride of an athlete. Mr. Richard Giddings danced

madly across to him: "Afraid to see him play, were you, you silly old fool? He is a chip of the old block. He didn't know when he was licked. Wow, wow, wow, blood will tell! Come along with us, Harry."

"I must shake hands with the youngster, Dick. Glad I changed my mind and came to see him do it."

"All right, see you at Mory's¹ tonight. Tell the boy we're all proud of him."

Seeley resumed his course, saying over and over again, as if he loved the sound of the words, "chip of the old block," "blood will tell."

This verdict was like the ringing call of bugles. It made him feel young, hopeful, resolute, that life were worth having for the sake of its strife. One thing at least was certain. His son could "take his punishment" and wrest victory from disaster, and he deserved something better than a coward and a quitter for a father.

The fullback was sitting on a bench when the elder Seeley entered the crowded, steaming room of the training house. The surgeon had removed the muddy, blood-stained bandage from around his tousled head and was cleansing an ugly, ragged gash. The boy scowled and winced but made no complaint, although his bruised face was very pale.

"Must have made you feel pretty foggy," said the surgeon. "I shall have to put in a few stitches. It was a deuce of a thump."

"I couldn't see very well and my legs went queer for a few minutes, but I'm all right now, thanks," replied the fullback, and then, glancing up, he espied his father standing near the door. The young hero of the game beckoned him with a grimy fist. Henry Seeley went over to him, took the fist in his two hands, and then patted the boy's

¹ A restaurant in New Haven.

cheek with awkward and unaccustomed tenderness.

"Sit still, Ernest. I won't interfere with the doctor's job. I just wanted to let you know that I saw your bully work. It made me think of — it made me think of —"

Henry Seeley's voice broke curiously, and his lip quivered. He had not meant to show any emotion.

His son replied with a smile of affectionate admiration: "It made you think of your own teams, didn't it? And I was thinking of you in that last half. It helped my nerve a whole lot to remember that my dad never knew when he was licked. Why, even the coaches told me that between the halves. It put more ginger into me than anything else. We've got to keep up the family record between us."

The father looked beyond the boy as if he were thinking of a bigger, sterner game than football. There was the light of a resurrected determination in his eyes, and a vibrant earnestness in his voice as he said: "I'm not worrying about your keeping the family record bright, Ernest. And, however things may go with me, you will be able to hang fast to the doctrine which helped you today, that your father too doesn't know when he is whipped."

Study Hints

1. Using suggestions found in the story, describe the training quarters: (1) before the game, (2) between the halves, (3) after the game.

2. If you like to draw, illustrate several scenes from the story.

3. Write a description of an editorial room at night.

4. Write an imaginary conversation between two old Yale "grads" who know that the fullback is the son of the old guard.

5. What phrases would Paine have to change if he were writing the story today?

Ali Baba and the Forty Robbers

ARABIAN * NIGHTS

["Ali Baba and the Forty Robbers" is one of the oldest and at the same time one of the most famous stories in the world. It has been listened to with delight for thousands of years, and it will doubtless hold its popularity as long as people continue to tell stories.

We find much to enjoy in the touches of human nature shown by the characters, and in the glimpses that we get of daily life in the Near East, a land of magic and romance. But, most of all, its charm lies in the story. It preaches no sermon; it illustrates no truth. It just tells a story for the sake of the story itself. It was originally told by a wife to entertain her husband; it is still best when read aloud.]

I

Cassim, Ali Baba's Brother, Discovered and Killed by the Robbers

THERE once lived in a town of Persia two brothers, one named Cassim and the other Ali Baba. Their father divided his small property equally between them. Cassim married a very rich wife, and became a wealthy merchant. Ali Baba married a woman as poor as himself, and lived by cutting wood and bringing it upon three asses into the town to sell.

One day, when Ali Baba had cut just enough wood in the forest to load his asses, he noticed far off a great cloud of dust. As it drew nearer, he saw that it was made by a body of horsemen, whom he suspected to be robbers. Leaving the asses, he climbed a large tree which grew on a high rock, and had branches thick enough to hide him completely while he saw what passed beneath. The troop, forty in number, all well mounted and armed, came to the foot of the rock on which the tree stood, and there dismounted. Each man unbridled his horse, tied him to a shrub, and hung about his neck a bag of corn. Then each of them took off his saddlebag, which from its weight seemed to Ali Baba full



of gold and silver. One, whom he took to be their captain, came under the tree in which Ali Baba was concealed, and, making his way through some shrubs, spoke the words, "Open, Sesame."¹ As soon as the captain of the robbers said this, a door opened in the rock, and after he had made all his troop enter before him, he followed them, when the door shut again of itself.

The robbers stayed some time within, and Ali Baba, fearful of being caught, remained in the tree. At last the door opened again, and the captain came out first, and stood to see all the troop pass by him. Then Ali Baba heard him make the door close by saying, "Shut, Sesame." Every man at once bridled his horse, fastened his wallet, and mounted again. When the captain saw them all ready, he put himself at their head,

and they returned the way they had come.

Ali Baba watched them out of sight, and then waited some time before coming down. Wishing to see whether the captain's words would have the same effect if he should speak them, he found the door hidden in the shrubs, stood before it, and said, "Open, Sesame." Instantly the door flew wide open.

Instead of a dark, dismal cavern, Ali Baba was surprised to see a large chamber, well lighted from the top, and in it all sorts of provisions, rich bales of silk, brocade and carpeting, gold and silver ingots¹ in great heaps, and money in bags.

Ali Baba went boldly into the cave, and collected as much of the gold coin, which was in bags, as he thought his asses could carry. When he had loaded them with the bags, he laid wood over them so that they could not be seen, and, passing out of the door for the last time, stood before it and said, "Shut, Sesame."

¹ Sesame is a kind of small grain. Because of their use in this story, the words "Open, Sesame" have come to mean a password to a secret or to anything that is carefully guarded.

¹ Blocks of metal.

The door closed of itself, and he made the best of his way to town.

When he reached home, he carefully closed the gate of his little yard, threw off the wood, and carried the bags into the house. They were emptied before his wife, and the great heap of gold dazzled her eyes. Then he told her the whole adventure, and warned her, above all things, to keep it secret.

Ali Baba would not let her take the time to count it out as she wished, but said, "I will dig a hole and bury it."

"But let us know as nearly as may be," she said, "how much we have. I will borrow a small measure, and measure it, while you dig a hole."

Away she ran to the wife of Cassim, who lived near by, and asked for a measure. The sister-in-law, knowing Ali Baba's poverty, was curious to learn what sort of grain his wife wished to measure out, and artfully managed to put some suet in the bottom of the measure before she handed it over. Ali Baba's wife wanted to show how careful she was in small matters, and, after she had measured the gold, hurried back, even while her husband was burying it, with the borrowed measure, never noticing that a coin had stuck to its bottom.

"What," said Cassim's wife, as soon as her sister-in-law had left her, "has Ali Baba gold in such plenty that he measures it? Whence has he all this wealth?" And envy possessed her breast.

When Cassim came home, she said to him: "Cassim, you think yourself rich, but Ali Baba is much richer. He does not count his money; he measures it." Then she explained to him how she had found it out, and they looked together at the piece of money, which was so old that they could not tell in what prince's reign it was coined.

Cassim, since marrying the rich widow, had never treated Ali Baba as a brother, but neglected him. Now, instead of being pleased, he was filled with a base

envy. Early in the morning, after a sleepless night, he went to him and said: "Ali Baba, you pretend to be wretchedly poor, and yet you measure gold. My wife found this at the bottom of the measure you borrowed yesterday."

Ali Baba saw that there was no use of trying to conceal his good fortune, and told the whole story, offering his brother part of the treasure to keep the secret.

"I expect as much," replied Cassim, haughtily; "but I must know just where this treasure is and how to visit it myself when I choose. Otherwise I will inform against you, and you will lose even what you have now."

Ali Baba told him all he wished to know, even to the words he must speak at the door of the cave.

Cassim rose before the sun the next morning, and set out for the forest with ten mules bearing great chests which he meant to fill. With little trouble he found the rock and the door, and, standing before it, spoke the words, "Open, Sesame." The door opened at once, and when he was within closed upon him. Here indeed were the riches of which his brother had told. He quickly brought as many bags of gold as he could carry to the door of the cavern; but his thoughts were so full of his new wealth, that he could not think of the word that should let him out. Instead of "Sesame," he said "Open, Barley," and was much amazed to find that the door remained fast shut. He named several sorts of grain, but still the door would not open.

Cassim had never expected such a disaster, and was so frightened that the more he tried to recall the word "Sesame," the more confused his mind became. It was as if he had never heard the word at all. He threw down the bags in his hands, and walked wildly up and down, without a thought of the riches lying round about him.

At noon the robbers visited their cave. From afar they saw Cassim's mules

stragglers about the rock, and galloped full speed to the cave. Driving the mules out of sight, they went at once, with their naked sabers in their hands, to the door, which opened as soon as the captain had spoken the proper words before it.

Cassim had heard the noise of the horses' feet, and guessed that the robbers had come. He resolved to make one effort for his life. As soon as the door opened, he rushed out and threw the leader down, but could not pass the other robbers, who with their scimitars¹ soon put him to death.

The first care of the robbers was to examine the cave. They found all the bags Cassim had brought to the door, but did not miss what Ali Baba had taken. As for Cassim himself they guessed rightly that, once within, he could not get out again; but how he had managed to learn their secret words that let him in, they could not tell. One thing was certain,—there he was; and to warn all others who might know their secret and follow in Cassim's footsteps, they agreed to cut his body into four quarters—to hang two on one side and two on the other, within the door of the cave. This they did at once, and leaving the place of their hoards well closed, mounted their horses and set out to attack the caravans they might meet.

II

The Manner of Cassim's Death Concealed

When night came, and Cassim did not return, his wife became very uneasy. She ran to Ali Baba for comfort, and he told her that Cassim would certainly think it unwise to enter the town till night was well advanced. By midnight Cassim's wife was still more alarmed, and wept till morning, cursing her desire to pry into the affairs of her brother and sister-in-

law. In the early day she went again, in tears, to Ali Baba.

He did not wait for her to ask him to go and see what had happened to Cassim, but set out at once for the forest with his three asses. Finding some blood at the door of the cave, he took it for an ill omen; but when he had spoken the words, and the door had opened, he was struck with horror at the dismal sight of his brother's body. He could not leave it there, and hastened within to find something to wrap around it. Laying the body on one of his asses, he covered it with wood. The other two asses he loaded with bags of gold, covering them also with wood as before. Then bidding the door shut, he came away, but stopped some time at the edge of the forest, that he might not go into the town before night. When he reached home he left the two asses laden with gold in his little yard for his wife to unload, and led the other to his sister-in-law's house.

Ali Baba knocked at the door, which was opened by Morgiana, a clever slave, full of devices to conquer difficulties. When he came into the court and unloaded the ass, he took Morgiana aside and said to her: "You must observe a strict secrecy. Your master's body is contained in these two panniers. We must bury him as if he had died a natural death. Go now and tell your mistress. I leave the matter to your wit and skillful devices."

They placed the body in Cassim's house, and, charging Morgiana to act well her part, Ali Baba returned home with his ass.

Early the next morning Morgiana went to a druggist and asked for a sort of lozenge used in the most dangerous illness. When he asked her for whom she wanted it, she answered with a sigh: "My good master Cassim. He can neither eat nor speak." In the evening she went to the same druggist and, with tears in her eyes, asked for an essence

¹ Swords with long, curved blades, used in Mohammedan countries.

given to sick persons for whose life there is little hope. "Alas!" she said, "I am afraid even this will not save my good master."

All that day Ali Baba and his wife were seen going sadly between their house and Cassim's, and in the evening nobody was surprised to hear the shrieks and cries of Cassim's wife and Morgiana, who told everybody that her master was dead.

The next morning at daybreak she went to an old cobbler, who was always early at work, and, putting a piece of gold in his hand, said, "Baba Mustapha, you must bring your sewing tackle and come with me; but I must tell you, I shall blindfold you when we reach a certain place."

"Oh! oh!" replied he, "you would have me do something against my conscience or my honor."

"God forbid!" said Morgiana, putting another piece of gold in his hand; "only come along with me, and fear nothing."

Baba Mustapha went with Morgiana, and at a certain place she bound his eyes with a handkerchief, which she never unloosed till they had entered the room of her master's house, where she had put the corpse together.

"Baba Mustapha," said she, "you must make haste and sew the parts of this body together, and when you have done I will give you another piece of gold."

After Baba Mustapha had finished his task she blindfolded him again, gave him the third piece of gold she had promised, and, charging him with secrecy, took him back to the place where she had first bound his eyes. Taking off the bandage, she watched him till he was out of sight, lest he should return and dog her; then she went home.

At Cassim's house she made all things ready for the funeral, which was duly performed by the imam¹ and other ministers of the mosque.² Morgiana, as a

slave of the dead man, walked in the procession, weeping, beating her breast, and tearing her hair. Cassim's wife stayed at home, uttering doleful cries with the women of the neighborhood, who, according to custom, came to mourn with her. The whole quarter was filled with sounds of sorrow.

Thus the manner of Cassim's death was hushed up, and, besides his widow, Ali Baba, and Morgiana, the slave, nobody in the city suspected the cause of it. Three or four days after the funeral Ali Baba removed his few goods openly to his sister-in-law's house, in which he was to live in the future; but the money he had taken from the robbers was carried thither by night. As for Cassim's warehouse, Ali Baba put it entirely under the charge of his eldest son.

III

The Robbers' Plot Foiled by Morgiana

While all this was going on, the forty robbers again visited their cave in the forest. Great was their surprise to find Cassim's body taken away, with some of their bags of gold.

"We are certainly found out," said the captain; "the body and the money have been taken by someone else who knows our secret. For our own lives' sake we must try and find him. What say you, my lads?"

The robbers all agreed that this must be done.

"Well," said the captain, "one of you, the boldest and most skillful, must go to the town, disguised as a stranger, and try if he can hear any talk of the man we killed, and find out where he lived. This matter is so important that the man who undertakes it and fails should suffer death. What say you?"

One of the robbers, without waiting to know what the rest might think, started up, and said, "I submit to this condition, and think it an honor to expose my life to serve the troop."

¹ The priest who leads the service in a mosque.

² A Mohammedan house of worship.

This won great praise from the robber's comrades, and he disguised himself at once so that nobody could take him for what he was. Just at daybreak he entered the town, and walked up and down till he came by chance to Baba Mustapha's stall, which was always open before any of the shops.

The old cobbler was just going to work when the robber bade him good morrow, and said: "Honest man, you begin to work very early; how can one of your age see so well? Even if it were lighter, I question whether you could see to stitch."

"You do not know me," replied Baba Mustapha; "for, old as I am, I have excellent eyes. You will not doubt me when I tell you that I sewed the body of a dead man together in a place where I had not so much light as I have now."

"A dead body!" exclaimed the robber, amazed.

"Yes, yes," answered Baba Mustapha; "I see you want to know more, but you shall not."

The robber felt sure that he was on the right track. He put a piece of gold into Baba Mustapha's hand, and said to him: "I do not want to learn your secret, though you could safely trust me with it. The only thing I ask of you is to show me the house where you stitched up the dead body."

"I could not do that," replied Baba Mustapha, "if I would. I was taken to a certain place, whence I was led blindfold to the house, and afterwards brought back again in the same manner."

"Well," replied the robber, "you may remember a little of the way that you were led blindfold. Come, let me blind your eyes at the same place. We will walk together, and perhaps you may recall the way. Here is another piece of gold for you."

This was enough to bring Baba Mustapha to his feet. They soon reached the place where Morgiana had bandaged his

eyes, and here he was blindfolded again. Baba Mustapha and the robber walked on till they came to Cassim's house, where Ali Baba now lived. Here the old man stopped, and when the thief pulled off the band and found that his guide could not tell him whose house it was, he let him go. But before he started back for the forest himself, well pleased with what he had learned, he marked the door with a piece of chalk which he had ready in his hand.

Soon after this, Morgiana came out upon some errand, and when she returned she saw the mark the robber had made, and stopped to look at it.

"What can this mean?" she said to herself. "Somebody intends my master harm, and in any case it is best to guard against the worst." Then she fetched a piece of chalk, and marked two or three doors on each side in the same manner, saying nothing to her master or mistress.

When the robber rejoined his troop in the forest, and told of his good fortune in meeting the one man that could have helped him, they were all delighted.

"Comrades," said the captain, "we have no time to lose. Let us set off at once, well armed and disguised, enter the town by twos, and join at the great square. Meanwhile our comrade, who has brought us the good news, and I will go and find out the house, and decide what had best be done."

Two by two they entered the town. Last of all went the captain and the spy. When they came to the first of the houses which Morgiana had marked, the spy pointed it out. But the captain noticed that the next door was chalked in the same manner, and asked his guide which house it was, that or the first. The guide knew not what answer to make, and was still more puzzled when he and the captain saw five or six houses marked after this same fashion. He assured the captain, with an oath, that he had marked but one, and could not tell who had

chalked the rest, nor could he say at which house the cobbler had stopped.

There was nothing to do but to join the other robbers and tell them to go back to the cave. Here they were told why they had all returned, and the guide was declared by all to be worthy of death. Indeed, he condemned himself, owning that he ought to have been more careful, and prepared to receive the stroke which was to cut off his head.

The safety of the troop still demanded that the second comer to the cave should be found, and another of the gang offered to try it, with the same penalty if he should fail. Like the other robber, he found out Baba Mustapha, and, through him, the house, which he marked, in a place remote from sight, with red chalk.

But nothing could escape Morgiana's eyes, and when she went out, not long after, and saw the red chalk, she argued with herself as before, and marked the other houses near by in the same place and manner.

The robber, when he told his comrades what he had done, prided himself on his carefulness, and the captain and all the troop thought they must succeed this time. Again they entered the town by twos; but when the robber and his captain came to the street, they found the same trouble. The captain was enraged, and the robber as much confused as the former guide had been. Thus the captain and his troop went back again to the cave, and the robber who had failed willingly gave himself up to death.

IV

The Robbers, except the Captain, Discovered and Killed by Morgiana

The captain could not afford to lose any more of his brave fellows, and decided to take upon himself the task in which two had failed. Like the others, he went to Baba Mustapha, and was shown

the house. Unlike them he put no mark on it, but studied it carefully and passed it so often that he could not possibly mistake it.

When he returned to the troop, who were waiting for him in the cave, he said: "Now, comrades, nothing can prevent our full revenge, as I am certain of the house. As I returned I thought of a way to do our work, but if anyone thinks of a better, let him speak."

He told them his plan, and, as they thought it good, he ordered them to go into the villages about and buy nineteen mules, with thirty-eight large leather jars, one full of oil and the others empty. Within two or three days they returned with the mules and the jars, and as the mouths of the jars were rather too narrow for the captain's purpose, he caused them to be widened. Having put one of his men into each jar, with the weapons which he thought fit, and having a seam wide enough open for each man to breathe, he rubbed the jars on the outside with oil from the full vessel.

Thus prepared, they set out for the town, the nineteen mules loaded with the thirty-seven robbers in jars, and the jar of oil, with the captain as their driver. When he reached Ali Baba's door, he found Ali Baba sitting there taking a little fresh air after his supper. The captain stopped his mules and said: "I have brought some oil a great way to sell at tomorrow's market, and it is now so late that I do not know where to lodge. Will you do me the favor to let me pass the night with you?"

Though Ali Baba had seen the captain in the forest and had heard him speak, he could not know him in the disguise of an oil merchant, and bade him welcome. He opened his gates for the mules to go into the yard, and ordered a slave to put them in a stable and feed them when they were unloaded, and then called Morgiana to get a good supper for his guest. After supper he charged her afresh

to take good care of the stranger, and said to her, "Tomorrow morning I intend to go to the baths before day; take care to have my bathing linen ready; give it to Abdalla" (which was his slave's name), "and make me some good broth against my return." After this he went to bed.

In the meantime the captain of the robbers went into the yard and took off the lid of each jar, and told his people what they must do. To each in turn he said, "As soon as I throw some stones out of the chamber window where I lie, do not fail to come out, and I will join you at once."

Then he went into the house, and Morgiana showed him his chamber, where he soon put out the light, and laid himself down in his clothes.

To carry out Ali Baba's orders, Morgiana got his bathing linen ready and bade Abdalla to set on the pot for the broth; but soon the lamp went out, and there was no more oil in the house, nor any candles. She knew not what to do, till the slave reminded her of the oil jars in the yard. She thanked him for the thought, took the oil pot, and went out. When she came nigh the first jar, the robber within said softly, "Is it time?"

Of course she was surprised to find a man in the jar instead of the oil, but she saw at once that she must keep silence, as Ali Baba, his family, and she herself were in great danger. Therefore she answered, without showing any fear, "Not yet, but presently." In this manner she went to all the jars and gave the same answers, till she came to the jar of oil.

By this means Morgiana found that her master had admitted to his house thirty-eight robbers, of whom the pretended oil merchant, their captain, was one. She made what haste she could to fill her oil pot, and returned to her kitchen, lighted her lamp, and, taking a great kettle, went back to the oil jar and filled it. Then she set the kettle on a large wood fire, and as

soon as it boiled went and poured enough into every jar to stifle and destroy the robber within.

When this deed, worthy of the courage of Morgiana, was done without any noise, as she had planned, she returned to the kitchen with the empty kettle, put out the lamp, and left just enough of the fire to make the broth. Then she sat silent, resolving not to go to rest till she had seen through the window that opened on the yard whatever might happen there.

It was not long before the captain of the robbers got up and, seeing that all was dark and quiet, gave the appointed signal by throwing little stones, some of which hit the jars, as he doubted not by the sound they gave. As there was no response, he threw stones a second and a third time, and could not imagine why there was no answer to his signal.

Much alarmed, he went softly down into the yard and, going to the first jar to ask the robber if he was ready, smelt the hot boiled oil, which sent forth a steam out of the jar. From this he suspected that his plot was found out, and, looking into the jars one by one, he found that all his gang were dead. Enraged to despair, he forced the lock of a door that led from the yard to the garden, and made his escape. When Morgiana saw him go, she went to bed, well pleased that she had saved her master and his family.

Ali Baba rose before day and went to the baths without knowing what had happened in the night. When he returned he was very much surprised to see the oil jars in the yard and the mules in the stable.

"God preserve you and all your family," said Morgiana when she was asked what it meant; "you will know better when you have seen what I have to show you."

So saying she led him to the first jar and asked him to see if there was any oil. When he saw a man instead, he started back in alarm.

"Do not be afraid," said Morgiana; "he can do neither you nor anybody else the least harm. He is dead. Now look into all the other jars."

Ali Baba was more and more amazed as he went on and saw all the dead men and the sunken oil jar at the end. He stood looking from the jars to Morgiana till he found words to ask, "And what is become of the merchant?"

"Merchant!" answered she; "he is as much one as I am."

Then she led him into the house and told of all that she had done, from the first noticing of the chalk mark to the death of the robbers and the flight of their captain. On hearing of these brave deeds from Morgiana's own lips, Ali Baba said to her: "God, by your means, has delivered me from death. For the first token of what I owe you, I give you your liberty from this moment, till I can fully reward you as I intend."

Near the trees at the end of Ali Baba's long garden he and Abdalla dug a trench large enough to hold the bodies of the robbers. When they were buried there, Ali Baba hid the jars and weapons; and, as the mules were of no use to him, he sent them at different times to be sold in the market by his slave.

V

The Captain Discovered and Killed by Morgiana

The captain of the forty robbers had returned to his cave in the forest, but found himself so lonely there that the place became frightful to him. He resolved at the same time to avenge the fate of his comrades and to bring about the death of Ali Baba. For this purpose he returned to the town disguised as a merchant of silks. By degrees he brought from his cavern many sorts of fine stuffs, and to dispose of these he took a warehouse that happened to be opposite

Cassim's, which Ali Baba's son had occupied since the death of his uncle.

He took the name of Cogia Houssain, and as a newcomer was very civil to the merchants near him. Ali Baba's son was one of the first to converse with him, and the new merchant was most friendly. Within two or three days Ali Baba came to see his son, and the captain of the robbers knew him at once and soon learned from his son who he was. From that time forth he was still more polite to Ali Baba's son, who soon felt bound to repay the many kindnesses of his new friend.

As his own house was small, he arranged with his father that on a certain afternoon, when he and the merchant were passing by Ali Baba's house, they should stop, and he should ask them both to sup with him. This plan was carried out, though at first the merchant, with whose own plans it agreed perfectly, made as if to excuse himself. He even gave it as a reason for not remaining that he could eat no salt¹ in his victuals.

"If that is all," said Ali Baba, "it need not deprive me of the honor of your company"; and he went to the kitchen and told Morgiana to put no salt into anything she was cooking that evening.

Thus Cogia Houssain was persuaded to stay, but to Morgiana it seemed very strange that anyone should refuse to eat salt. She wished to see what manner of man it might be, and to this end, when she had finished what she had to do in the kitchen, she helped Abdalla carry up the dishes. Looking at Cogia Houssain, she knew him at first sight, in spite of his disguise, to be the captain of the robbers and, scanning him very closely, saw that he had a dagger under his garment.

"I see now why this greatest enemy of my master would eat no salt with him.

¹ According to the custom followed in the Near East and in certain other countries, those who eat salt together become close friends. After eating salt with Ali Baba the robber could not kill him.

He intends to kill him; but I will prevent him."

While they were at supper Morgiana made up her mind to do one of the boldest deeds ever conceived. She dressed herself like a dancer, girded her waist with a silver-gilt girdle, from which hung a poniard, and put a handsome mask on her face. Then, when the supper was ended, she said to Abdalla, "Take your tabor, and let us go and divert our master and his son's friend, as we sometimes do when he is alone."

They presented themselves at the door with a low bow, and Morgiana was bidden to enter and show Cogia Houssain how well she danced. This, he knew, would interrupt him in carrying out his wicked purpose, but he had to make the best of it, and to seem pleased with Morgiana's dancing. She was indeed a good dancer, and on this occasion outdid herself in graceful and surprising motions. At the last she took the tabor from Abdalla's hand, and held it out like those who dance for money.

Ali Baba put a piece of gold into it, and so did his son. When Cogia Houssain saw that she was coming to him, he pulled out his purse from his bosom to make her a present; but while he was putting his hand into it, Morgiana, with courage worthy of herself, plunged the poniard into his heart.

"Unhappy woman!" exclaimed Ali Baba, "what have you done to ruin¹ me and my family?"

"It was to preserve, not to ruin you," answered Morgiana. Then she showed the dagger in Cogia Houssain's garment, and said: "Look well at him, and you will see that he is both the pretended oil merchant and the captain of the band of forty robbers. As soon as you told me that he would eat no salt with you, I suspected who it was, and when I saw him, I knew."

¹Ali Baba would be disgraced if an innocent guest were murdered in his house.

Ali Baba embraced her, and said: "Morgiana, I gave you your liberty before, and promised you more in time; now I would make you my daughter-in-law. Consider," he said, turning to his son, "that by marrying Morgiana you marry the preserver of my family and yours."

The son was all the more ready to carry out his father's wishes, because they were the same as his own, and within a few days he and Morgiana were married; but before this the captain of the robbers was buried with his comrades, and so secretly was it done that their bones were not found till many years had passed, when no one had any concern in making this strange story known.

For a whole year Ali Baba did not visit the robbers' cave. At the end of that time, as nobody had tried to disturb him, he made another journey to the forest, and, standing before the entrance to the cave, said, "Open, Sesame." The door opened at once, and from the appearance of everything within the cavern, he judged that nobody had been there since the captain had fetched the goods for his shop. From this time forth he took as much of the treasure as his needs demanded. Some years later he carried his son to the cave, and taught him the secret, which he handed down in his family, who used their good fortune wisely, and lived in great honor and splendor.

Study Hints

1. Scattered throughout the story are references to Oriental hospitality. Find them and write a short theme about the duties of a host and those of a guest in the land of Ali Baba.

2. Describe the funeral customs of the land of Ali Baba. (Assume that Cassim was buried in the usual way.)

3. From suggestions given in the story describe the life and duties of a slave.

4. What kinds of merchants are referred to in the story?

5. What especially interesting human traits do the characters show?

6. If you can get a copy of the *Arabian Nights*, read several of the other stories in the book. (You will find the tales of Sindbad the Sailor and Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp especially interesting.)

The Riverman¹

STEWART EDWARD WHITE (1873—)

["The Riverman" faithfully portrays the sturdy, courageous men of the past generation who helped to "subdue" the forests of the Great Northwest. Cool, collected, daring in action, sparing of words, boyish, sometimes even rough in behavior, the lumberman was a picturesque character. Mr. White has caught the woodsman's spirit and has recorded it for us in this vigorous story.]

I FIRST met him one Fourth of July afternoon in the middle eighties. The sawdust streets and high board sidewalks of the lumber town were filled to the brim with people. The permanent population, dressed in the stiffness of its Sunday best, escorted gingham wives or sweethearts; a dozen outsiders like myself tried not to be too conspicuous in a city smartness; but the great multitude was composed of the men of the woods. I sat, chair-tilted by the hotel, watching them pass. Their heavy woolen shirts crossed by the broad suspenders, the red of their sashes or leather shine of their belts, their short kersey² trousers "stagged"³ off to leave a gap between the knee and the heavily spiked "cork boots,"⁴—all these were distinctive enough of their class; but most interesting to me were the eyes that peered from beneath their little round hats tilted rakishly askew. They were all subtly alike, those eyes. Some

were black, some were brown, or gray, or blue, but all were steady and unabashed, all looked straight at you with a strange humorous blending of aggression and respect for your own business, and all without exception wrinkled at the corners with a suggestion of dry humor. In my half-conscious scrutiny I probably stared harder than I knew, for all at once a laughing pair of blue eyes met mine full, and an ironical voice drawled: "Say, bub, you look as interested as a man killing snakes. Am I your long-lost friend?"

The tone of the voice matched accurately the attitude of the man, and that was quite noncommittal. He stood cheerfully ready to meet the emergency. If I sought trouble, it was here to my hand; or if I needed help, he was willing to offer it.

"I guess you are," I replied, "if you can tell me what all this outfit's headed for."

He thrust back his hat and ran his hand through a mop of closely cropped light curls.

"Birling match," he explained briefly. "Come on."

I joined him, and together we followed the crowd to the river, where we roosted like cormorants¹ on adjacent piles² overlooking a patch of water among filled booms.³

"Drive⁴ just over," my new friend informed me. "Rear come down last night. Fourther July celebration. This little town will scratch fer th' tall timber along about midnight when the boys goes in to take her apart."

A half-dozen men with peavies⁵ rolled a white-pine log of about a foot and a

¹ A kind of sea bird.

² Trunks of trees with one end driven into the ground, to serve as a support for a bridge or other heavy structure.

³ A line of connected floating timbers inclosing an area of water.

⁴ The floating of the logs down the stream.

⁵ Long-handled hooks similar to cant hooks. Both are designed to help in turning a log.

¹ From "Blazed Trail Stories," by Stewart Edward White, copyright 1904 by Stewart Edward White.

² Rough, ribbed woolen cloth.

³ Cut.

⁴ Boots with heavy leather soles set with large nails (caulks).

half in diameter into the clear water, where it lay rocking back and forth, three or four feet from the boom piles. Suddenly a man ran the length of the boom, leaped easily into the air, and landed with both feet square on one end of the floating log. That end disappeared in an ankle-deep swirl of white foam, the other rose suddenly, the whole timber, projected forward by the shock, drove headlong to the middle of the little pond, and the man, his arms folded, his knees just bent in the graceful nervous attitude of the circus-rider, stood upright like a statue of bronze.

A roar approved this feat.

"That's Dickey Darrell," said my informant. "Roaring Dick. He's hell and repeat. Watch him."

The man on the log was small, with clean, beautiful haunches and shoulders, but with hanging baboon arms. Perhaps his most striking feature was a mop of reddish-brown hair that overshadowed a little triangular white face accented by two reddish-brown quadrilaterals that served as eyebrows, and a pair of inscrutable chipmunk eyes.

For a moment he poised erect in the great calm of the public performer. Then slowly he began to revolve the log under his feet. The lofty gaze, the folded arms, the straight supple waist budged not by a hair's breadth; only the feet stepped forward, at first deliberately, then faster and faster, until the rolling log threw blue spray a foot into the air. Then suddenly, slap! slap! the heavy caulks stamped a reversal. The log came instantaneously to rest, quivering exactly like some animal that had been spurred through its paces.

"Magnificent!" I cried.

"Hell, that's nothing!" my companion repressed me, "anybody can birl a log. Watch this."

Roaring Dick for the first time unfolded his arms. With some appearance

of caution he balanced his unstable footing into absolute immobility.¹ Then he turned a somersault.

This was the real thing. My friend uttered a wild yell of applause which was lost in a general roar.

A long pike-pole² shot out, bit the end of the timber, and towed it to the boom pile. Another man stepped on the log with Darrell. They stood facing each other, bent-kneed, alert. Suddenly with one accord they commenced to birl the log from left to right. The pace grew hot. Like squirrels treading a cage their feet twinkled. Then it became apparent that Darrell's opponent was gradually being forced from the top of the log. He could not keep up. Little by little, still moving desperately, he dropped back to the slant, then at last to the edge, and so off into the river with a mighty splash.

"Clean birl'd!" commented my friend.

One after another a half-dozen rivermen tackled the imperturbable Dick, but none of them possessed the agility to stay on top in the pace he set them. One boy of eighteen seemed for a moment to hold his own, and managed at least to keep out of the water even when Darrell had apparently reached his maximum speed. But that expert merely threw his entire weight into two reversing stamps of his feet, and the young fellow dived forward as abruptly as though he had been shied over a horse's head.

The crowd was by now getting uproarious and impatient of volunteer effort to humble Darrell's challenge. It wanted the best, and at once. It began, with increasing insistence, to shout a name.

"Jimmy Powers!" it vociferated, "Jimmy Powers!"

And then by shamefaced bashfulness, by profane protest, by muttered and com-

¹ Rest.

² A long pole with a sharp spike inserted in one end, used to guide floating logs.



prehensile curses I knew that my companion on the other pile was indicated.

A dozen men near at hand began to shout. "Here he is!" they cried. "Come on, Jimmy." "Don't be a high banker."¹ "Hang his hide on the fence."

Jimmy, still red and swearing, suffered himself to be pulled from his elevation and disappeared in the throng. A moment later I caught his head and shoulders pushing toward the boom piles, and so in a moment he stepped warily aboard to face his antagonist.

This was evidently no question to be determined by the simplicity of force or the simplicity of a child's trick. The two men stood half-crouched, face to face, watching each other narrowly, but making no move. To me they seemed like two wrestlers sparring for an opening. Slowly the log revolved one way; then slowly the other. It was a mere courtesy of salute. All at once Dick birlled three rapid strokes from left to right as though about to roll the log,

¹ Don't refuse to compete.

leaped into the air and landed square with both feet on the other slant of the timber. Jimmy Powers felt the jar, and acknowledged it by a spasmodic jerk with which he counterbalanced Darrell's weight. But he was not thrown.

As though this daring and hazardous maneuver had opened the combat, both men sprang to life. Sometimes the log rolled one way, sometimes the other, sometimes it jerked from side to side like a crazy thing, but always with the rapidity of light, always in a smother of spray and foam. The decided spat, spat, spat of the reversing blows from the caulked boots sounded like picket firing. I could not make out the different leads, feints, parries, and counters of this strange method of boxing, nor could I distinguish to whose initiative the various evolutions of that log could be ascribed. But I still retain a vivid mental picture of two men nearly motionless above the waist, nearly vibrant below it, dominating the insane gyrations¹ of a stick of pine.

¹ Revolvings.

The crowd was appreciative and partisan,—for Jimmy Powers. It howled wildly, and rose thereby to even higher excitement. Then it forgot its manners utterly and groaned when it made out that a sudden splash represented its favorite, while the indomitable Darrell still trod the quarter-deck as champion birler for the year.

I must confess I was as sorry as anybody. I climbed down from my cormorant roost and picked my way between the alleys of aromatic piled lumber in order to avoid the press, and cursed the little gods heartily for undue partiality in the wrong direction. In this manner I happened on Jimmy Powers himself seated dripping on a board and examining his bare foot.

"I'm sorry," said I behind him. "How did he do it?"

He whirled, and I could see that his laughing boyish face had become suddenly grim and stern, and that his eyes were shot with blood.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he growled disparagingly. "Well, that's how he did it."

He held out his foot. Across the instep and at the base of the toes ran two rows of tiny round punctures from which the blood was oozing. I looked very inquiring.

"He coked me!" Jimmy Powers explained. "Jammed his spikes into me! Stepped on my foot and tripped me, the —" Jimmy Powers certainly could swear.

"Why didn't you make a kick?" I cried.

"That ain't how I do it," he muttered, pulling on his heavy woolen sock.

"But no," I insisted, my indignation mounting. "It's an outrage! That crowd was with you. All you had to do was to say something —"

He cut me short. "And give myself away as a damn fool — sure Mike. I ought to know Dickey Darrell by this time, and I ought to be big enough to take care of myself." He stamped his

foot into his driver's shoe and took me by the arm, his good humor apparently restored. "No, don't lose any hair, bub; I'll get even with Roaring Dick."

That night, having by the advice of the proprietor moved my bureau and trunk against the bedroom door, I lay wide awake listening to the taking of the town apart. At each especially vicious crash I wondered if that might be Jimmy Powers getting even with Roaring Dick.

The following year, but earlier in the season, I again visited my little lumber town. In striking contrast to the life of that other midsummer day were the deserted streets. The landlord knew me and, after I had washed and eaten, approached me with a suggestion.

"You got all day in front of you," said he; "why don't you take a horse and buggy and make a visit to the big jam¹? Everybody's up there, more or less."

In response to my inquiry he replied: "They've jammed at the upper bend,² jammed bad. The crew's³ been picking at her for near a week now, and last night Darrell was down to see about some more dynamite. It's worth seein'. The breast of her⁴ is near thirty feet high, and lots of water in the river."

"Darrell?" said I, catching at the name.

"Yes. He's rear boss this year. Do you think you'd like to take a look at her?"

"I think I should," I assented.

The horse and I jogged slowly along a deep sand road, through wastes of pine stumps and belts of hardwood beautiful with the early spring, until finally we arrived at a clearing in which stood two huge tents, a mammoth kettle slung over a fire of logs, and drying racks about the timbers of another fire. A fat cook in the inevitable battered derby hat, two bare-armed cookees,⁵ and a chore

¹ Logs piled and wedged together by the force of the stream.

² A curve in a stream.

³ The combined forces of the lumber camps.

⁴ The jam.

⁵ Assistant cooks in a lumber camp.

"boy" of seventy-odd summers were the only human beings in sight. One of the cookees agreed to keep an eye on my horse. I picked my way down a well-worn trail toward the regular clank, clank, clank of the peavies.

I emerged finally to a plateau elevated some fifty or sixty feet above the river. A half-dozen spectators were already gathered. Among them I could not but notice a tall, spare, broad-shouldered young fellow dressed in a quiet business suit, somewhat wrinkled, whose square, strong, clean-cut face and muscular hands were tanned by the weather to a dark umber-brown. In another moment I looked down on the jam.

The breast, as my landlord had told me, rose sheer from the water to the height of at least twenty-five feet, bristling and formidable. Back of it pressed the volume of logs packed closely in an apparently inextricable tangle as far as the eye could reach. A man near informed me that the tail was a good three miles upstream. From beneath this wonderful *chevaux de frise*¹ foamed the current of the river, irresistible to any force less mighty than the statics of such a mass.

A crew of forty or fifty men were at work. They clamped their peavies to the reluctant timbers, heaved, pushed, slid, and rolled them one by one into the current, where they were caught and borne away. They had been doing this for a week. As yet their efforts had made but slight impression on the bulk of the jam, but sometime, with patience, they would reach the key logs. Then the tangle would melt like sugar in the feshet, and these imperturbable workers would have to escape suddenly over the plunging logs to shore.

My eye ranged over the men, and finally rested on Dickey Darrell. He was

standing on the slanting end of an upheaved log dominating the scene. His little triangular face with the accents of the quadrilateral eyebrows was pale with the blaze of his energy, and his chipmunk eyes seemed to flame with dynamic vehemence that caused those on whom they fell to jump as though they had been touched with a hot poker. I had heard more of Dickey Darrell since my last visit, and was glad of the chance to observe Morrison Daly's best "driver" at work.

The jam seemed on the very edge of breaking. After half an hour's strained expectation it seemed still on the very edge of breaking. So I sat down on a stump. Then for the first time I noticed another acquaintance, handling his peavie near the very person of the rear boss.

"Hullo," said I to myself. "That's funny. I wonder if Jimmy Powers got even; and if so, why he is working so amicably and so near Roaring Dick."

At noon the men came ashore for dinner. I paid a quarter into the cook's private exchequer,¹ and so was fed. After the meal I approached my acquaintance of the year before.

"Hello, Powers," I greeted him. "I suppose you don't remember me?"

"Sure," he responded heartily. "Ain't you a little early this year?"

"No," I disclaimed; "this is a better sight than a birling match."

I offered him a cigar, which he immediately substituted for his corncob pipe. We sat at the root of a tree.

"It'll be a great sight when that jam pulls," said I.

"You bet," he replied, "but she's a teaser. Even old Tim Shearer would have a picnic to make out just where the key logs are. We've started her three times, but she's plugged tight every trip. Likely to pull almost any time."

We discussed various topics. Finally

¹ Here, purse, funds.

¹ Originally a line of sharpened timbers set on end to keep cavalry from passing. Here, simply a mass of up-ended logs.

I ventured, "I see your old friend Darrell is rear boss."

"Yes," said Jimmy Powers, dryly.

"By the way, did you fellows ever square up on that birling match?"

"No," said Jimmy Powers; then, after an instant, "not yet."

I glanced at him to recognize the square set to the jaw that had impressed me so formidably the year before. And again his face relaxed almost quizzically as he caught sight of mine.

"Bub," said he, getting to his feet, "those little marks are on my feet yet. And just you tie into one idea: Dickey Darrell's got it coming." His face darkened with a swift anger. . . .

About three o'clock that afternoon Jimmy's prediction was fulfilled. Without the slightest warning the jam "pulled." Usually certain premonitory cracks, certain sinkings down, groanings forward, grumblings, shruggings, and sullen, reluctant shiftings of the logs give opportunity for the men to assure their safety. This jam, after inexplicably hanging fire for a week, as inexplicably started like a sprinter almost into its full gait. The first few tiers toppled smash into the current, raising a waterspout like that made by a dynamite explosion; the mass behind plunged forward blindly, rising and falling as the integral logs were up-ended, turned over, thrust one side, or forced bodily into the air by the mighty power playing jackstraws with them.

The rivermen, though caught unaware, reached either bank. They held their peavies across their bodies as balancing poles, and zigzagged ashore with a calmness and lack of haste that were in reality only an indication of the keenness with which they fore-estimated each chance. Long experience with the ways of saw logs brought them out. They knew the correlation of these many forces just as the expert billiard-player knows instinctively the various angles of incidence and reflection between the cue

ball and its mark. Consequently they avoided the centers of eruption, paused on the spots steadied for the moment, dodged moving logs, trod those not yet under way, and so arrived on solid ground. The jam itself started with every indication of meaning business, gained momentum for a hundred feet, and then plugged to a standstill. The "break" was abortive.

Now we all had leisure to notice two things. First, the movement had not been of the whole jam, as we had at first supposed, but only of a block or section of it twenty rods or so in extent. Thus between the part that had moved and the greater bulk that had not stirred lay a hundred feet of open water in which floated a number of loose logs. The second fact was that Dickey Darrell had fallen into that open stretch of water and was in the act of swimming toward one of the floating logs. That much we were given time to appreciate thoroughly. Then the other section of the jam rumbled and began to break. Roaring Dick was caught between two gigantic mill-stones moving to crush him out of sight.

An active figure darted down the tail of the first section, out over the floating logs, seized Darrell by the coat collar, and so burdened began desperately to scale the very face of the breaking jam.

Never was a more magnificent rescue. The logs were rolling, falling, diving against the laden man. He climbed as over a treadmill, a treadmill whose speed was constantly increasing. And when he finally gained the top, it was as the gap closed splintering beneath him and the man he had saved.

It is not in the woodsman to be demonstrative at any time, but here was work demanding attention. Without a pause for breath or congratulation they turned to the necessity of the moment. The jam, the whole jam, was moving at last. Jimmy Powers ran ashore for his peavy. Roaring Dick, like a demon

incarnate, threw himself into the work. Forty men attacked the jam in a dozen places, encouraging the movement, twisting aside the timbers that threatened to lock anew, directing, pigmylike, the titanic forces into the channel of their efficiency. Roaring like wild cattle, the logs swept by, at first slowly, then with the railroad rush of the curbed freshet. Men were everywhere, taking chances, like cowboys before the stampeded herd. And so, out of sight around the lower bend swept the front of the jam in a swirl of glory, the rivermen riding the great boom back of the creature they subdued, until at last, with the slackening current, the logs floated by free, cannoning with hollow sound one against the other. A half-dozen watchers, leaning statuesquely on the shafts of their peavies, watched the ordered ranks pass by.

One by one the spectators departed. At last only myself and the brown-faced young man remained. He sat on a stump, staring with sightless eyes into vacancy. I did not disturb his thoughts.

The sun dipped. A cool breeze of evening sucked up the river. Over near the cook-camp a big fire commenced to crackle by the drying frames. At dusk the rivermen straggled in from the down-river trail.

The brown-faced young man arose and went to meet them. I saw him return in close conversation with Jimmy Powers. Before they reached us he had turned away with a gesture of farewell.

Jimmy Powers stood looking after him long after his form had disappeared, and indeed even after the sound of his wheels had died toward town. As I approached, the riverman turned to me a face from which the reckless, contained self-reliance of the woods-worker had faded. It was wide-eyed with an almost awe-stricken wonder and adoration.

"Do you know who that is?" he asked me in a hushed voice. "That's Thorpe,

Harry Thorpe. And do you know what he said to me just now, me? He told me he wanted me to work in Camp One next winter, Thorpe's One. And he told me I was the first man he ever hired straight into One."

His breath caught with something like a sob.

I had heard of the man and of his methods. I knew he had made it a practice of recruiting for his prize camp only from the employees of his other camps, that, as Jimmy said, he never "hired straight into One." I had heard, too, of his reputation among his own and other woodsmen. But this was the first time I had ever come into personal contact with his influence. It impressed me the more in that I had come to know Jimmy Powers and his kind.

"You deserve it, every bit," said I. "I'm not going to call you a hero, because that would make you tired. What you did this afternoon showed nerve. It was a brave act. But it was a better act because you rescued your enemy, because you forgot everything but your common humanity when danger —"

I broke off. Jimmy was again looking at me with his ironically quizzical grin.

"Bub," said he, "if you're going to hang any stars of Bethlehem on my Christmas tree, just call a halt right here. I didn't rescue that scalawag because I had any Christian sentiments, nary bit. I was just naturally savin' him for the birling match next Fourther July."

Study Hints

1. Pick out an episode that seems especially vivid. Tell of it in your own words.
2. Give examples of the lumberman's brief sentences.
3. If you can draw well, paint a picture of a "lumberjack."
4. From hints given in the story prepare to tell a friend about the jam.
5. Explain in your own words why the hero saved his opponent.



A Longer Metrical Tale



Enoch Arden

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON * (1809-1892)

"Enoch Arden" is an idyl.* It tells a pathetic tale of the lives and loves of humble fisher folk, of the lonely vigils of a shipwrecked sailor amid the luxuriant forests of an island in a tropical sea, of home-coming, and of heartbreak.

In addition to the pathos of the story, the poem is characterized by verse that soothes the senses and flows smoothly from the lips. It shows, moreover, Tennyson's characteristic fondness for highly decorative language. It is marked also by a gently musical quality which results from combining soft vowels with liquid consonants (*l's, m's, n's, r's*), and by a careful adaptation of the sound to the sense.

Like most of Tennyson's poetry it is best when read aloud, slowly and in a low voice.

I

LONG lines of cliff breaking have left
a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow
sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moldered church;
and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-towered
mill,
And high in heaven behind it a gray
down¹
With Danish barrows²; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

II

Here on this beach a hundred years
ago,

¹ Hill.

² Mounds built by the Danish invaders of England (about A. D. 800) to mark burial places.

Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck,
played
Among the waste and lumber of the
shore,
Hard coils of cordage,¹ swarthy fishing-
nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats up-
drawn;
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflowed, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily washed away.

III

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff;
In this the children played at keeping
house.

¹ Ropes.

Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still¹ was mistress; but at
times

Enoch would hold possession for a week;
"This is my house and this my little
wife."

"Mine too," said Philip, "turn and turn
about."

When, if they quarreled, Enoch stronger-
made

Was master; then would Philip, his blue
eyes

All flooded with the helpless wrath of
tears,

Shriek out, "I hate you, Enoch," and
at this

The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her
sake,

And say she would be little wife to both.

IV

But when the dawn of rosy childhood
passed,

And the new warmth of life's ascending
sun

Was felt by either, either fixed his heart
On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his
love,

But Philip loved in silence; and the girl
Seemed kinder unto Philip than to him;
But she loved Enoch; though she knew
it not,

And would if asked deny it. Enoch set
A purpose evermore before his eyes,
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
To purchase his own boat, and make a
home

For Annie; and so prospered that at last
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
A carefuller in peril, did not breathe
For leagues along that breaker-beaten
coast

Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a
year

On board a merchantman, and made
himself

Full sailor,¹ and he thrice had plucked a
life

From the dread sweep of the down-
streaming seas;

And all men looked upon him favorably;
And ere he touched his one-and-twentieth
May

He purchased his own boat, and made a
home

For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up
The narrow street that clambered toward
the mill.

V

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
The younger people making holiday,
With bag and sack and basket, great and
small,

Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stayed
(His father lying sick and needing him)
An hour behind; but as he climbed the
hill,

Just where the prone edge of the wood
began

To feather toward the hollow² saw the
pair,

Enoch and Annie, sitting hand in hand,
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten
face

All kindled by a still and sacred fire,
That burned as on an altar. Philip
looked,

And in their eyes and faces read his
doom;

Then, as their faces drew together,
groaned,

And slipped aside, and like a wounded
life

Crept down into the hollows of the wood;
There, while the rest were loud in
merry-making

Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and
passed,

Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

¹ A man who has served his apprenticeship and become a trained sailor.

² As seen from a distance the edge of the wood looked feathery at the point where the trees sloped down into the hollow.

¹ Always.

VI

So these were wed, and merrily rang
the bells,
And merrily ran the years, seven happy
years,
Seven happy years of health and com-
petence,
And mutual love and honorable toil,
With children, first a daughter. In him
woke,
With his first babe's first cry, the noble
wish
To save all earnings to the utmost,
And give his child a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or hers; a wish
renewed,
When two years after came a boy to be
The rosy idol of her solitudes
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful
seas,
Or often journeying landward; for in
truth
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-
spoil¹
In ocean-smelling osier,² and his face,
Rough-reddened with a thousand winter
gales,
Not only to the market-cross³ were
known,
But in the leafy lanes behind the down
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,⁴
And peacock yew tree of the lonely Hall,
Whose Friday fare⁵ was Enoch's minis-
tering.

VII

Then came a change, as all things
human change.
Ten miles to northward of the narrow
port

¹ Fish; an example of Tennyson's fondness for high-flown poetic words.

² Baskets made of osier willow and smelling like the sea.

³ A stone cross such as is to be seen in the market-place of many English towns.

⁴ A lion carved in stone which decorated the entrance to the grounds of the Hall, the residence of some nobleman near the fishing village.

⁵ Fish.

Opened a larger haven; thither used
Enoch at times to go by land or sea;
And once when there, and clambering
on a mast
In harbor, by mischance he slipped and
fell;
A limb was broken when they lifted him;
And while he lay recovering there, his
wife
Bore him another son, a sickly one;
Another hand crept too across his trade
Taking her bread and theirs; and on
him fell,
Although a grave and staid¹ God-fearing
man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
He seemed as in a nightmare of the night,
To see his children leading evermore
Low, miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
And her, he loved, a beggar; then he
prayed,
"Save them from this, whatever comes
to me."
And while he prayed, the master of that
ship
Enoch had served in, hearing his mis-
chance,
Came, for he knew the man and valued
him,
Reporting of his vessel China bound,²
And wanting³ yet a boatswain. Would
he go?
There yet were many weeks before she
sailed,
Sailed from this port. Would Enoch
have the place?
And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

VIII

So now that shadow of mischance
appeared
No graver than as when some little cloud
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,

¹ Dignified and steady, as a God-fearing man should be.

² Saying that his vessel was bound for China.

³ Lacking.

And isles¹ a light in the offing²; yet the
 wife —
 When he was gone — the children —
 What to do?
 Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his
 plans;
 To sell the boat — and yet he loved her
 well —
 How many a rough sea had he weathered
 in her!³
 He knew her, as a horseman knows his
 horse —
 And yet to sell her — then with what she
 brought
 Buy goods and stores — set Annie forth⁴
 in trade
 With all that seamen needed or their
 wives —
 So might she keep the house while he was
 gone.
 Should he not trade himself out yonder?
 go
 This voyage more than once? yea
 twice or thrice —
 As oft as needed — last, returning rich,
 Become the master of a larger craft,
 With fuller profits lead an easier life,
 Have all his pretty young ones educated,
 And pass his days in peace among his
 own.

IX

Thus Enoch in his heart determined
 all:
 Then moving homeward came on Annie
 pale,
 Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.
 Forward she started with a happy cry,
 And laid the feeble infant in his arms;
 Whom Enoch took and handled all his
 limbs,
 Appraised⁵ his weight and fondled
 father-like,

But had no heart to break his purposes
 To Annie, till the morrow, when he
 spoke.

X

Then first since Enoch's golden ring
 had girt
 Her finger,¹ Annie fought against his
 will;
 Yet not with brawling opposition she,
 But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
 Many a sad kiss by day, by night, re-
 newed
 (Sure that all evil would come out of it)
 Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
 For her or his dear children, not to go.
 He not for his own self caring, but her,
 Her and her children, let her plead in
 vain,
 So grieving held his will, and bore it
 through.

XI

For Enoch parted with his old sea
 friend,²
 Bought Annie goods and stores, and set
 his hand
 To fit their little streetward sitting-room
 With shelf and corner for the goods and
 stores.
 So all day long till Enoch's last at home
 Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and
 ax,
 Auger and saw, while Annie seemed to
 hear
 Her own death-scaffold raising, shrilled
 and rang,
 Till this was ended, and his careful hand —
 The space was narrow — having ordered
 all
 Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
 Her blossom or her seedling, paused;
 and he,
 Who needs would work for Annie to the
 last,
 Ascending³ tired, heavily slept till morn.

¹ The cloud on the horizon seems like an island
 with a light upon it.

² The sea at a distance as seen from shore.

³ His boat.

⁴ Start Annie in business.

⁵ Guessed the amount of.

¹ Since her marriage.

³ Going upstairs.

² Boat.

XII

And Enoch faced this morning of
farewell
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's
fears,
Save as his Annie's, were a laughter to
him.¹
Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
Bowed himself down, and in that
mystery²
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-
God
Prayed for a blessing on his wife and
babes,
Whatever came to him; and then he
said,
"Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
Will bring fair weather³ yet to all of us.
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for
me,
For I'll be back, my girl, before you
know it."
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle, "And
he,
This pretty, puny, weakly little one —
Nay — for I love him all the better for
it —
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
And make him merry, when I come home
again.
Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I
go."

XIII

Him running on thus hopefully she
heard
And almost hoped herself; but when he
turned
The current of his talk to graver things
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
On providence and trust in Heaven, she
heard,
Heard and not heard him; as the village
girl,

¹ To him, her fears seemed foolish, but as they
were the fears of his dear wife, he treated
them with sympathy.

² Prayer.

³ Good fortune.

Who sets her pitcher underneath the
spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

XIV

At length she spoke, "O Enoch, you
are wise;
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no
more."

XV

"Well, then," said Enoch, "I shall
look on yours.
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
(He named the day); get you a seaman's
glass,¹
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your
fears."

XVI

But when the last of those last mo-
ments came,
"Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.
And fear no more for me; or if you fear,
Cast all your cares on God²; that
anchor holds.³
Is he not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning?⁴ If I flee to these,
Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,
The sea is His: He made it."⁵

XVII

Enoch rose,
Cast his strong arms about his drooping
wife,
And kissed his wonder-stricken little
ones;

¹ A telescope.

² "Casting all your care upon him; for he
careth for you" (1 Peter 5: 7).

³ "Which we have as an anchor of the soul, a
hope both sure and steadfast" (Hebr. 6: 19).

⁴ "If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell
in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there
shall thy hand lead me" (Ps. 139: 9-10).

⁵ "The sea is his, and he made it; and his hands
formed the dry land" (Ps. 95: 5).

But for the third, the sickly one, who
slept

After a night of feverous wakefulness,
When Annie would have raised him
Enoch said,

"Wake him not; let him sleep; how
should the child

Remember this?" and kissed him in his
cot.

But Annie from her baby's forehead
clipped

A tiny curl, and gave it; this he kept
Through all his future; but now hastily
caught

His bundle, waved his hand, and went
his way.

XVIII

She, when the day that Enoch men-
tioned came,

Borrowed a glass, but all in vain; per-
haps

She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremu-
lous;

She saw him not; and while he stood on
deck

Waving, the moment and the vessel
passed.

XIX

Even to the last dip of the vanishing
sail

She watched it, and departed weeping
for him;

Then though she mourned his absence
as his grave,

Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
But throve not ¹ in her trade, not being
bred

To barter,² nor compensating the want
By shrewdness,³ neither capable of lies,
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
And still foreboding⁴ "what would
Enoch say?"

¹ Did not succeed.

² Not having been brought up to a life of trade.

³ Making up for lack of training by keen business
sense.

⁴ Anxiously asking herself.

For more than once, in days of difficulty
And pressure, had she sold her wares for
less

Than what she gave in buying what she
sold;

She failed, and saddened knowing it¹;
and thus,

Expectant of that news which never
came,

Gained for her own a scanty sustenance
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

XX

Now the third child was sickly born
and grew

Yet sicklier, though the mother cared for
it

With all a mother's care; nevertheless,
Whether her business often called her
from it,

Or through the want of what it needed
most,

Or means to pay the voice² who best
could tell

What most it needed—howsoe'er it was,
After a lingering,—ere she was aware,—
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away.

XXI

In that same week when Annie buried
it,

Philip's true heart, which hungered for
her peace

(Since Enoch left he had not looked upon
her),

Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
"Surely," said Philip, "I may see her
now,

May be some little comfort"; therefore
went,

Passed through the solitary room in
front,

Paused for a moment at an inner door,
Then struck it thrice, and, no one open-
ing,

¹ That she failed.

² The physician.

Entered; but Annie, seated with her grief,
Fresh from the burial of her little one,
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turned her own toward the wall and wept.
Then Philip standing up said falteringly,
"Annie, I came to ask a favor of you."

XXII

He spoke; the passion¹ in her moaned reply,
"Favor from one so sad and so forlorn
As I am!" half abashed him; yet un-asked,
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
He set himself beside her, saying to her:

XXIII

"I came to speak to you of what he wished,
Enoch, your husband: I have ever said
You chose the best among us — a strong man;
For where he fixed his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he willed, and bore it through.
And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely? not to see the world —
For pleasure? — nay, but for the where-withal
To give his babes a better bringing up
Than his had been, or yours; that was his wish.
And if he come again, vexed will he be
To find the precious morning hours were lost.²
And it would vex him even in his grave,
If he could know his babes were running wild
Like colts about the waste.³ So, Annie,
now —
Have we not known each other all our lives?

I do beseech you by the love you bear
Him and his children not to say me nay—
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again,
Why, then he shall repay me — if you will,
Annie — for I am rich and well-to-do.
Now let me put the boy and girl to school;
This is the favor that I came to ask."

XXIV

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
Answered: "I cannot look you in the face;
I seem so foolish and so broken down.
When you came in, my sorrow broke me down;
And now I think your kindness breaks me down.
But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me;
He will repay you: money can be repaid;
Not kindness such as yours."

XXV

And Philip asked,
"Then you will let me, Annie?"

XXVI

Then she turned,
She rose, and fixed her swimming eyes upon him,
And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
Then calling down a blessing on his head
Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,
And passed into the little garth¹ beyond.
So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

XXVII

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
And bought them needful books, and every way,
Like one who does his duty by his own,²

¹ Here, grief. ² The children had no schooling.

³ The uncultivated land about the village.

¹ Garden.

² His children.

Made himself theirs; and though for
 Annie's sake,
 Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
 He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
 And seldom crossed her threshold, yet he
 sent

Gifts by the children, garden herbs and
 fruit,

The late and early roses from his wall,
 Or conies¹ from the down, and now and
 then,

With some pretext of fineness in the
 meal

To save the offense of charitable,² flour
 From his tall mill that whistled³ on the
 waste.

XXVIII

But Philip did not fathom Annie's
 mind:

Scarce could the woman, when he came
 upon her,

Out of full heart and boundless gratitude
 Light on a broken word to thank him
 with.

But Philip was her children's all-in-all;
 From distant corners of the street they
 ran

To greet his hearty welcome heartily;
 Lords of his house and of his mill were
 they;

Worried his passive ear with petty
 wrongs⁴

Or pleasures, hung upon him, played with
 him

And called him Father Philip. Philip
 gained

As Enoch lost;⁵ for Enoch seemed to
 them

Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
 Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
 Down at the far end of an avenue,

¹ Rabbits.

² So that she might not seem the object of charity, he pretended that he sent her the meal because it was especially fine.

³ It was a windmill.

⁴ Kept telling him their little troubles and joys, and he listened patiently.

⁵ Philip gained their love as they forgot Enoch.

Going we know not where: and so ten
 years,

Since Enoch left his hearth and native
 land,

Fled forward, and no news of Enoch
 came.

XXIX

It chanced one evening Annie's children longed

To go with others nutting to the wood,
 And Annie would go with them; then
 they begged

For Father Philip (as they called him)
 too:

Him, (like the working bee in blossom-
 dust,)

Blanched with his mill,¹ they found;
 and saying to him,

"Come with us, Father Philip," he
 denied;

But when the children plucked at him
 to go,

He laughed, and yielded readily to their
 wish,

For was not Annie with them? and they
 went.

XXX

But after scaling² half the weary down,
 Just where the prone edge of the wood
 began

To feather toward the hollow, all her
 force³

Failed her; and sighing, "Let me rest,"
 she said.

So Philip rested with her well content;
 While all the younger ones with jubilant
 cries

Broke from their elders, and tumultuously

Down through the whitening⁴ hazels
 made a plunge

¹ Philip whitened with the dust of his flour mill is compared to the bee covered with pollen.

² Climbing.

³ Strength.

⁴ The hazel leaf is white beneath, so that when the breeze turned the leaves, the bushes whitened.

To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent
or broke
The lithe reluctant¹ boughs to tear away
Their tawny clusters,² crying to each
other
And calling, here and there, about the
wood.

XXXI

But Philip, sitting at her side, forgot
Her presence, and remembered one dark
hour
Here in this wood, when like a wounded
life
He crept into the shadow.³ At last he
said,
Lifting his honest forehead, "Listen,
Annie,
How merry they are down yonder in the
wood.
Tired, Annie?" for she did not speak a
word.
"Tired?" but her face had fallen upon
her hands;
At which, as with a kind of anger in him,
"The ship was lost!" he said, "the ship
was lost!"⁴
No more of that! why should you kill
yourself
And make them orphans quite⁵?" And
Annie said,
"I thought not of it; but — I know not
why —
Their voices make me feel so solitary."

XXXII

Then Philip, coming somewhat closer,
spoke.
"Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
And it has been upon my mind so long
That, though I know not when it first
came there,
I know that it will out at last. O Annie,

¹ Easy to bend but hard to break.

² Yellow clusters of hazel nuts.

³ See stanza V.

⁴ The same scene recalls to both that Enoch and
Annie sat here years before.

⁵ Wholly.

It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
That he who left you ten long years ago
Should still be living; well, then — let
me speak.

I grieve to see you poor and wanting
help;

I cannot help you as I wish to do

Unless¹ — they say that women are so
quick —

Perhaps you know what I would have
you know —

I wish you for my wife. I fain² would
prove

A father to your children: I do think
They love me as a father; I am sure
That I love them as if they were mine
own;

And I believe, if you were fast³ my wife,
That after all these sad, uncertain years
We might be still as happy as God grants
To any of His creatures. Think upon it;
For I am well-to-do — no kin, no care,
No burden, save my care for you and
yours;

And we have known each other all our
lives,

And I have loved you longer than you
know."

XXXIII

Then answered Annie; tenderly she
spoke:

"You have been as God's good angel in
our house;

God bless you for it, God reward you for
it,

Philip, with something happier than
myself.

Can one love twice? can you be ever
loved

As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?"

"I am content," he answered, "to be
loved

A little after Enoch." "O," she cried,
Scared as it were, "dear Philip, wait a
while.

¹ Unless you are my wife.

² Securely.

³ Gladly.

If Enoch comes — but Enoch will not
 come —
 Yet wait a year, a year is not so long.
 Surely I shall be wiser in a year.
 O, wait a little!" Philip sadly said,
 "Annie, as I have waited all my life,
 I well may wait a little." "Nay," she
 cried,
 "I am bound: you have my promise —
 in a year.
 Will you not bide your year as I bide
 mine?"
 And Philip answered, "I will bide my
 year."

XXXIV

Here both were mute, till Philip,
 glancing up,
 Beheld the dead flame¹ of the fallen day
 Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;
 Then, fearing night and chill for Annie,
 rose
 And sent his voice beneath him through
 the wood.
 Up came the children laden with their
 spoil;
 Then all descended to the port, and there
 At Annie's door he paused and gave his
 hand,
 Saying gently, "Annie, when I spoke to
 you,
 That was your hour of weakness.² I was
 wrong.
 I am always bound to you, but you are
 free."
 Then Annie weeping answered, "I am
 bound."

XXXV

She spoke; and in one moment as it
 were,
 While yet she went about her household
 ways,
 Even as she dwelt upon his latest words,
 That he had loved her longer than she
 knew,
 That autumn into autumn flashed again,³

¹ Last gleam of sunset.² When you were overcome with loneliness.³ A year passed.

And there he stood once more before her
 face,
 Claiming her promise. "Is it a year?"
 she asked.
 "Yes, if the nuts," he said, "be ripe
 again;
 Come out and see." But she — she put
 him off —
 So much to look to — such a change — a
 month —
 Give her a month — she knew that she
 was bound —
 A month — no more. Then Philip with
 his eyes
 Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice
 Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,
 "Take your own time, Annie, take your
 own time."
 And Annie could have wept for pity of
 him;
 And yet she held him on delayingly
 With many a scarce-believable excuse,
 Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,
 Till half another year had slipped away.

XXXVI

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
 Abhorrent of a calculation crossed,¹
 Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
 Some thought that Philip did but trifle
 with her;
 Some that she but held off to draw him
 on;
 And others laughed at her and Philip too,
 As simple folk² that knew not their own
 minds;
 And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
 Like serpent eggs together, laughingly
 Would hint at worse in either.

XXXVII

Her own son
 Was silent, though he often looked his
 wish;
 But evermore the daughter pressed upon
 her

¹ Hating to be disappointed in their expectation
 that Philip and Annie would marry.² A foolish couple.

To wed the man so dear to all of them
And lift the household out of poverty;
And Philip's rosy face contracting¹ grew
Careworn and wan²; and all these
things fell on her
Sharp as reproach.

XXXVIII

At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
Prayed for a sign. "My Enoch, is he
gone?"
Then compassed round by the blind wall
of night
Brooked³ not the expectant terror of her
heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a
light,
Then desperately seized the holy Book,⁴
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,
"Under the palm tree."⁵ That was
nothing to her;
No meaning there; she closed⁶ the Book
and slept;
When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,
Under a palm tree, over him the sun:
"He is gone," she thought, "he is happy,
he is singing
Hosanna in the highest; yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be
palms
Whereof the happy people strewing cried
'Hosanna in the highest!'" Here she
woke,

¹ Becoming thin.

² Pale.

³ Could not endure.

⁴ Bible. Many people believe that one in distress, opening the Bible at random, will find a passage that will answer her perplexities.

⁵ The quoted words are from Judges 4: 5.

⁶ Annie closed the Bible and fell asleep. She dreamed she saw Enoch sitting on a hill under a palm tree, and singing as sang the multitude when Jesus entered Jerusalem on the Sabbath before his crucifixion (Matt. 21: 9); she interpreted the palms as the palms strewn in the Lord's path (John 12: 13), and the sun as the "Sun of Righteousness" (Mal. 4: 2).

Resolved, sent for him¹ and said wildly
to him:

"There is no reason why we should not
wed."

"Then for God's sake," he answered,
"both our sakes,

So you will wed me, let it be at once."

XXXIX

So these were wed, and merrily rang
the bells,
Merrily² rang the bells, and they were
wed.

But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
A footstep seemed to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence; a whisper on her
ear,
She knew not what; nor loved she to be
left
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.

XL

And where³ was Enoch? Prosperously
sailed
The ship *Good Fortune*, though at setting
forth
The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward,
shook
And almost overwhelmed her, yet un-
vexed
She slipped across the summer of the
world,⁴
Then, after a long tumble about the
Cape,⁵
And frequent interchange of foul and
fair,

¹ Philip.

² By repeating the words of the first line with a different arrangement in the second the poet makes the words imitate the music of the wedding bells. In the first two lines "merrily" is lightly accented to express the joy of the wedding feast; but in the third line "merrily" is heavily accented to express the sadness of Annie's heart.

³ The story now changes to the fortunes of Enoch.

⁴ The torrid zone. Note the fine passage.

⁵ The Cape of Good Hope is noted for storms.

She passing through the summer world
again,
The breath of heaven¹ came continually
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
Till silent in her Oriental haven.

XLI

There Enoch traded for himself, and
bought
Quaint monsters for the market of those
times,
A gilded dragon also for the babes.

XLII

Less lucky her home voyage; at first
indeed
Through many a fair sea-circle,² day by
day,
Scarce rocking, her full-busted figure-
head³
Stared o'er the ripple feathering⁴ from
her bows;
Then followed calms, and then winds
variable,
Then baffling⁵ a long course of them;
and last
Storm, such as drove her under moonless
heavens
Till hard upon the cry of "breakers"⁶
came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the
night,
Buoyed upon floating tackle and broken
spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at
morn
Rich,⁷ but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

¹ The trade winds, which blow in one direction for six months at a time.

² The horizon as seen from a ship.

³ A carved figure of a woman's head and bust placed on the prow of a ship.

⁴ Curling lightly.

⁵ Then followed a long series of contrary winds.

⁶ The cry "breakers ahead" meant danger from rocks.

⁷ Luxuriant.

XLIII

No want was there of human sus-
tenance,
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourish-
ing roots;
Nor save¹ for pity was it hard to take
The helpless life so wild² that it was
tame.
There in a seaward-gazing mountain-
gorge
They built, and thatched with leaves of
palm, a hut,
Half hut, half native cavern. So the
three,
Set in this Eden * of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill content.

XLIV

For one, the youngest, hardly more
than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and
wreck,
Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-
life.
They could not leave him. After he was
gone,
The two remaining found a fallen stem;
And Enoch's comrade, careless of him-
self,
Fire-hollowing³ this in Indian fashion,
fell
Sun-siricken, and that other lived alone.
In those two deaths he read God's warn-
ing, "wait."

XLV⁴

The mountain wooded to the peak,
the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to
heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of
plumes,

¹ It was not hard to kill the game except for the fact that they were to be pitied.

² Unused to man.

³ Burning out the center of the log to make a canoe as the Indians do.

⁴ Note the beautiful description in stanza XLV.

The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
 The luster of the long convolvuluses¹
 That coiled around the stately stems
 and ran
 Even to the limit of the land, the glows
 And glories of the broad belt of the
 world,²—
 All these he saw; but what he fain had
 seen
 He could not see, the kindly human face,
 Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
 The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
 The league-long roller thundering on the
 reef,
 The moving whisper of huge trees³ that
 branched
 And blossomed in the zenith,⁴ or the
 sweep
 Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
 As down the shore he ranged, or all day
 long
 Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
 A shipwrecked sailor, waiting for a sail:
 No sail from day to day, but every day
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
 Among the palms and ferns and preci-
 pices;
 The blaze⁵ upon the waters to the east;
 The blaze upon his island overhead;
 The blaze upon the waters to the west;
 Then the great stars that globed them-
 selves in heaven,
 The hollower-bellowing⁶ ocean, and again
 The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no
 sail.

XLVI

There often as he watched or seemed
 to watch,
 So still the golden lizard on him paused,
 A phantom made of many phantoms
 moved
 Before him haunting him, or he himself

¹ A kind of climbing tropical plant.

² The torrid zone.

³ Palms.

⁴ Here, top.

⁵ Note how the repetition of the phrase brings
 out the dreary stretch of days.

⁶ The roar of the ocean seems deeper at night.

Moved haunting people, things, and
 places, known
 Far in a darker isle¹ beyond the line;²
 The babes, their babble, Annie, the
 small house,³
 The climbing street, the mill, the leafy
 lanes,
 The peacock yew tree and the lonely
 Hall,
 The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the
 chill
 November dawns and dewy-gloomings⁴
 downs,
 The gentle shower, the smell of dying
 leaves,
 And the low moan of leaden-colored
 seas.⁵

XLVII

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
 Though faintly, merrily—far and far
 away—
 He heard the pealing of his parish bells;
 Then, though he knew not wherefore,
 started up
 Shuddering, and when the beauteous,
 hateful isle
 Returned upon him, had not his poor
 heart
 Spoken with That which being every-
 where
 Lets none who speaks with Him⁶ seem
 all alone,
 Surely the man had died of solitude.

XLVIII

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering⁷ head
 The sunny and rainy⁸ seasons came and
 went

¹ England.

² The equator.

³ babes . . . house. Things out of Enoch's past that
 haunted him in his loneliness.

⁴ Looking dark in the morning.

⁵ This line is a good illustration of Tennyson's
 fondness for liquid consonants and soft
 vowels.

⁶ Enoch found a companion in his religion.

⁷ Enoch's hair had grown gray from his troubles.

⁸ In the tropics there are but two seasons, wet
 and dry.

Year after year. His hopes to see his
 own,
 And pace the sacred old familiar fields,
 Not yet had perished, when his lonely
 doom
 Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
 (She wanted water) blown by baffling
 winds,
 Like the *Good Fortune*, from her destined
 course,
 Stayed by this isle, not knowing where
 she lay;
 For since the mate had seen at early
 dawn
 Across a break¹ on the mist-wreathen
 isle
 The silent water² slipping from the hills,
 They sent a crew that landing burst
 away
 In search of stream or fount, and filled
 the shores
 With clamor. Downward from his moun-
 tain gorge
 Stepped the long-haired, long-bearded
 solitary,
 Brown, looking hardly human, strangely
 clad.
 Muttering and mumbling, idiot-like it
 seemed,
 With inarticulate rage,³ and making
 signs
 They knew not what; and yet he led
 the way
 To where the rivulets of sweet water ran,
 And ever as he mingled with the crew,
 And heard them talking, his long-
 bounden tongue
 Was loosened, till he made them under-
 stand;
 Whom, when their casks were filled,
 they took aboard.
 And there the tale he uttered brokenly,
 Scarce-credited at first but more and
 more,
 Amazed and melted all who listened to it;

¹ An opening in the mist that surrounded the isle.

² A waterfall; from the ship it seemed silent.

³ Anger.

And clothes they gave him and free
 passage home,
 But oft he worked among the rest and
 shook
 His isolation from him. None of these
 Came from his country, or could answer
 him,
 If questioned, aught of what he cared to
 know.
 And dull the voyage was with long de-
 lays,
 The vessel scarce seaworthy; but ever-
 more
 His fancy fled before the lazy wind
 Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
 He like a lover down through all his
 blood
 Drew in the dewy meadowy morning
 breath
 Of England, blown across her ghostly
 wall.¹
 And that same morning officers and
 men
 Levied a kindly tax² upon themselves,
 Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it:
 Then moving up the coast they landed
 him,
 Even in that harbor whence he sailed
 before.

XLIX

There Enoch spoke no word to any-
 one,
 But homeward — home — what home?
 had he a home? —
 His home, he walked. Bright was that
 afternoon,
 Sunny but chill; till drawn through
 either chasm,
 Where either haven opened on the deeps,
 Rolled a sea haze and whelmed the world
 in gray;
 Cut off the length of highway on before,
 And left but narrow breadth to left and
 right
 Of withered holt³ or tilth⁴ or pasturage.⁵

¹ White chalk cliffs of Dover.

² A collection (for Enoch).

³ Woodland.

⁴ Tilled land.

⁵ Pasture land.

On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
Disconsolate, and through the dripping
haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it
down.
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the
gloom;
Last, as it seemed, a great mist-blotted
light
Flared on him, and he came upon the
place.¹

L

Then down the long street having
slowly stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reached the
home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his
babes
In those far-off seven happy years were
born;
But finding neither light nor murmur
there
(A bill of sale gleamed through the driz-
zle) crept
Still downward, thinking "dead, or
dead to me!"

LI

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he
went,
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crost antiquity,²
So propped, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone; but he
was gone
Who kept it; and his widow, Miriam
Lane,
With daily-dwindling profits held the
house;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but
now
Still, with yet a bed for wandering men.
There Enoch rested silent many days.

¹ The village.

² The tavern was old, made of plaster crossed
with timbers.

LII

But Miriam Lane was good and gar-
rulous,¹
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him, with other annals of the port,
Not knowing — Enoch was so browned,
so bowed,
So broken — all the story of his house:
His baby's death, her² growing poverty,
How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent and marriage, and the
birth
Of Philip's child; and o'er his counte-
nance
No shadow passed, nor motion. Anyone,
Regarding, well had deemed he felt the
tale
Less than the teller; only when she
closed,³
"Enoch, poor man, was cast away and
lost,"
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated, muttering. "cast away and
lost";
Again, in deeper inward whispers, "lost!"

LIII

But Enoch yearned to see her face
again;
"If I might look on her sweet face again,
And know that she is happy." So the
thought
Haunted and harassed him, and drove
him forth,
At evening when the dull November
day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below;
There did a thousand memories roll
upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square⁴ of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's
house,

¹ Kindly and talkative.

² Annie's.

³ Ended her story.

⁴ Window.

Allured him, as the beacon blaze¹ allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

LIV

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the
street,
The latest house to landward; but
behind,
With one small gate that opened on the
waste,
Flourished a little garden square and
walled;
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yew tree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle,² and a walk divided it.
But Enoch shunned the middle walk and
stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew; and
thence
That which he better might have
shunned, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch
saw.

LV

For cups and silver on the burnished
board
Sparkled and shone; so genial was the
hearth;
And on the right hand of the hearth he
saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his
knees,
And o'er her second father³ stooped a
girl,
A later⁴ but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted
hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who reared his creasy⁵
arms,

¹ The light of a lighthouse.

² Gravel.

³ Enoch's daughter stooped over Philip.

⁴ Annie's daughter, the image of her mother but
not bowed with work.

⁵ Marked with creases as a fat baby's arms are.

Caught at and ever missed it, and they
laughed;
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her
babe,
But turning now and then to speak with
him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and
strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for
he smiled.

LVI

Now when the dead man come to life
beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the
babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the
happiness,
And his own children, tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights, and of his children's
love,—
Then he, though Miriam Lane had told
him all,
Because things seen are mightier than
things heard,
Staggered and shook, holding the branch,
and feared
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of
doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the
hearth.

LVII

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate un-
derfoot,
And feeling all along the garden wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be
found,
Crept to the gate, and opened it and
closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber door,
Behind him, and came out upon the
waste.

LVIII

And there he would have knelt, but
that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and
prayed:
"Too hard to bear! why did they take
me thence?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know,
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to
these?
They know me not. I should betray
myself.
Never! no father's kiss for me — the
girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

LIX

There speech and thought and nature
failed a little,
And he lay tranced; but when he rose
and paced
Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the long and narrow street he
went
Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As though it were the burden of a song,
"Not to tell her, never to let her know."

LX

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith, and ever-
more
Prayer from a living source, within the
will,
And beating up through all the bitter
world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul. "This miller's
wife,"
He said to Miriam, "that you told me of,

Has she no fear that her first husband
lives?"

"Aye, aye, poor soul," said Miriam,
"fear enow!"¹

If you could tell her you had seen him
dead,

Why, that would be her comfort"; and
he thought,

"After the Lord has called me she shall
know;

I wait His time," and Enoch set himself,
Scorning an alms,² to work whereby to
live.

Almost to all things could he turn his
hand.

Cooper³ he was and carpenter, and
wrought

To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or
helped

At lading and unlading the tall barks,⁴
That brought the stunted commerce of
those days;

Thus earned a scanty living for himself;
Yet since he did but labor for himself,
Work without hope, there was not life
in it

Whereby the man could live; and as the
year

Rolled itself round again to meet the
day

When Enoch had returned, a languor
came

Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
Weakening the man, till he could do no
more,

But kept the house, his chair, and last
his bed.

And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
For sure no gladlier does the stranded
wreck

See through the gray skirts of a lifting
squall

The boat that bears the hope of life
approach

To save the life despaired of, than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of
all.

¹ Enough.

² Charity.

³ A maker of barrels.

⁴ Large ships.

LXI

For through that dawning gleamed a
 kindlier hope
 On Enoch thinking, "After I am gone,
 Then may she learn I loved her to the
 last."
 He called aloud for Miriam Lane, and
 said,
 "Woman, I have a secret — only swear,
 Before I tell you — swear upon the
 book¹
 Not to reveal it, till you see me dead."
 "Dead," clamored the good woman,
 "hear him talk!
 I warrant, man, that we shall bring you
 round."
 "Swear," added Enoch sternly, "on the
 book."
 And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam
 swore.
 Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon
 her,
 "Did you know Enoch Arden of this
 town?"
 "Know him?" she said, "I knew him
 far away.
 Aye, aye, I mind him coming down the
 street;
 Held his head high, and cared for no
 man, he."
 Slowly and sadly Enoch answered her:
 "His head is low, and no man cares for
 him.
 I think I have not three days more to
 live;
 I am the man." At which the woman
 gave
 A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry:
 "You Arden, you! nay, — sure he was a
 foot
 Higher than you be." Enoch said again:
 "My God has bowed me down to what I
 am;
 My grief and solitude have broken me;
 Nevertheless, know you that I am he
 Who married — but that name has
 twice been changed —

¹ The Bible.

I married her who married Philip Ray.
 Sit, listen." Then he told her of his
 voyage,
 His wreck, his lonely life, his coming
 back,
 His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
 And how he kept it. As the woman
 heard,
 Fast flowed the current of her easy tears,
 While in her heart she yearned in-
 cessantly
 To rush abroad all round the little
 haven,
 Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;
 But awed and promise-bounden she
 forebore,
 Saying only, "See your bairns¹ before
 you go!
 Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden," and arose
 Eager to bring them down, for Enoch
 hung
 A moment on her words, but then replied:

LXII

"Woman, disturb me not now at the
 last,
 But let me hold my purpose till I die.
 Sit down again; mark me and under-
 stand,
 While I have power to speak. I charge
 you now,
 When you shall see her, tell her that I
 died
 Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
 Save for the bar² between us, loving her
 As when she laid her head beside my own.
 And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
 So like her mother, that my latest breath
 Was spent in blessing her and praying
 for her.
 And tell my son that I died blessing him.
 And say to Philip that I blessed him too;
 He never meant us anything but good.
 But if my children care to see me dead,
 Who hardly knew me living, let them
 come,

¹ Children.² The fact that Annie was now the wife of another.

I am their father; but she¹ must not
 come,
 For my dead face would vex her after-life.
 And now there is but one² of all my blood
 Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:
 This hair is his; she cut it off and gave it,
 And I have borne it with me all these
 years,
 And thought to bear it with me to my
 grave;
 But now my mind is changed, for I shall
 see him,
 My babe in bliss. Wherefore when I am
 gone,
 Take, give her this, for it may comfort
 her;
 It will moreover be a token to her
 That I am he."

LXIII

He ceased; and Miriam Lane
 Made such a voluble answer promising all,
 That once again he rolled his eyes upon
 her
 Repeating all he wished, and once again
 She promised.

LXIV

Then the third night after this,
 While Enoch slumbered motionless and
 pale,
 And Miriam watched and dozed at in-
 tervals,
 There came so loud a calling of the sea
 That all the houses in the haven rang.
 He woke, he rose, he spread his arms
 abroad,
 Crying with a loud voice, "A sail! a sail!
 I am saved"; and so fell back, "and
 spoke no more.

¹ Annie.

² Enoch's dead baby.

LXV

So passed the strong heroic soul away.
 And when they buried him, the little port
 Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.¹

Study Hints

1. In order to make this poem more readily understood, write an outline of it as you read it, giving line or stanza references.

The following will show you how to go to work:

Stanza I. The Village.

Stanzas II, III. Philip Ray, Annie Lee, and Enoch Arden are children together.

Stanza IV. Both boys love Annie.

2. If you have read "The Tempest" compare the experiences of Enoch with those of Prospero.

3. If you have read "Robinson Crusoe," compare Robinson's shipwreck, life on his island, and rescue with those of Enoch. (If you have not read "Robinson Crusoe," read it.)

4. Describe the activities of a typical day on Enoch's island.

5. Find lines in which one or more unusual words add clearness to the picture.

6. Find two or three illustrations of Tennyson's "easy languorousness."

7. Find several illustrations of Tennyson's fondness for ornate language.

8. Write a different ending for the story.

9. Would a motion-picture scenario writer have had the story end as Tennyson did?

¹ The expensive funeral we may imagine was paid for by Annie. Tennyson's son said he thought the idea of having Annie make this last tribute to her lost loved one helps to bring the story to a perfect end. Other critics believe Tennyson should have left it out. What do you think?

Literature of Knowledge



Modern readers recognize a "literature of knowledge," or "literature of information." In this class are placed history, biography, travel books, and scientific writings. Such literature is characterized by a passion for correctness, and by precision in the choice of words and in the turns of the phrases.

Earth's By-product: Soil¹

ENOS A. MILLS (1870-1922)

[In recent years men trained to observe accurately have gone out into the fields and forests to see the actual working of nature's laws instead of merely reading about them. Amazed at what they saw, they stayed to admire her work. Filled with awe, they wrote for those of us who stay at home. Enos A. Mills is one of those who have told in simple language of the wonders of nature. "Earth's By-product: Soil" is a clear account of some of the forces of nature that make the growth of our plants possible. Seldom has a writer told so much, so pleasantly, in so little space.]

A SAND bar in the middle of the Mississippi may be called "the fat of the land." It contains an aggregation of adventurous soil, contributions from Iowa farms, fragments of Ohio hills, rock flour² from the Rocky Mountains, golden sand from the Yellowstone, brown dust from Wyoming, and volcanic ashes, wind-blown from craters. These are combined with mineral salts and the scum of many rivers, and all form a rich soil that is eager to produce corn or grass, trees or flowers.

¹ From "The Romance of Geology" by Enos A. Mills, copyright 1926 by Doubleday, Page & Company.

² Finely powdered rock; material produced by stones grinding on each other, as in swift water.

Though soil is composed chiefly of rock, it is a combination of rock dust,¹ chemicals, and organic matter. A little of almost everything may be in a cubic yard of soil, and numerous are the forces which had a part in its compounding. Dust, quantities of it, falls upon the earth from other worlds; dust from shooting stars becomes soil!

With ten boys and girls I examined the ore and mineralized quartz piled by the top of three old prospect holes.² The children pocketed a number of the pieces of the shining peacock-colored quartz. Then we climbed into one of those shallow holes, which was about four feet deep, that had been blasted into rock. All were astonished that the thin coat of soil surface, like a coat of dark-gray paint on the solid rock, was less than an inch thick. They felt it and pried their fingers between it and the bed rock upon which it lay. They were excited over this glimpse of geology, and wondered if everywhere solid rock was just beneath the surface of the soil; so we climbed two miles to where the miners had blasted a tunnel into the mountain side. Here again was solid rock with just a thin green-gray blanket of soil covering.

If we were to extend this shaft through

¹ Rock flour.

² Small pits dug by men searching for metals.

the earth, I told them, "we should not strike any more soil until we came out on the other side—in China, perhaps."

As we stood by the entrance to this tunnel I said: "I wonder if you boys and girls realize that, once upon a time, many million years ago, this round earth was a solid stone; not a bit of dust, or mud, or soil upon it; no green grass, no pines, none of the colored flowers, no bears, no fishes, nor butterflies. Stone has the quality which enables it to go through more changes than any other thing that we can think of. Through the action and interaction of chemical and other forces of nature the solid rock surface of the world has slowly decayed and formed a thin covering of soil. Over wide areas of many hilly and mountainous sections the naked rock is exposed. Soil has not yet decayed in sufficient quantities to cover these places; or the soil is blown or washed off the steep slopes almost as soon as it forms. A bare inch of soil covers other regions. But there are numerous valleys where the soil may be a hundred feet deep. This has been carried into the lowlands by the waters, and may have come from off hundreds or even thousands of square miles of higher regions."

The children were from several states, and all eagerly agreed that when they returned home they would dig into the earth where something was growing and let me know how deep the soil was. All but two found rock less than a foot below the surface. The Illinois boy struck a boulder at fifteen inches, and the boy in New Orleans found water beneath the sand.

Later, one of the boys visited a recently drilled oil well and wrote: "The drill first went through several inches of soil, then struck rock, and went through layer after layer of different kinds of rock. Though down more than half a mile into the earth, it was still in rock."

Soil is a magic resource. Without it

the earth would be lifeless; with its life-giving and growth-giving power, human life and all other kinds exist comfortably in a mysterious and beautiful world. The vast forests (the great and splendid trees that stand like fixed pillars while generations of men pass by), the grassy plains and prairies, innumerable fields of tasseled grain all golden in the sun, the orchards, the myriads of flowers with color bloom shining,—all these grow from life-producing soil.

The ocean bottom has its productive soil. The strange and luxuriant plant life that waves and nods beneath the surface of the sea; the entangling vines and the weird forests that flourish where sharks and other great sea fishes swim; growths of green moss and moss of rosy tint beneath which little fishes and small folk hide; kelp and other plants queer enough to belong to the desert flora¹; the wondrous growth in coral caves,—all these are sustained by soil, both solid and in solution, that originated from the rock surface of the earth.

It is said that nature requires ten thousand years to produce an inch of soil. Rock—the original raw material—is cut and dissolved by water, worn by wind, ground to flour by glaciers, wedged apart by ice, shattered by oft-changing heat and cold, and crushed to powder by falling.

An echoing on the cliffs opposite me was my first warning one day that a rock slide was coming down. It was an avalanche of several thousand tons plunging off the slope of Mount Lady Washington into Chasm Lake. It was accompanied by the whiz of falling stone. A huge stone struck and pierced twenty feet of snow and more than four feet of ice which covered the lake. The report of the striking, repeated and reëchoed by surrounding cliffs and steepes, made an uproarious crashing, as though the top of Longs Peak had collapsed.

¹ Plants.

Wherever rock is exposed,—its peaks, cliffs, boulders, and pebbles,—its surface is alternately heated and cooled again and again. A thin layer, through expansion and contraction, scales or flakes off, and the expansion and contraction of a new surface take place. Water, air, and chemicals act on these scales—this rock waste—and change them into soil. In many localities a number of soil-making factors are working together, but in places they work singly.

Air and water on the surface of the rock combine with the mineral acid of this rock, and this sets up a chemical action that eats into and dissolves the rock surface. This reduction of solid rock is extremely slow. A cracking of the rock allows air and water to penetrate deeply, and this increases the exposed surface. Crushed and powdered rock is, by the presence of air, water, and acid, speedily made ready for soil. As time goes on, the general shattering, cracking, and roughening of rocks by the erosive forces¹ render them more exposed and more readily susceptible to the chemical change that prepares them to be producing soil.

I saw a high cliff fall more than one hundred feet and land upon solid rock. How many years had water undermined and ice wedged to throw it over? It was shattered to fragments, and several carloads of rock dust were at once spread out to begin life as soil. Young spruce trees were soon growing here. The fall of rocks in mountains is ever going on, reducing ounces, pounds, and even tons of rock to powder-near soil.

One spring day I saw a landslide in the San Juan Mountains. An enormous mass of earth and rock slipped out of the side of the mountain and slid down the steep slope, spreading itself over an area several hundred feet long and half as

wide. It appeared as though a million carloads of crushed rock, coarse rock, and earthy matter had been there. The mass was acted upon by loosening percolating waters, by frost, and by sun heat. Two years later the dumping place was overgrown with grass, gentians, columbines, and other wild bloom.

Frost is a kind of slow, silent dynamite which shatters large rock and small. Ice forming in the cracks and crevices of rocks each winter wedges and forces them apart. Cliffs are wedged off, rock layers split apart, and the earth's stony surface is undermined. Deep freezing expands and upheaves rocks far below the surface, allowing the entrance of air and water, which change them into soil. Soil thus is forming beneath soil as well as upon the surface.

Soil in inconceivable quantities is one of the by-products of a glacier. Possibly one half of all the soil of the earth has been prepared, transported, and spread by glaciers. The glacier grinds rock into powder, which the chemistry of nature changes into plant food or soil. The greater part of the forests, the wild-flower gardens, the grassy meadows of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras, and vast quantities of hay and grass for animals and grain for ourselves in the Mississippi Valley are grown in rich glacial drifts, or deposits.

The vast quantity of material which the glaciers transport in the form of broken rock, boulders, cobblestones, pebbles, and rock flour now reposes in countless moraines,¹ some of which have an area of thousands of square miles. Glaciers thus have been one of the greatest of eroding sources, one of the greatest manufacturers of that great fundamental resource—soil.

Roots are a hidden but an important factor in soil production. Each tree has hundreds of rootlets; shrubs, flowers,

¹ Water, frosts, glaciers, winds, all of which wear away (erode) rocks.

¹ Deposits of rock and earth made where glaciers melt.

and grasses each have many roots and rootlets. In an acre there are countless thousands of these penetrating the earth. A rootlet frequently forces itself into a tiny, almost invisible crack in the rock. It acts as a wedge through growth expansion. Dissolving water finds its way in. Vegetable tissues, roots, leaves, grass, and logs, when deposited in water, result in the formation of marsh gas, carbon dioxide, and other gases. Deeply penetrating tree roots allow the water and gases to follow down and penetrate as deeply as they. Their roots also carry dissolving acids. These hasten rock decay. Thus, beneath the surface of every acre there may be thousands of wedges of roots and the action of water, ice, and chemicals shattering rock, which is finally dissolved and reduced to soil.

Trees are sometimes planted in coral rock by drilling a hole, much as if digging in ordinary soil. The lime of the coral is so readily soluble by the water and acids from the roots of the trees that soil forms rapidly, and trees thus planted have been known to flourish and bear fruit within three years; yellow oranges from white coral!

Lichens, which look like rock stain or tinted wall paper, are also an extensive soil producer. Lichens cover thousands of square miles of rocks and dissolve them with their acids.

Earthworms move and churn up the soil, many millions of tons a year being credited to them.

Heavy rains in tropical countries supply moisture so freely that they help to produce rock disintegration without the frost which works in the drier regions of the North.

Erosion seizes much surface soil and carries it away. This loss of soil is constant; in some places it is removed as fast as it is manufactured, thus exposing barren rocks. This erosion is most rapid on steep slopes, in wind-swept areas, and in places temporarily barren

through the destruction of roots which anchored the soil or of the covering which protected it. Wind and water move and remove soil, sometimes transporting it long distances, though often the move is a short one.

It was a day of landslides on Mount Coxcomb! This peak is not one of the "eternal hills," but a tumbling, crumbling, transient mountain. After months of drought excessive rains had loosened and unsettled the rock and earth of this permanent-looking structure. Cliffs tumbled, and the sides of the mountain crawled. After counting the crash and the echoing roar of forty-three falling cliffs, I ceased counting. A number of the slides of that weird day went to the bottom of the slopes. An absence of a year shows the visitor many changes in the skyline here.

Near my mountain cabin a ragged-edged meadow has been born where once a lake rippled and sparkled in the sun and lived its liquid day. An intermittent stream¹ coming down to the lake bed from a barren rock slope gradually filled it with sediment;² the land thus formed was slowly covered by a growth of vegetation, was buried, and forgotten. Now during each storm the silt-laden³ water drops its load on the edge of the meadow, building a delta and covering naked rock. Seeds are brought to this new soil bed by birds, wind, and water.

A volcano often covers thousands of square miles with an inch or so of ashen rock dust. This is almost instantly changed into soil. In places in Hawaii fresh lava from the volcanoes is covered with vegetation at the end of three years. Presto! chemical change, and lava becomes bananas! Extensive farmlands in Kansas and Nebraska are of volcanic

¹ One that flows only during a rainy season or when the snows are melting.

² Powdered earth left by water in lakes or pools, and visible when the water becomes quite still.

³ Carrying much finely powdered earth.

dust. Heat, rain, and sunshine make this dusty flour.

Soil production is ever going on at increasing speed, and the wash and wear of wind and water never cease, but in places are working with increased rapidity. The result of all this is that a great quantity of soil is washed and blown into the sea and lost. But much removed soil is spread upon existing soil, so that the depth over most areas is deepening and the quantity of soil is increasing.

Study Hints

1. Write an imaginary account of the travels of a particle of soil on its journey from its original home to the Mississippi island. (Several members of the class might write such themes, each selecting a particle of soil from a different section of the country.)

2. Write an account that one of the children might have given at home after he came back from a day with Mr. Mills.

3. Which of the "forces" referred to by Mr. Mills are operating near your home?

Squatter Life on American Rivers

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON * (1785-1851)

["Squatter Life on American Rivers" owes its place in literature to (1) its clear word pictures (descriptions), (2) the accuracy with which the writer tells of the living conditions of the squatters, and (3) the sympathetic attitude that the "prince of naturalists" assumes toward "these heroes of the American frontier."]

I THINK I see them¹ harnessing their horses, and attaching them to their wagons, which are already fitted with bedding, provisions, and the younger children; while on their outside are fastened spinning wheels and looms, a bucket filled with tar and tallow² swings betwixt the hind wheels. Several axes are secured to

the bolster,³ and the feeding-trough of the horses contains pots, kettles, and pans. The servant now becomes a driver, riding the near² saddled³ horse, the wife is mounted on another, the worthy husband shoulders his gun, and his sons, clad in plain, substantial homespun, drive the cattle ahead, and lead the procession, followed by the hounds and other dogs. Their day's journey is short and not agreeable. The cattle, stubborn or wild, frequently leave the road for the woods, giving the travelers much trouble; the harness of the horses here and there gives way, and immediate repair is needed. A basket which has accidentally dropped must be gone after, for nothing that they have can be spared. The roads are bad, and now and then all hands are called to push on the wagon, or prevent it from upsetting. Yet by sunset they have proceeded perhaps twenty miles. Fatigued, all assemble round the fire, which has been lighted; supper is prepared, and a camp being run up, there they pass the night. Days and weeks pass before they gain the end of their journey. They have crossed both the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama. They have been traveling from the beginning of May to that of September, and with heavy hearts they traverse the neighborhood of the Mississippi. But now arrived on the banks of the broad stream, they gaze in amazement on the dark, deep woods around them. Boats of various kinds they see gliding downwards with the current, while others slowly ascend against it. A few inquiries are made at the nearest dwelling, and assisted by the inhabitants with their boats and canoes, they at once cross the river, and select their place of habitation. The exhalations⁴ arising

¹ The upper part of the axle of an old-fashioned wagon, upon which the body rested.

² The rear left-hand horse.

³ In some sections a man driving two or more horses rides the rear left-hand horse.

⁴ The vapors which rise from the earth.

¹ The squatters.

² A mixture used for lubricating the wheels.



from the swamps and morasses¹ around them have a powerful effect on these new settlers, but all are intent on preparing for the winter. A small patch of ground is cleared by the ax and fire; a temporary cabin is erected; to each of the cattle is attached a bell before it is let loose into the neighboring canebrake,² and the horses remain about the house, where they find sufficient food at that season. The first trading boat³ that stops at their landing enables them to provide themselves with some flour, fishhooks, and ammunition, as well as other commodities. The looms are mounted, the spinning wheels soon furnish some yarn, and in a few weeks the family throw off their ragged clothes and array themselves in suits adapted to the climate.

The father and sons meanwhile have sown turnips and other vegetables, and

from some Kentucky flatboat¹ a supply of live poultry has been purchased. October tinges the leaves of the forest, the morning dews are heavy, the days hot and the nights chill, and the unacclimatized² family in a few days are attacked with ague.³ The lingering disease almost prostrates their whole faculties. Fortunately the unhealthy season soon passes over, and the hoarfrosts make their appearance. Gradually each individual recovers strength. The largest ash trees are felled, their trunks are cut, split, and corded⁴ in front of the building; a large fire is lighted at night on the edge of the water, and soon a steamer calls to purchase the wood,⁵ and thus add to their comforts during the winter. This first fruit of their industry imparts new courage to them; their exertions multiply, and when spring returns

¹ Tracts of soft ground.

² A dense growth of canes.

³ A river steamer that stopped at all settlements to buy, barter, or sell merchandise or produce.

¹ A large flat-bottomed boat used on rivers.

² Not accustomed to the climate.

³ A malarial fever.

⁴ Piled in stacks.

⁵ For fuel for the steamer.

the place has a cheerful look. Venison, bear's flesh, and turkeys, ducks and geese, with now and then some fish, have served to keep up their strength, and now their enlarged field is planted with corn, potatoes, and pumpkins. Their stock of cattle, too, has augmented¹; the steamer now stops there, as if by preference, buys a calf or pig, together with their wood. Their store of provisions is renewed, and brighter rays of hope enliven their spirits.

The sons discover a swamp covered with excellent timber, and as they have seen many great rafts of saw-logs, bound for the sawmills of New Orleans, floating past their dwelling, they resolve to try the success of a little enterprise. A few cross-saws² are purchased, and some broad-wheeled "carry-logs"³ are made by themselves. Log after log is hauled to the bank of the river, and in a short time their first raft is made on the shore, and loaded with cordwood. When the next freshet⁴ sets it afloat, it is secured by long grapevines or cables, until, the proper time being arrived, the husband and sons embark on it and float down the mighty stream. After encountering many difficulties they arrive in safety at New Orleans, where they dispose of their stock (the money obtained for which may be said to be all profit), supply themselves with such articles as may add to their convenience or comfort, and with light hearts procure a passage on the upper deck⁵ of a steamer at a very cheap rate, on account of the benefit of their labors in taking in wood or otherwise.⁶ Every successive year has increased their savings. They now possess a large stock of

horses, cows, and hogs, with abundance of provisions, and domestic comforts of every kind. The daughters have been married to the sons of neighboring squatters, and have gained sisters to themselves by the marriage of their brothers.

Study Hints

1. For another excellent picture of the squatter and his household, read J. Fenimore Cooper's "The Prairie."

2. Write an imaginary account of a ten-day trip on a Mississippi River trading steamer.

3. Write a similar account of a ten-day ride on a flatboat going to New Orleans.

4. If you like to draw, make a picture of the emigrant's wagon.

5. Imitating Audubon, describe a present-day "motor gypsy's" outfit.

6. Pick out sentences in which Audubon might have said unkind things about the squatters had he been unsympathetic toward them.

7. If you have read "Earth's By-product: Soil" (p. 315), can you imagine that one of the particles of soil in the Mississippi island might have seen these squatters before? Where might it have done so?

The History of the Apple Tree

HENRY DAVID THOREAU (1817-1862)

["The History of the Apple Tree" owes its popularity (1) to the story itself; (2) to the great number of subjects of which the author speaks as he gives his rambling account, — mythology, science, history, literature, and theology; and (3) to the presence of Thoreau himself. Under his magic touch the wild apple becomes a dainty morsel, and its thorny tree a rosebush. The essay* shows the author by turns a preacher, a scholar, a naturalist, and a poet.]

IT IS remarkable how closely the history of the apple tree is connected with that of man. The geologist tells us that the order of the Rosaceæ, which includes the apple, also the true grasses, and the Labiatæ, or mints, were intro-

¹ Increased.

² Long, heavy saws operated by two men and used for cutting trees and heavy timbers.

³ Two-wheeled carts. One end of the log rested on the cart, the other on the ground. Thus the log was partly hauled, partly dragged.

⁴ An increase in the volume of a stream, caused by rains or melting snows.

⁵ The more comfortable quarters.

⁶ Shifting the cargo, etc.

duced only a short time previous to the appearance of man on the globe.

It appears that apples made a part of the food of that unknown primitive people whose traces have lately been found at the bottom of the Swiss lakes, supposed to be older than the foundation of Rome, — so old that they had no metallic implements. An entire black and shriveled crab apple has been recovered from their store.

Tacitus * says of the ancient Germans that they satisfied their hunger with wild apples, among other things.

Niebuhr¹ observes that "the words for a house, a field, a plow, plowing, wine, oil, milk, sheep, apples, and others relating to agriculture and the gentler ways of life, agree in Latin and Greek, while the Latin words for all objects pertaining to war or the chase are utterly alien from the Greek." Thus the apple tree may be considered a symbol of peace no less than the olive.

The apple was early so important, and so generally distributed, that its name traced to its root in many languages signifies fruit in general. "Melon," in Greek, means an apple, also the fruit of other trees, also a sheep and any cattle, and finally riches in general.

The apple tree has been celebrated by the Hebrews, Greeks, Romans, and Scandinavians. Some have thought that the first human pair² were tempted by its fruit. Goddesses³ are fabled to have contended for it, dragons⁴ were set to watch it, and heroes⁵ were employed to pluck it.

The tree is mentioned in at least three places in the Old Testament, and its fruit in two or three more. Solomon * sings,⁶ "As the apple tree among the

trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons." And again, "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples." The noblest part of man's features is named from this fruit, "the apple of the eye."

The apple tree is also mentioned by Homer * and Herodotus.* Ulysses * saw in the glorious garden of Alcinoüs * "pears and pomegranates and apple trees bearing beautiful fruit." And, according to Homer, apples were among the fruits which Tantalus * could not pluck, the wind ever blowing their boughs away from him. Theophrastus knew and described the apple tree as a botanist.

According to the prose Edda,¹ "Iduna * keeps in a box the apples which the gods, when they feel old age approaching, have only to taste of to become young again. It is in this manner that they will be kept in renovated youth until Ragnarök (or the destruction of the gods)."

I learn from Loudon² that "the ancient Welsh bards were rewarded for excelling in song by the token of the apple spray"; and "in the Highlands * of Scotland the apple tree is the badge of the clan Lamont."³

The apple tree belongs chiefly to the northern temperate zone. Loudon says that "it grows spontaneously in every part of Europe except the frigid zone, and throughout Western Asia, China, and Japan." We have also two or three varieties of the apple indigenous in North America. The cultivated apple tree was first introduced into this country by the earliest settlers, and is thought to do as well or better here than anywhere else. Probably some of the varieties which are now cultivated were first introduced into Britain by the Romans.

¹ A German historian of the early nineteenth century.

² See "Adam."*

³ See "Apple * of Discord."

⁴ See "Hesperides,* Apples of."

⁵ See "Hercules."*

⁶ The words in quotation marks are taken from "The Song of Solomon" in the Bible.

¹ A long prose work which treats of Scandinavian mythology.

² A Scottish botanist.

³ See "Clans,* Scottish."

It migrates with man, like the dog and horse and cow, — first, perchance, from Greece to Italy, thence to England, thence to America, — and our Western emigrant is still marching steadily toward the setting sun with the seeds of the apple in his pocket, or perhaps a few young trees strapped to his load. At least a million apple trees are thus set farther westward this year than any cultivated ones grew last year.

The leaves and tender twigs are an agreeable food to many domestic animals, as the cow, horse, sheep, and goat; and the fruit is sought after by the first, as well as by the hog. Thus there appears to have existed a natural alliance between these animals and this tree from the first. "The fruit of the crab in the forests of France" is said to be "a great resource for the wild boar."

Not only the Indian but many indigenous insects, birds, and quadrupeds welcomed the apple tree to these shores. The tent caterpillar saddled her eggs on the very first twig that was formed, and it has since shared her affections with the wild cherry; and the cankerworm also in a measure abandoned the elm to feed on it. As it grew apace, the blue-bird, robin, cherry bird, kingbird, and many more came with haste and built their nests and warbled in its boughs, and so became orchard birds and multiplied more than ever. It was an era in the history of their race. The downy woodpecker found such a savory morsel under its bark that he perforated it in a ring quite round the tree before he left it, — a thing which he had never done before, to my knowledge. It did not take the partridge long to find out how sweet its buds were, and every winter eve she flew, and still flies, from the wood, to pluck them, much to the farmer's sorrow. The rabbit too was not slow to learn the taste of its twigs and bark; and when the fruit was ripe, the squirrel half rolled, half carried it to his hole;

and even the musquash¹ crept up the bank from the brook at evening, and greedily devoured it, until he had worn a path in the grass there; and when it was frozen and thawed, the crow and the jay were glad to taste it occasionally. The owl crept into the first apple tree that became hollow, and fairly hooted with delight, finding it just the place for him; so, settling down into it, he has remained there ever since.

My theme being the wild apple, I will merely glance at some of the seasons in the annual growth of the cultivated apple, and pass on to my special province.

The flowers of the apple are perhaps the most beautiful of all roses, so copious and so delicious to both sight and scent. The walker is frequently tempted to turn and linger near some more than usually handsome one, whose blossoms are two thirds expanded. How superior it is in these respects to the pear, whose blossoms are neither colored nor fragrant!

By the middle of July, green apples are so large as to remind us of coddling,² and of the autumn. The sward is commonly strewn with little ones which fall still-born, as it were, — nature thus thinning them for us.

Early apples begin to be ripe about the first of August; but I think that none of them are so good to eat as some to smell. One is worth more to scent your handkerchief with than any perfume which they sell in the shops. The fragrance of some fruits is not to be forgotten, along with that of flowers. Some gnarly apple which I pick up in the road reminds me by its fragrance of all the wealth of Pomona,* — carrying me forward to those days when they will be collected in golden and ruddy heaps in the orchards and about the cider mills.

A week or two later, as you are going by orchards or gardens, especially in the evenings, you pass through a little region possessed by the fragrance of ripe apples,

¹ Muskrat.

² Stewing.

and thus enjoy them without price and without robbing anybody.

There is thus about all natural products a certain volatile¹ and ethereal² quality which represents their highest value, and which cannot be vulgarized or bought and sold. No mortal has ever enjoyed the perfect flavor of any fruit, and only the godlike among men begin to taste its ambrosial qualities. For nectar³ and ambrosia³ are only those fine flavors of every earthly fruit which our coarse palates fail to perceive,—just as we occupy the heaven of the gods without knowing it. When I see a particularly mean man carrying a load of fair and fragrant early apples to market, I seem to see a contest going on between him and his horse, on the one side, and the apples on the other, and, to my mind, the apples always gain it. Pliny * says that apples are the heaviest of all things, and that the oxen begin to sweat at the mere sight of a load of them. Our driver begins to lose his load the moment he tries to transport them to where they do not belong, that is, to any but the most beautiful. Though he gets out from time to time and feels of them, and thinks they are all there, I see the stream of their evanescent and celestial qualities going to heaven from his cart, while the pulp and skin and core only are going to market. They are not apples, but pomace. Are not these still Iduna's * apples, the taste of which keeps the gods forever young? and think you that they will let Loki * or Thiaasi * carry them off to Jotunnheim,* while they grow wrinkled and gray? No, for Ragnarök, (or the destruction of the gods) is not yet.

There is another thinning of the fruit commonly near the end of August or in September, when the ground is strewn with windfalls; and this happens especially when high winds occur after

rain. In some orchards you may see fully three quarters of the whole crop on the ground, lying in a circular form beneath the trees, yet hard and green,—or, if it is a hillside, rolled far down the hill. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. All the country over, people are busy picking up the windfalls, and this will make them cheap for early apple pies.

In October, the leaves falling, the apples are more distinct on the trees. I saw one year in a neighboring town some trees fuller of fruit than I remember to have ever seen before,—small yellow apples hanging over the road. The branches were gracefully drooping with their weight, like a barberry bush, so that the whole tree acquired a new character. Even the topmost branches, instead of standing erect, spread and drooped in all directions, and there were so many poles supporting the lower ones that they looked like pictures of banyan trees.¹ As an old English manuscript says, "The mo appelen the tree bereth the more sche boweth to the folk."

Surely the apple is the noblest of fruits. Let the most beautiful or the swiftest have it. That should be the "going" price of apples.

Between the fifth and twentieth of October I see the barrels lie under the trees. And perhaps I talk with one who is selecting some choice barrels to fulfill an order. He turns a specked one over many times before he leaves it out. If I were to tell what is passing in my mind, I should say that every one was specked which he had handled; for he rubs off all the bloom, and those fugacious² ethereal qualities leave it. Cool evenings prompt the farmers to make haste, and at length I see only the ladders here and there left leaning against the trees.

There grows in this country a native

¹ Apt to change, to pass away.

² Extremely delicate.

³ The drink and food of the gods.

¹ An East Indian tree whose branches droop until they reach earth, where they take root and form a new tree.

² Fleeting.

and aboriginal crab apple "whose nature has not yet been modified by cultivation." It is found from Western New York to Minnesota and southward. Michaux¹ says that its ordinary height "is fifteen or eighteen feet, but it is sometimes found twenty-five or thirty feet high," and that the large ones "exactly resemble the common apple tree. . . . The flowers are white mingled with rose-color, and are collected in corymbs.²" They are remarkable for their delicious odor. The fruit, according to him, is about an inch and a half in diameter, and is intensely acid. Yet they make fine sweetmeats. He concludes that "if, on being cultivated, it does not yield new and palatable varieties, it will at least be celebrated for the beauty of its flowers and for the sweetness of its perfume."

I never saw the crab apple till May, 1861. I had heard of it through Michaux, but more modern botanists, so far as I know, have not treated it as of any peculiar importance. Thus it was a half-fabulous tree to me. I contemplated a pilgrimage to the "Glades," a portion of Pennsylvania, where it was said to grow to perfection. I thought of sending to a nursery for it, but doubted if they had it, or would distinguish it from European varieties. At last I had occasion to go to Minnesota, and on entering Michigan I began to notice from the cars a tree with handsome rose-colored flowers. At first I thought it some variety of thorn; but it was not long before the truth flashed on me, that this was my long-sought crab apple. It was the prevailing flowering shrub or tree to be seen from the cars at that season of the year, — about the middle of May. But the cars never stopped before one, and so I was launched on the bosom of the Mississippi without having touched one, experiencing the

fate of Tantalus. On arriving at St. Anthony's Falls¹ I was too far north for the crab apple. Nevertheless I succeeded in finding it about eight miles west of the Falls, touched it and smelled it, and secured a lingering corymb of flowers for my herbarium.² This must have been near its northern limit.

How the Wild Apple Grows

But though these are indigenous, like the Indians, I doubt whether they are any hardier than those backwoodsmen among the apple trees which, though descended from cultivated stocks, plant themselves in distant fields and forests, where the soil is favorable to them. I know of no trees which have more difficulties to contend with, and which more sturdily resist their foes. These are the ones whose story we have to tell. It oftentimes reads thus:

Near the beginning of May we notice little thickets of apple trees just springing up in the pastures where cattle have been, — as the rocky ones of our Easterbrooks Country, or the top of Nobscot Hill in Sudbury.* One or two of these perhaps survive the drought and other accidents, their very birthplace defending them against the encroaching grass and some other dangers at first. This time, perhaps, the ox does not notice it amid the grass; but the next year, when it has grown more stout, he recognizes it for a fellow emigrant from the old country, the flavor of whose leaves and twigs he well knows; and though at first he pauses to welcome it and express his surprise, and gets for answer, "The same cause that brought you here brought me," he nevertheless browses it again, reflecting, it may be, that he has some title to it.

Thus cut down annually, it does not

¹ A French botanist and traveler.

² Clusters.

¹ The falls of the Mississippi, at Minneapolis.

² A collection of flowers and plants for scientific purposes.

despair; but, putting forth two short twigs for every one cut off, it spreads out low along the ground in the hollows or between the rocks, growing more stout and scrubby, until it forms, not a tree as yet, but a little pyramidal, stiff, twiggy mass, almost as solid and impenetrable as a rock. Some of the densest and most impenetrable clumps of bushes that I have ever seen, as well on account of the closeness and stubbornness of their branches as of their thorns, have been these wild apple scrubs. They are more like the scrubby fir and black spruce on which you stand, and sometimes walk, on the tops of mountains, where cold is the demon they contend with, rather than anything else. No wonder they are prompted to grow thorns at last, to defend themselves against such foes. In their thorniness, however, there is no malice, only some malic acid.¹

The rocky pastures of the tract I have referred to (for they maintain their ground best in a rocky field) are thickly sprinkled with these little tufts, reminding you often of some rigid gray mosses or lichens, and you see thousands of little trees just springing up between them, with the seed still attached to them.

Being regularly clipped all around each year by the cows, as a hedge with shears, they are often of a perfect conical or pyramidal form, from one to four feet high, and more or less sharp, as if trimmed by the gardener's art. In the pastures on Nobscot Hill and its spurs they make fine dark shadows when the sun is low. They are also an excellent covert from hawks for many small birds that roost and build in them. Whole flocks perch in them at night, and I have seen three robin's nests in one which was six feet in diameter.

No doubt many of these are already old trees, if you reckon from the day they were planted, but infants still when you consider their development and the long

life before them. I counted the annual rings of some which were just one foot high, and as wide as high, and found that they were about twelve years old, but quite sound and thrifty! They were so low that they were unnoticed by the walker, while many of their contemporaries from the nurseries were already bearing considerable crops. But what you gain in time is perhaps, in this case too, lost in power, that is, in the vigor of the tree. This is their pyramidal state.

The cows continue to browse them thus for twenty years or more, keeping them down and compelling them to spread until at last they are so broad that they become their own defense, when some interior shoot, which their foes cannot reach, darts upward with joy; for it has not forgotten its high calling, and bears its own peculiar fruit in triumph.

Such are the tactics by which it finally defeats its bovine foes. Now, if you have watched the progress of a particular shrub, you will see that it is no longer a simple pyramid or cone, but out of its apex there rises a sprig or two, growing more lustily perchance than an orchard tree, since the plant now devotes the whole of its repressed energy to these upright parts. In a short time these become a small tree, an inverted pyramid resting on the apex of the other, so that the whole has now the form of a vast hourglass. The spreading bottom, having served its purpose, finally disappears, and the generous tree permits the now harmless cows to come in and stand in its shade, and rub against and redden its trunk, which has grown in spite of them, and even to taste a part of its fruit and so disperse the seed.

Thus the cows create their own shade and food; and the tree, its hourglass being inverted, lives a second life, as it were.

It is an important question with some nowadays, whether you should trim young apple trees as high as your nose

¹ The acid that gives the apple its sharp taste. Note the pun on "malice."

or as high as your eyes. The ox trims them up as high as he can reach, and that is about the right height, I think.

In spite of wandering kine¹ and other adverse circumstances, that despised shrub, valued only by small birds as a covert and shelter from hawks, has its blossom week at last, and in course of time its harvest, sincere though small.

By the end of some October, when its leaves have fallen, I frequently see such a central sprig, whose progress I have watched, when I thought it had forgotten its destiny, as I had, bearing its first crop of small green or yellow or rosy fruit, which the cows cannot get at over the bushy and thorny hedge which surrounds it, and I make haste to taste the new and undescribed variety. . . .

Through what hardships it may attain to bear a sweet fruit! Though somewhat small, it may prove equal, if not superior, in flavor to that which has grown in a garden,—will perchance be all the sweeter and more palatable for the very difficulties it has had to contend with. Who knows but this chance wild fruit, planted by a cow or bird on some remote and rocky hillside, where it is as yet unobserved by man, may be the choicest of all its kind, and foreign potentates shall hear of it, and royal societies seek to propagate it, though the virtues of the perhaps truly crabbed owner of the soil may never be heard of—at least beyond the limits of his village? It was thus the Porter² and the Baldwin² grew.

Every wild-apple shrub excites our expectation thus, somewhat as every wild child. It is perhaps a prince in disguise. What a lesson to man! So are human beings, referred to the highest standard, the celestial fruit which they suggest and aspire to bear, browsed on by fate; and only the most persistent and strongest genius defends itself and prevails, sends a tender scion upward at last, and drops its perfect fruit on the ungrateful earth.

¹ Cows.

² A variety of apple.

Poets and philosophers and statesmen thus spring up in the country pastures, and outlast the hosts of unoriginal men.

Such is always the pursuit of knowledge. The celestial fruits, the golden apples of the Hesperides,* are ever guarded by a hundred-headed dragon which never sleeps, so that it is an herculean¹ labor to pluck them.

This is one and the most remarkable way in which the wild apple is propagated; but commonly it springs up at wide intervals in woods and swamps, and by the sides of roads, as the soil may suit it, and grows with comparative rapidity. Those which grow in dense woods are very tall and slender. I frequently pluck from these trees a perfectly mild and tamed fruit. As Palladius² says, "And the ground is strewn with the fruit of an unbidden apple tree."

It is an old notion that if these wild trees do not bear a valuable fruit of their own, they are the best stock by which to transmit to posterity the most highly prized qualities of others. However, I am not in search of stocks, but the wild fruit itself, whose fierce gust has suffered no "inteneration." It is not my

highest plot

To plant the Bergamot.

The Fruit and its Flavor

The time for wild apples is the last of October and the first of November. They then get to be palatable, for they ripen late, and are still perhaps as beautiful as ever. I make a great account of these fruits, which the farmers do not think it worth the while to gather,—wild flavors of the Muse,* vivacious and inspiring. The farmer thinks that he has better in his barrels; but he is mistaken, unless he has a walker's appetite and imagination, neither of which can he have.

¹ See "Hercules."*

² A Roman author who wrote a treatise on agriculture, A.D. 380.

Such as grow quite wild, and are left out till the first of November, I presume that the owner does not mean to gather. They belong to children as wild as themselves (to certain active boys that I know); to the wild-eyed woman of the fields, to whom nothing comes amiss, who gleans after all the world; and, moreover, to us walkers. We have met with them, and they are ours. These rights, long enough insisted upon, have come to be an institution in some old countries, where they have learned how to live. I hear that "the custom of 'gripping,' which may be called apple gleaning, is, or was formerly, practiced in Herefordshire. It consists in leaving a few apples, which are called the gripples, on every tree, after the general gathering, for the boys, who go with climbing-poles and bags to collect them."

As for those I speak of, I pluck them as a wild fruit, native to this quarter of the earth,—fruit of old trees that have been dying ever since I was a boy and are not yet dead, frequented only by the woodpecker and the squirrel, deserted now by the owner, who has not faith enough to look under their boughs. From the appearance of the tree top, at a little distance, you would expect nothing but lichens to drop from it; but your faith is rewarded by finding the ground strewn with spirited fruit,—some of it, perhaps, collected at squirrel holes, with the marks of their teeth by which they carried them,—some containing a cricket or two silently feeding within, and some, especially in damp days, a shell-less snail. The very sticks and stones lodged in the tree top might have convinced you of the savoriness of the fruit which has been so eagerly sought after in past years.

I have seen no account of these among the "Fruits and Fruit-Trees of America," though they are more memorable to my taste than the grafted kinds; more racy and wild American flavors do they pos-

sess, when October and November, when December and January, and perhaps February and March even, have assuaged them somewhat. An old farmer in my neighborhood, who always selects the right word, says that "they have a kind of bow-arrow tang."

Apples for grafting appear to have been selected commonly not so much for their spirited flavor as for their mildness, their size, and bearing qualities,—not so much for their beauty as for their soundness and fairness. Indeed, I have no faith in the selected lists of pomological gentlemen. Their "Favorites" and "None-suches" and "Seek-no-farthens," when I have fruited them, commonly turn out very tame and forgetable. They are eaten with comparatively little zest and have no real tang nor smack to them.

What if some of these wildings are acrid and puckery, genuine verjuice, do they not still belong to the Pomaceæ,¹ which are uniformly innocent and kind to our race? I still begrudge them to the cider mill. Perhaps they are not fairly ripe yet.

No wonder that these small and high-colored apples are thought to make the best cider. Loudon quotes from the "Herefordshire Report," that "apples of a small size are always, if equal in quality, to be preferred to those of a larger size, in order that the rind and kernel may bear the greatest proportion to the pulp, which affords the weakest and most watery juice." And he says that "to prove this Dr. Symonds, of Hereford, about the year 1800, made one hogshead of cider entirely from the rinds and cores of apples, and another from the pulp only, when the first was found of extraordinary strength and flavor, while the latter was sweet and insipid."

Evelyn² says that the "Red-strake"

¹ The fruit family, especially the apple family.

² An English author of the seventeenth century, noted for a long diary which he kept.

was the favorite cider apple in his day; and he quotes one Dr. Newburg as saying, "In Jersey 'tis a general observation, as I hear, that the more of red any apple has in its rind, the more proper it is for this use. Pale-faced apples they exclude as much as may be from their cider vat." This opinion still prevails.

All apples are good in November. Those which the farmer leaves out as unsalable, and unpalatable to those who frequent the markets, are choicest fruit to the walker. But it is remarkable that the wild apple, which I praise as so spirited and racy when eaten in the fields or woods, being brought into the house, has frequently a harsh and crabbed taste. The Saunterer's Apple¹ not even the saunterer can eat in the house. The palate rejects it there, as it does haws and acorns, and demands a tamed one; for there you miss the November air, which is the sauce it is to be eaten with. Accordingly, when Tityrus,² seeing the lengthening shadows, invites Melibœus³ to go home and pass the night with him, he promises him mild apples and soft chestnuts. I frequently pluck wild apples of so rich and spicy a flavor that I wonder all orchardists do not get a scion from that tree, and I fail not to bring home my pockets full. But perchance, when I take one out of my desk and taste it in my chamber, I find it unexpectedly crude,—sour enough to set a squirrel's teeth on edge and make a jay scream.

These apples have hung in the wind and frost and rain till they have absorbed the qualities of the weather or season, and thus are highly seasoned, and they pierce and sting and permeate us with their spirit. They must be eaten in season, accordingly,—that is, out of doors.

To appreciate the wild and sharp flavors of these October fruits it is neces-

sary that you be breathing the sharp October or November air. The outdoor air and exercise which the walker gets give a different tone to his palate, and he craves a fruit which the sedentary would call harsh and crabbed. They must be eaten in the fields, when your system is all aglow with exercise, when the frosty weather nips your fingers, the wind rattles the bare boughs or rustles the few remaining leaves, and the jay is heard screaming around. What is sour in the house a bracing walk makes sweet. Some of these apples might be labeled, "To be eaten in the wind."

Of course no flavors are thrown away; they are intended for the taste that is up to them. Some apples have two distinct flavors, and perchance one half of them must be eaten in the house, the other outdoors. One Peter Whitney wrote from Northborough in 1782, for the "Proceedings of the Boston Academy," describing an apple tree in that town "producing fruit of opposite qualities, part of the same apple being frequently sour and the other sweet"; also some all sour, and others all sweet, and this diversity on all parts of the tree.

There is a wild apple on Nawshawtuck Hill in my town which has to me a peculiarly pleasant bitter tang, not perceived till it is three quarters tasted. It remains on the tongue. As you eat it, it smells exactly like a squash-bug. It is a sort of triumph to eat and relish it.

I hear that the fruit of a kind of plum tree in Provence is "called Prunes sibarelles, because it is impossible to whistle after having eaten them, from their sourness." But perhaps they were only eaten in the house and in summer, and if tried out of doors in a stinging atmosphere, who knows but you could whistle an octave higher and clearer?

In the fields only are the sours and bitters of nature appreciated; just as the wood-chopper eats his meal in a sunny glade, in the middle of a winter

¹ A name which Thoreau, in another book, applied to the wild apple.

² A shepherd in a pastoral poem by Virgil.

day, with content, basks in a sunny ray there, and dreams of summer in a degree of cold which, experienced in a chamber, would make a student miserable. They who are at work abroad are not cold, but rather it is they who sit shivering in houses. As with temperatures, so with flavors; as with cold and heat, so with sour and sweet. This natural raciness, the sours and bitters which the diseased palate refuses, are the true condiments.

Let your condiments be in the condition of your senses. To appreciate the flavor of these wild apples requires vigorous and healthy senses.

From my experience with wild apples, I can understand that there may be reason for a savage's preferring many kinds of food which the civilized man rejects. The former has the palate of an outdoor man. It takes a savage or wild taste to appreciate a wild fruit.

What a healthy out-of-door appetite it takes to relish the apple of life, the apple of the world, then!

Nor is it every apple I desire,
Nor that which pleases every palate best;
'Tis not the lasting Deuxan I require,
Nor yet the red-cheeked Greening I request.
Nor that which first beshrewed the name of wife,¹
Nor that whose beauty caused the golden strife²:
No, no! bring me an apple from the tree of life.

Abridged

Study Hints

1. If you like to draw, illustrate the lines:

a. "The leaves and tender twigs are an agreeable food to many domestic animals."

b. "Until at last they are so broad that they become their own defense."

2. How many of the names from classical and Scandinavian mythology can you identify? Learn those that you do not know.

¹ See "Adam."*

² See "Apple* of Discord."

3. Pick out the words and phrases that illustrate Thoreau's sly humor.

4. Can you find any passages in which Thoreau is preaching? any in which he is a very learned man? any in which he is a naturalist?

The Bluebird

ALEXANDER WILSON (1766-1813)

["The Bluebird" is one of the earliest American pieces of writing about birds. Although often classified as "scientific writing," it is a poet's rather than a scientist's description of the little feathered visitor. Wilson tells us very little about the appearance of the bird. He tells us only of his habits.]

THE pleasing manners and sociable disposition of this little bird entitle him to particular notice. As one of the first messengers of spring, bringing the charming tidings to our very doors, he bears his own recommendation always along with him, and meets with a hearty welcome from everybody.

Though generally accounted a bird of passage, yet, so early as the middle of February, if the weather be open, he usually makes his appearance about his old haunts, — the barn, orchard, and fence posts. Storms and deep snows sometimes succeeding, he disappears for a time; but about the middle of March is again seen, accompanied by his mate, visiting the box in the garden or the hole in the old apple tree, the cradle of some generations of his ancestors. "When he first begins his amours,"¹ says a curious and correct observer, "it is pleasing to behold his courtship, his solicitude² to please and to secure the favor of his beloved female. He uses the tenderest expressions, sits close by her, caresses and sings to her his most endearing warblings. When seated together, if he espies an insect delicious

¹ Love-making.

² Eagerness.

to her taste, he takes it up, flies with it to her, spreads his wings over her, and puts it in her mouth." If a rival makes his appearance (for they are ardent in their loves), he quits her in a moment, attacks and pursues the intruder as he shifts from place to place, in tones that bespeak the jealousy of his affection, conducts him, with many reproofs, beyond the extremities of his territory, and returns to warble out his transports of triumph beside his beloved mate. The preliminaries being thus settled, and the spot fixed on, they begin to clean out the old nest and the rubbish of the former year, and to prepare for the reception of their future offspring. Soon after this another sociable little pilgrim¹ (*Motacilla domestica*, house wren) also arrives from the south, and, finding such a snug berth preoccupied, shows his spite by watching a convenient opportunity and, in the absence of the owner, popping in and pulling out sticks, but takes special care to make off as fast as possible.

The female lays five and sometimes six eggs, of a pale-blue color, and raises two and sometimes three broods² in a season, the male taking the youngest under his particular care while the female is again sitting. Their principal food is insects, particularly large beetles and other hard-shelled sorts that lurk among old, dead, and decaying trees. Spiders are also a favorite repast with them. In the fall they occasionally regale themselves on the berries of the sour gum, and, as winter approaches, on those of the red cedar and on the fruit of a rough, hairy vine that runs up and cleaves fast to the trunks of trees. Ripe persimmons are another of their favorite dishes, and many other fruits and seeds which I have found in their stomachs at that season, which, being no botanist, I am unable to particularize. They are frequently pestered with a species of tapeworm, some of which I have taken

from their intestines of an extraordinary size, and, in some cases, in great numbers. Most other birds are also plagued with these vermin, but the bluebird seems more subject to them than any I know, except the woodcock. An account of the different species of vermin, many of which, I doubt not, are nondescripts,¹ that infest the plumage and intestines of our birds, would of itself form an interesting publication; but, as this belongs more properly to the entomologist,² I shall only, in the course of this work, take notice of some of the most remarkable.

The usual spring and summer song of the bluebird is a soft, agreeable, and oft-repeated warble, uttered with open, quivering wings, and is extremely pleasing. In his motions and general character he has great resemblance to the robin redbreast of Britain, and, had he the brown olive of that bird instead of his own blue, could scarcely be distinguished from him. Like him he is known to almost every child, and shows as much confidence in man, by associating with him in summer, as the other by his familiarity in winter. He is also of a mild and peaceful disposition, seldom fighting or quarreling with other birds. His society is courted by the inhabitants of the country, and few farmers neglect to provide for him, in some suitable place, a snug little summerhouse, ready fitted and rent free. For this he more than sufficiently repays them by the cheerfulness of his song, and the multitudes of injurious insects which he daily destroys. Toward fall, that is, in the month of October, his song changes to a single plaintive note as he passes over the yellow, many-colored woods, and its melancholy air recalls to our minds the approaching decay of the face of nature. Even after the trees are stripped of their leaves, he still lingers over his native

¹ Of no particular class.

² A student of insects.

¹ Traveler.

² Families.

fields, as if loath to leave them. About the middle or end of November few or none of them are seen, but with every return of mild and open weather we hear his plaintive note amidst the fields or in the air, seeming to deplore the devastations of winter. Indeed, he appears scarcely ever totally to forsake us, but to follow fair weather through all its journeyings till the return of spring.

Abridged

Study Hints

1. Is the critic right when he says that Wilson tells us little about the bluebird's appearance?

2. In two hundred words give a bluebird's summer schedule. (Use hints given in the text.)

3. If you like to draw, paint a picture of a female bluebird sitting on her nest, with the male perching close by.

Descriptive Sketches



The sketch is a popular form with English writers. It is a piece of writing that aims to give a picture rather than to describe a series of actions in the form of a continuous story. It may be long or short, but its purpose is always to select such features as will bring a person, a place, or a situation vividly before the reader. Other things may appear incidentally in the sketch, but they act only to help out the picture which the author wishes to convey to his readers.

The Sheep-shearing

HELEN HUNT JACKSON (1831-1885)

["The Sheep-shearing" is a word picture of a busy day on a large California sheep ranch a generation or two ago. Like many other sketches, it is interesting as something besides a picture. The characters are more than mere figures in a landscape. They are real human beings. We enjoy this sketch largely because of the sympathetic manner in which the author has drawn the devoted mother, the dearly beloved Felipe, the stern but kind-hearted foreman, and the venerable Father Salvierderra.]

IT WAS sheep-shearing time in southern California, but sheep-shearing was late at the Señora Moreno's. The Fates had seemed to combine to put it off. In the first place, Felipe Moreno had been ill. He was the Señora's eldest son, and since his father's death had been at the head of his mother's house. Without him nothing could be done on the ranch, the Señora thought. It had been always, "Ask Señor Felipe," "Go to Señor Felipe," "Señor Felipe will attend to it," ever since Felipe had had the dawning of a beard on his handsome face.

About this very sheep-shearing there had been, between her and the head shepherd, Juan Canito, called Juan Can

for short, and to distinguish him from Juan Jose, the upper herdsman of the cattle, some discussions which would have been hot and angry ones in any other hands than the Señora's.

Juan Canito wanted the shearing to begin, even though Señor Felipe was ill in bed, and though that lazy shepherd Luigo had not yet got back with the flock that had been driven up the coast for pasture. "There were plenty of sheep on the place to begin with," he said one morning,— "at least a thousand"; and by the time they were done, Luigo would surely be back with the rest; and as for Señor Felipe's being in bed, had not he, Juan Canito, stood at the packing bag and handled the wool when Señor Felipe was a boy? Why could he not do it again? The Señora did not realize how time was going; there would be no shearers to be hired presently, since the Señora was determined to have none but Indians. Of course, if she would employ Mexicans, as all the other ranches in the valley did, it would be different; but she was resolved upon having Indians—"God knows why," he interpolated surlily, under his breath.

"I do not quite understand you, Juan," interrupted Señora Moreno at the pre-

cise instant the last syllable of this disrespectful ejaculation had escaped Juan's lips; "speak a little louder. I fear I am growing deaf in my old age. I have fancied for a year I did not hear quite as well as I once did. But about the Indians, Juan; did not Señor Felipe tell you that he had positively engaged the same band of shearers we had last autumn, Alessandro's band from Temecula? They will wait until we are ready for them. Señor Felipe will send a messenger for them. He thinks them the best shearers in the country. He will be well enough in a week or two, he thinks, and the poor sheep must bear their loads a few days longer. Are they looking well, do you think, Juan? Will the crop be a good one? General Moreno used to say that you could reckon up the wool crop to a pound while it was on the sheep's backs."

"Yes, Señora," answered the mollified Juan; "the poor beasts look wonderfully well considering the scant feed they have had all winter. We'll not come many pounds short of our last year's crop, if any. Though, to be sure, there is no telling in what case that — Luigo will bring his flock back."

The Señora smiled, in spite of herself, at the pause and gulp with which Juan had filled in the hiatus where he had longed to set a contemptuous epithet before Luigo's name.

Encouraged by the Señora's smile, Juan proceeded: "Señor Felipe can see no fault in Luigo, because they were boys together; but I can tell him, he will rue it, one of these mornings, when he finds a flock of sheep worse than dead on his hands, and no thanks to anybody but Luigo. While I can have him under my eye, here in the valley, it is all very well; but he is no more fit to take responsibility of a flock, than one of the very lambs themselves. He'll drive them off their feet one day and starve them the next; and I've known him to forget to give

them water. When he's in his dreams the Virgin only knows what he won't do."

During this brief and almost unprecendented outburst of Juan's the Señora's countenance had been slowly growing stern. Juan had not seen it. His eyes had been turned away from her, looking down into the upturned eager face of his favorite collie, who was leaping and gamboling and barking at his feet.

"Down, Capitan, down!" he said in a fond tone, gently repulsing him; "thou makest such a noise the Señora can hear nothing but thy voice."

"I heard only too distinctly, Juan Canito," said the Señora, in a sweet but icy tone. "It is not well for one servant to backbite another. It gives me great grief to hear such words; and I hope when Father Salvierderra comes, next month, you will not forget to confess this sin of which you have been guilty in thus seeking to injure a fellow being. If Señor Felipe listens to you, the poor boy Luigo will be cast out homeless on the world some day; and what sort of a deed would that be, Juan Canito, for one Christian to do to another? I fear the Father will give you penance, when he hears what you have said."

"Señora, it is not to harm the lad," Juan began, every fiber of his faithful frame thrilling with a sense of the injustice of her reproach.

But the Señora had turned her back. Evidently she would hear no more from him then. He stood watching her as she walked away, at her usual slow pace, her head slightly bent forward, her rosary lifted in her left hand, and the fingers of the right hand mechanically slipping the beads.

"Prayers, always prayers!" thought Juan to himself, as his eyes followed her. "If they'll take one to heaven, the Señora'll go by the straight road, that's sure! I'm sorry I vexed her. But what's a man to do if he's the interest of the place at heart, I'd like to know. Is

he to stand by and see a lot of idle, mooning¹ louts run away with everything? Ah, but it was an ill day for the estate when the General died, — an ill day! an ill day! And they may scold me as much as they please; it's very well for them they've got me to look after matters. Señor Felipe will do well enough when he's a man, maybe; but a boy like him! Bah!" And the old man stamped his foot with a not wholly unreasonable irritation at the false position in which he felt himself put.

"Confess to Father Salvierderra, indeed!" he muttered aloud. "Aye, that will I. He's a man of sense.

"Ha!" he said, "Father Salvierderra comes next month, does he? Let's see. Today is the twenty-fifth. That's it. The sheep-shearing is not to come off till the Father gets here. Then each morning it will be Mass in the chapel, and each night vespers; and the crowd will be here at least two days longer to feed, for the time they will lose by that and by the confessions. That's what Señor Felipe is up to. He's a pious lad. I recollect now, it was the same way two years ago. Well, well, it is a good thing for those poor Indian devils to get a bit of religion now and then; and it's like old times to see the chapel full of them kneeling, and more than can get in at the door; I doubt not it warms the Señora's heart to see them all there, as if they belonged to the house, as they used to; and now I know when it's to be, I have only to make my arrangements accordingly. It is always in the first week of the month the Father gets here. Yes; she said, 'Señor Felipe will be well enough in a week or two, he thinks.' Ha! ha! it will be nearer two; ten days or thereabouts. I'll begin the booths² next week. A plague on that Luigo for not being back here. He's the best hand

I have to cut the willow boughs for the roofs. He knows the difference between one year's growth and another's; I'll say that much for him, spite of the silly, dreaming head he's got on his shoulders."

It was longer even than the Señora had thought it would be before Father Salvierderra arrived. The old man had grown feeble during the year that she had not seen him, and it was a very short day's journey that he could make now without too great fatigue. It was not only his body that had failed. He had lost heart; and the miles which would have been nothing to him, had he walked in the companionship of hopeful and happy thoughts, stretched out wearily as he brooded over sad memories and still sadder anticipations, — the downfall of the Missions, the loss of their vast estates, and the growing power of the ungodly in the land. The final decision of the United States government in regard to the Mission* lands had been a terrible blow to him. He had devoutly believed that ultimate restoration of these great estates to the Church was inevitable. In the long vigils which he always kept when at home at the Franciscan Monastery in Santa Barbara, kneeling on the stone pavement in the church and praying ceaselessly from midnight till dawn, he had often had visions vouchsafed him of a new dispensation, in which the Mission establishments should be reinstated in all their old splendor and prosperity, and their Indian converts again numbered by tens of thousands.

It was with thoughts such as these that Father Salvierderra drew near the home of the Señora Moreno late in the afternoon of one of those midsummer days of which southern California has so many in spring. The almonds had bloomed and the blossoms fallen; the apricots also, and the peaches and pears; on all the orchards of these fruits had come a filmy tint of green, so light it was hardly more

¹ Loafing.

² Sheds with roofs of branches and with open sides, where the shearers ate their meals.

than a shadow on the gray. The willows were vivid light green, and the orange groves dark and glossy like laurel. The billowy hills on either side the valley were covered with verdure and bloom,—myriads of low blossoming plants, so close to the earth that their tints lapped and overlapped on each other and on the green of the grass, as feathers in fine plumage overlap each other and blend into a changeful color.

The room in which Father Salvierderra always slept when at the Señora Moreno's house was the southeast corner room. It had a window to the south and one to the east. When the first glow of dawn came in the sky, this eastern window was lit up as by a fire. Father Salvierderra flung up his south window and, leaning out, his cowl thrown off, his thin gray locks streaming back, began in a feeble but not unmelodious voice to sing.

O beautiful Queen,
Princess of Heaven.

Before he had finished the second line a half-dozen voices had joined in,—the Señora, from her room at the west end of the veranda, beyond the flowers; Felipe, from the adjoining room; Ramona, from hers, the next; and Margarita and other of the maids already astir in the wings of the house.

As the volume of melody swelled, the canaries waked, and the finches and the linnets in the veranda roof. The tiles of this roof were laid on bundles of tule reeds, in which the linnets delighted to build their nests. The roof was alive with them,—scores and scores, nay hundreds, tame as chickens; their tiny shrill twitter was like the tuning of myriads of violins.

Singers at dawn
From the heavens above
People all regions;
Gladly we too sing,

continued the hymn, the birds corroborating the stanza. Then men's voices

joined in,— Juan and Luigo, and a dozen more, walking slowly up from the sheepfolds. The hymn was a favorite one, known to all.

Come, O sinners,
Come and we will sing
Tender hymns
To our refuge

was the chorus, repeated after each of the five verses of the hymn.

The Indians and the shepherds, and laborers of all sorts, were coming towards the chapel. The Señora, with her best black silk handkerchief bound tight around her forehead, the ends hanging down each side of her face, making her look like an Assyrian priestess, was descending the veranda steps, Felipe at her side; and Father Salvierderra had already entered the chapel before Ramona appeared, or Alessandro stirred from his vantage post of observation at the willows.

When Ramona came out from the door she bore in her hands a high silver urn filled with ferns. She had been for many days gathering and hoarding these. They were hard to find, growing only in one place in a rocky cañon, several miles away.

As she stepped from the veranda to the ground Alessandro walked slowly up the garden walk, facing her. She met his eyes and, without knowing why, thought, "That must be the Indian who sang." As she turned to the right and entered the chapel Alessandro followed her hurriedly and knelt on the stones close to the chapel door. He would be near when she came out. As he looked in at the door he saw her glide up the aisle, place the ferns on the reading desk, and then kneel down by Felipe in front of the altar.

The chapel had emptied, the Indians and Mexicans all hurrying out to set about the day's work. Alessandro lingered at the doorway as long as he dared, till he was sharply called by Juan

Canito, looking back: "What are you gaping at there, you Alessandro! Hurry now, and get your men to work. After waiting till near midsummer for this shearing, we'll make as quick work of it as we can. Have you got your best shearers here?"

"Ay, that I have," answered Alessandro; "not a man of them but can shear his hundred in a day. There is not such a band as ours in all San Diego County; and we don't turn out the sheep all bleeding, either; you'll see scarce a scratch on their sides."

"Humph!" retorted Juan Can. "'Tis a poor shearer, indeed, that draws blood to speak of. I've sheared many a thousand sheep in my day, and never a red stain on the shears. But the Mexicans have always been famed for good shearers."

Juan's invidious emphasis on the word "Mexicans" did not escape Alessandro. "And we Indians also," he answered good-naturedly, betraying no annoyance; "but as for these Americans, I saw one at work the other day, that man Lomax, who has settled near Temecula, and upon my faith, Juan Can, I thought it was a slaughter-pen and not a shearing. The poor beasts limped off with the blood running."

Juan did not see his way clear at the moment to any fitting rejoinder to this easy assumption, on Alessandro's part, of the equal superiority of Indians and Mexicans in the sheep-shearing art; so, much vexed, with another "Humph!" he walked away; walked away so fast that he lost the sight of a smile on Alessandro's face, which would have vexed him still farther.

At the sheep-shearing sheds and pens all was stir and bustle. The shearing shed was a huge caricature of a summer-house,—a long, narrow structure, sixty feet long by twenty or thirty wide, all roof and pillars; no walls; the supports, slender rough posts, as far apart as was

safe, for upholding the roof, which was of rough planks loosely laid from beam to beam. On three sides of this were the sheep pens filled with sheep and lambs.

A few rods away stood the booths in which the shearers' food was to be cooked and the shearers fed. These were mere temporary affairs, roofed only by willow boughs with the leaves left on. Near these the Indians had already arranged their camp; a hut or two of green boughs had been built, but for the most part they would sleep rolled up in their blankets, on the ground. There was a brisk wind, and the gay-colored wings of the windmill blew furiously round and round, pumping out into the tank below a stream of water so swift and strong that as the men crowded around, wetting and sharpening their knives, they got well spattered, and had much merriment, pushing and elbowing each other into the spray.

A high four-posted frame stood close to the shed; in this, swung from the four corners, hung one of the great sacking bags in which the fleeces were to be packed. A big pile of these bags lay on the ground at foot of the posts. Juan Can eyed them with a chuckle. "We'll fill more than those before night, Señor Felipe," he said. He was in his element, Juan Can, at shearing times. Then came his reward for the somewhat monotonous and stupid year's work. The world held no better feast for his eyes than the sight of a long row of big bales of fleece, tied, stamped with the Moreno brand, ready to be drawn away to the mills. "Now, there is something substantial," he thought; "no chance of wool going amiss in market!"

If a year's crop were good, Juan's happiness was assured for the next six months. If it proved poor, he turned devout immediately, and spent the next six months calling on the saints for better luck, and redoubling his exertions with the sheep.

On one of the posts of the shed short projecting slats were nailed, like half rounds of a ladder. Lightly as a rope-walker Felipe ran up these, to the roof, and took his stand there, ready to take the fleeces and pack them in the bag as fast as they should be tossed up from below. Luigo, with a big leathern wallet fastened in front of him, filled with five-cent pieces, took his stand in the center of the shed. The thirty shearers, running into the nearest pen, dragged each his sheep into the shed, in a twinkling of an eye had the creature between his knees, helpless, immovable, and the sharp sound of the shears set in. The sheep-shearing had begun. No rest now. Not a second's silence from the bleating, baaing, opening and shutting, clicking, sharpening of shears, flying of fleeces through the air to the roof, pressing, and stamping them down in the bales; not a second's intermission, except the hour of rest at noon, from sunrise till sunset, till the whole eight thousand of the Señora Moreno's sheep were shorn. It was a dramatic spectacle. As soon as a sheep was shorn, the shearer ran with the fleece in his hand to Luigo, threw it down on a table, received his five-cent piece, dropped it in his pocket, ran to the pen, dragged out another sheep, and in less than five minutes was back again with a second fleece. The shorn sheep, released, bounded off into another pen, where, light in the head no doubt from being three to five pounds lighter on their legs, they trotted round bewilderedly for a moment, then flung up their heads and capered for joy.

It was warm work. The dust from the fleeces and the trampling feet filled the air. As the sun rose higher in the sky the sweat poured off the men's faces; and Felipe, standing without shelter on the roof, found out very soon that he had by no means yet got back his full strength since the fever. Long before noon, except for sheer pride, and for the recollection

of Juan Canito's speech, he would have come down and yielded his place to the old man. But he was resolved not to give up, and he worked on, though his face was purple and his head throbbing. After the bag of fleeces is half full, the packer stands in it, jumping with his full weight on the wool, as he throws in the fleeces, to compress them as much as possible. When Felipe began to do this, he found that he had indeed overrated his strength. As the first cloud of the sickening dust came up, enveloping his head, choking his breath, he turned suddenly dizzy, and calling faintly, "Juan, I am ill," sank helpless down in the wool. He had fainted. At Juan Canito's scream of dismay a great hubbub and outcry arose; all saw instantly what had happened. Felipe's head was hanging limp over the edge of the bag, Juan in vain endeavoring to get sufficient foothold by his side to lift him. One after another the men rushed up the ladder, until they were all standing, a helpless, excited crowd, on the roof, one proposing one thing, one another. Only Luigo had had the presence of mind to run to the house for help. The Señora was away from home. She had gone with Father Salvierderra to a friend's house, a half-day's journey off. But Ramona was there. Snatching all she could think of in way of restoratives, she came flying back with Luigo, followed by every servant of the establishment, all talking, groaning, gesticulating, suggesting, wringing their hands,—as disheartening a Babel* as ever made bad matters worse.

Reaching the shed, Ramona looked up to the roof bewildered. "Where is he?" she cried. The next instant she saw his head, held in Juan Canito's arms, just above the edge of the wool bag. She groaned, "Oh, how will he ever be lifted out!"

"I will lift him, Señora," cried Alesandro, coming to the front. "I am very strong. Do not be afraid; I will bring him

safe down." And swinging himself down the ladder, he ran swiftly to the camp, and returned, bringing in his hands blankets. Springing quickly to the roof again, he knotted the blankets firmly together, and tying them at the middle around his waist, threw the ends to his men, telling them to hold him firm. He spoke in the Indian tongue as he was hurriedly doing this, and Ramona did not at first understand his plan. But when she saw the Indians move a little back from the edge of the roof, holding the blankets firmly grasped, while Alessandro stepped out on one of the narrow cross beams from which the bag swung, she saw what he meant to do. She held her breath. Felipe was a slender man; Alessandro was much heavier and many inches taller. Still, could any man carry such a burden safely on that narrow beam! Ramona looked away, and shut her eyes, through the silence which followed. It was only a few moments; but it seemed an eternity before a glad murmur of voices told her that it was done, and looking up, she saw Felipe lying on the roof, unconscious, his face white, his eyes shut. At this sight all the servants broke out afresh, weeping and wailing, "He is dead! He is dead!"

Ramona stood motionless, her eyes fixed on Felipe's face. She too believed him dead, but her thought was of the Señora.

"He is not dead," cried Juan Canito, who had thrust his hand under Felipe's shirt. "He is not dead. It is only a faint."

At this the first tears rolled down Ramona's face. She looked piteously at the ladder up and down which she had seen Alessandro run as if it were an easy indoors staircase. "If I could only get up there!" she said, looking from one to another. "I think I can"; and she put one foot on the lower round.

"Holy Virgin!" cried Juan Can, seeing her movement. "Señorita! Seño-

rita! do not attempt it. It is not too easy for a man. You will break your neck. He is fast coming to his senses."

Alessandro caught the words. In spite of all the confusion and terror of the scene, his heart heard the word "Señorita." Ramona was not the wife of Felipe, or of any man. Yet Alessandro recollected that he had addressed her as Señora, and she did not seem surprised. Coming to the front of the group he said, bending forward, "Señorita!" There must have been something in the tone which made Ramona start. The simple word could not have done it. "Señorita," said Alessandro, "it will be nothing to bring Señor Felipe down the ladder. He is, in my arms, no more than one of the lambs yonder. I will bring him down as soon as he is recovered. He is better here till then. He will very soon be himself again. It was only the heat." Seeing that the expression of anxious distress did not grow less on Ramona's face, he continued, in a tone still more earnest, "Will not the Señorita trust me to bring him safe down?"

Ramona smiled faintly through her tears. "Yes," she said, "I will trust you. You are Alessandro, are you not?"

"Yes, Señorita," he answered, greatly surprised, "I am Alessandro."

The men sat down in a group and waited contentedly, smoking, chatting, and laughing. Alessandro walked up and down between the kitchen and the shed. He could hear the sounds of rattling dishes, jingling spoons, frying, pouring water. Savory smells began to be wafted out. Juan Can, in his bed, also heard and smelled what was going on. "May the fiends get me," he growled, "if that wasteful old hussy isn't getting up a feast for those beasts of Indians! There's mutton and onions, and peppers stewing, and potatoes, I'll be bound, and God knows what else, for beggars that are only too thankful to get a handful of roasted wheat or a bowl of acorn porridge at

home. Well, they'll have to say they were well feasted at the Moreno's,—that's one comfort."

It was Ramona who, when Alessandro reached the doorway, stood there holding in her arms a huge smoking platter of the stew which had so roused poor Juan Can's longings; and it was Ramona who said, as she gave it into Alessandro's hands: "Take care, Alessandro; it is very full. The gravy will run over if you are not careful. You are not used to waiting on table"; and as she said it she smiled full into Alessandro's eyes,—a little flitting, gentle, friendly smile which went near to making him drop the platter, mutton, gravy, and all, then and there, at her feet.

The men ate fast and greedily, and it was not, after all, much more than an hour, when, full fed and happy, they were mounting their horses to set off. *The sheep-shearing for that year was over.*

Adapted from "Ramona"

Study Hints

1. Read "A Busy, Happy Summer" (p. 257). Though written as a letter, it is really a sketch.

2. Read "The Great Nickel Adventure" (below). Though written as an essay, it is really a sketch of one aspect of New York City life.

3. Write a character sketch of the Señora; of Juan; of Father Salvierderra.

4. In two hundred words give an account of a day on the ranch.

5. In one hundred words tell how a shearer earned a nickel.

6. If you have time, read all of "Ramona," by Helen Hunt Jackson.

7. Pick out the words and phrases that are not used in your community.

8. If you like to draw, make pencil or charcoal sketches of the persons named in Study Hint 3.

The Great Nickel Adventure¹

JOYCE KILMER (1886–1918)

["The Great Nickel Adventure" is a sketch of a single aspect of New York City life. The charm lies in the fact that the writer takes an ordinary, apparently unpoetic, subject and makes it romantic and interesting—a real "adventure," as he calls it.]

WHENEVER I read Mr. Chester Firkins's excellent poem "On a Subway Express" I am filled with amazement. It is not strange that Mr. Firkins turned the subway into poetry; it is strange that the subway does not turn every one of its passengers into a poet.

There are, it is true, more comfortable means of locomotion than the subway; there are conveyances less crowded, better ventilated, cooler in summer, warmer in winter. A little discomfort, however, is an appropriate accompaniment of adventure. And subway riding is a splendid adventure—a radiant bit of romance² set in the gray fabric of the work-a-day world.

The aeroplane has been celebrated so enthusiastically in the course of its brief life that it must now be a most offensively conceited machine. Yet an aeroplane ride, however picturesque and dangerous, has about it far less of essential romance than a ride in the subway. He who sails through the sky directs, so nearly as is possible, his course; he handles levers, steers, goes up or down, to the left or right. Or if he is a passenger, he has, at any rate, full knowledge of what is going on around him; he sees his course before him; he can call out to the man at the helm: "Look out for that comet's hair! Turn to the left, or the point of that star will puncture our sail."

¹From "The Circus and Other Essays" by Joyce Kilmer, copyright 1921 by George H. Doran Company.

²The real or the unreal made beautiful by imagination.

Now, unseen dangers are more thrilling than those seen; the *aéroplane* journey has about it inevitably something prosaic. This is the great charm of the subway, that the passengers—the guards too, for that matter—give themselves up to adventure with a blind and beautiful recklessness. They leave the accustomed sunlight and plunge into subterranean caverns, into a region far more mysterious than the candid air, into a region which since mankind was young has been associated with death. Before an awed and admiring crowd the circus acrobat is shut into a hollow ball catapulted across the ring; with not even a sense of his own bravado the subway passenger is shut into a box and shot twenty miles through the earth.

Once there lived, on West One Hundred and Eighty-second Street, a man of uncompromising practicality—a stern rationalist.¹ "Faith is stupidity," he would say. "Look before you leap! It makes me sick to see the way people have been humbugged in all ages. The capitalist class has told them something was true, something nobody could understand, and they've blindly accepted it, the idiots! I believe in what I see; I don't take chances. I don't trust anybody but myself."

Yet every day this man would give himself up to the subway with a sweet and childlike faith. As he sat in the speeding car he could not see his way; he had no chances of directing it. He trusted that the train would keep to its route, that it would stop at Fourteenth Street and let him off. He could not keep it from taking him under the river and hurling him out in some strange Brooklyn desert.² When he started for home in the evening, he read the words "Dykeman Street" on the car window

with a medieval simplicity, and on the guaranty of these printed words, placed there by minions¹ of the capitalist class, he gave up the privilege of directing his course. The train, he believed, would not at Ninety-sixth Street be switched off to a Bronx² track; the sign told him that he was safe, and he believed it.

So the subway caused him to exercise the virtue of faith—made him for a time really a human being. Perhaps it is the sharing of this faith that makes a subway crowd so democratic. Surely there is some subtly powerful influence at work, changing men and women as soon as they take their seats or straps.

For one thing, they become alike in appearance. The glare of the electric light unifies them, modifying swarthy faces, and faces delicately rouged, until they are nearly of one hue. Then, the differences of attitude are lost, and attitudes are great instruments of subordination. The ragged bootblack does not kneel at the broker's feet, he sits close beside him or perhaps, comfortably at rest, watches the broker clutch a strap and struggle to keep his footing.

"Tired clerks, pale girls, street-cleaners, business men, boys, priests, and sailors, drunkards, students, thieves"—all gain a new sincerity. Neither the millionaire's imperiousness nor the beggar's professional humility can make the train go faster; so both are laid aside. Distinctions of race and caste grow insignificant, as in a company confronting one peril or one God. This is not theory; it is fact. The subway passenger purchases a nickel's worth of speed, and he must take with it a nickel's worth of democracy.

Perhaps it is the youthful romanticism of America which makes our subways so much more exciting than those of Europe. The Englishman is too cau-

¹ One who believes only what he can see or reason out.

² New Yorkers like to crack jokes about Brooklyn. Calling it a desert is a favorite jest.

¹ Here, servants.

² A district of New York.

tious and too conservative to trust himself away from the earth's surface more than two minutes at a time. So the trains that run through the London tube are tame, cowardly things. They timidly run underground for half a mile or so and pop their heads out into the air and sunlight or fog at every station.

But the New York subway train is ready to take a chance. It dives into the earth and "stays under," like a brave diver, for an hour at a time. And when it does emerge, at the One Hundred and Sixteenth Street Station, the blue and white of the walls reflect a light not wholly artificial. Then there is a brief stretch of fantastically broken darkness. Passengers in the first car can see ahead of them, at Manhattan Street, a great door of sunshine. At last there is a strange change in the rumble of the wheels, for the echoing roof and walls are gone, and the train leaves its tunnel, not to run humbly over the ground, but rise higher and higher until it comes to a halt above the chimneys and the tree tops. To say that the grub becomes a butterfly does not fit the case, for the grub is a slow-moving beast and the butterfly's course is capricious. Rather it is as if, by some tremendous magic, a great snake became a soaring eagle.

And how keenly all the passengers enjoy their few seconds in the open air! When they hurried down the steps to the train they were scornful of the atmosphere they were leaving; they had no thought of tasting wind and watching sunlight. Now they are become, for the moment, connoisseurs¹ of these delectable things; they wish the train would linger at Manhattan Street, not inevitably plunge at once into its roaring cavern. But the train is wise; it knows brevity is essential to all exquisite things, so it gives its passengers only an evanescent² glimpse of the

glories they have just now learned to appreciate.

This is a part of the great conspiracy of the subway. It is regarded only as a swift, and convenient, and uncomfortable carrier, and it has no wish to be otherwise interpreted. But those who have studied it know the hidden purpose it constantly and effectively serves. It is showing our generation the value of mankind's commonest and most precious gifts, by taking them away.

Now, it is good for man or beast to stand on solid ground in the sunlight, breathing clean air. Also, fellowship is good, and the talk of friends. We forgot the value of these, we shut ourselves up in dark rooms, and we spared no time to social exercise. Then — to punish and cure our folly — came the subway, making our journeys things close and dark, in which conversation is a matter of desperate effort. And now how kind and talkative are people who go home together from the subway station after their daily disciplinary ride! They are grateful, too — although it may be unconsciously — for the familiar sights and sounds of earth, for houses and streets and light that does not come from a wire in a bottle.¹ They take gladly the common things; they are simple, natural, democratic.

So they spend much of their leisure out of doors, these men and women who are underground two hours every week day. In the evenings and on Sunday afternoons they walk the pleasant street with eager delight. They are curious about the loveliness far beneath which they daily speed. They have learned something of the art of life.

Of course, the subway has its incidental charms — its gay fresco² of advertisements, for instance, and its faint, mysterious thunder when it runs near the surface of the street on which we stand. But its

¹ An electric bulb.

² A painting on a wall or ceiling.

¹ Expert judges of good things. ² Fleeting.

chief service to man — perhaps its reason for existence — is that it gives him adventure. In this adventure he meets the spirit of faith and the spirit of democracy, which is an aspect of charity. And by their influence he becomes, surely though but for a time, as a little child.

Study Hints

1. Read "A Busy, Happy Summer" (p. 257), "The Sheep-shearing" (p. 333), and "The Riverman" (p. 287). They are stories in the same vein.
2. Read "The Song of the Camp" (p. 401). Could it be called a "sketch in verse"?
3. Imitating Kilmer, write a theme on the romance of the *aéroplane*; the autobus.

Christmas

WASHINGTON IRVING* (1783-1859)

[Irving's Christmas sketches are interesting because of their influence on our method of celebrating Christmas and because of their charm as literature.

Before they became bywords of all cultured American households, especially of those of English descent, Christmas was scarcely celebrated in America. With their appearance our present joyous festival began.

Over in England the writings did not, of course, start the festival, but the sketches impressed Dickens and led him to produce his famous Christmas tales — still among his most popular works.

These sketches are marked by the same distinct literary quality that characterizes the entire "Sketch Book," of which they form a part: (1) Sentences of varying length are so combined that they are easy to read and yet the important ideas are all forcefully expressed. (2) The right words express the right ideas. (3) Though perhaps a trifle sentimental here and there, the thoughts expressed are wholesome and express some of the deepest feelings of the human heart. (4) The author skillfully and charmingly weaves the words of others into his own sentences.

But read them! They still have the power to delight that they had one hundred years ago.]

But is old, old, good old Christmas gone? Nothing but the hair of his good, gray old head and beard left? Well, I will have that, seeing I cannot have more of him.

Hue and Cry after Christmas

A man might then behold
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small.
The neighbors were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gates were not chidden
When this old cap was new.

Old Song

NOTHING in England exercises a more delightful spell over my imagination than the lingerings of the holiday customs and rural games of former times. They recall the pictures my fancy used to draw in the May morning of life, when as yet I only knew the world through books, and believed it to be all that poets had painted it; and they bring with them the flavor of those honest days of yore, in which, perhaps with equal fallacy, I am apt to think the world was more home-bred, social, and joyous than at present. I regret to say that they are daily growing more and more faint, being gradually worn away by time, but still more obliterated by modern fashion. They resemble those picturesque morsels of Gothic* architecture which we see crumbling in various parts of the country, partly dilapidated by the waste of ages and partly lost in the additions and alterations of later days. Poetry, however, clings with cherishing fondness about the rural game and holiday revel from which it has derived so many of its themes, as the ivy winds its rich foliage about the Gothic arch and moldering tower, gratefully repaying their support by clasping together their tottering remains, and, as it were, embalming them in verdure.

Of all the old festivals, however, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and ele-

vated enjoyment. The services of the Church about this season are extremely tender and inspiring. They dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement. They gradually increase in fervor and pathos during the season of Advent, until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and good will to men. I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony.

It is a beautiful arrangement, also, derived from days of yore, that this festival which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love has been made the season for gathering together of family connections, and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose,—of calling back the children of a family who have launched forth in life and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among the endearing mementos of childhood.

There is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we "live abroad and everywhere." The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn, earth with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep, delicious blue and its cloudy magnificence, all fill us with mute but exquisite delight, and we revel in the

luxury of mere sensation. But in the depth of winter, when nature lies despoiled of every charm and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of the landscape, the short, gloomy days and dark-some nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasure of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated, our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for enjoyment. Heart calleth unto heart, and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of loving-kindness which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms, and which, when resorted to, furnish forth the pure element of domestic felicity.

The pitchy gloom without makes the heart dilate on entering the room filled with the glow and warmth of the evening fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer and sunshine through the room, and lights up each countenance in a kindlier welcome. Where does the honest face of hospitality expand into a broader and more cordial smile—where is the shy glance of love more sweetly eloquent—than by the winter fireside? and as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall, claps the distant door, whistles about the casement, and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than that feeling of sober and sheltered security with which we look round upon the comfortable chamber and the scene of domestic hilarity?

The English, from the great prevalence of rural habit throughout every class of society, have always been fond of those festivals and holidays which agreeably interrupt the stillness of country life; and they were in former days particularly observant of the religious

and social rites of Christmas. It is inspiring to read even the dry details which some antiquaries have given of the quaint humors, the burlesque pageants, the complete abandonment to mirth and good-fellowship with which this festival was celebrated. It seems to throw open every door and unlock every heart. It brought the peasant and the peer together, and blended all ranks in one warm, generous flow of joy and kindness. The old halls of castles and manor houses resounded with the harp and the Christmas carol, and their ample boards groaned under the weight of hospitality. Even the poorest cottage welcomed the festive season with green decorations of bay and holly — the cheerful fire glanced its ray through the lattice, inviting the passengers to raise the latch and join the gossip knot huddled round the hearth, beguiling the long evening with legendary jokes and oft-told Christmas tales.

One of the least pleasing effects of modern refinement is the havoc it has made among the hearty old holiday customs. It has completely taken off the sharp touchings and spirited reliefs of these embellishments of life, and has worn down society into a more smooth and polished but certainly a less characteristic surface. Many of the games and ceremonials of Christmas have entirely disappeared, and like the sherris sack of old Falstaff* are become matters of speculation and dispute among commentators. They flourished in times full of spirit and lustihood, when men enjoyed life roughly, but heartily and vigorously, — times wild and picturesque, which have furnished poetry with its richest materials, and the drama with its most attractive variety of characters and manners. The world has become more worldly. There is more of dissipation and less of enjoyment. Pleasure has expanded into a broader but a shallower stream, and has forsaken many of those deep and quiet channels where it flowed

sweetly through the calm bosom of domestic life. Society has acquired a more enlightened and elegant tone; but it has lost many of its strong local peculiarities, its home-bred feelings, its honest fireside delights. The traditionary customs of golden-hearted antiquity, its feudal hospitalities and lordly wassailings,¹ have passed away with the baronial castles and stately manor houses in which they were celebrated. They comported with² the shadowy hall, the great oaken gallery, and the tapestried parlor, but are unfitted to the light, showy saloons³ and gay drawing-rooms of the modern villa.

Shorn, however, as it is, of its ancient and festive honors, Christmas is still a period of delightful excitement in England. It is gratifying to see that home feeling completely aroused which holds so powerful a place in every English bosom. The preparations making on every side for the social board that is again to unite friends and kindred; the presents of good cheer passing and re-passing, — those tokens of regard and quickeners of kind feelings; the ever-greens distributed about houses and churches, emblems of peace and gladness: all these have the most pleasing effect in producing fond associations and kindling benevolent sympathies. Even the sound of the waits,⁴ rude as may be their minstrelsy,⁵ breaks upon the mid-watches of a winter night with the effect of perfect harmony. As I have been awakened by them in that still and solemn hour, "when deep sleep falleth upon man," I have listened with a hushed delight, and, connecting them with the sacred and joyous occasion, have almost fancied them into another celestial choir announcing peace and good will to mankind.

¹ Drinking parties.

² Were in harmony with.

³ Parlors.

⁴ A name applied to a band of singers who go from house to house singing songs.

⁵ Singing.

How delightfully the imagination, when wrought upon by these moral influences, turns everything to melody and beauty! The very crowing of the cock, heard sometimes in the profound repose of the country, "telling the night watches to his feathery dames," was thought by the common people to announce the approach of this sacred festival.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir
abroad;
The nights are wholesome — then no planets
strike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

Amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of the spirits, and stir of the affections, which prevail at this period, what bosom can remain insensible? It is indeed the season of regenerated feeling — the season for kindling not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall but the genial flame of charity in the heart.

The scene of early love again rises green to memory beyond the sterile waste of years; and the idea of home, fraught with the fragrance of homedwelling joys, reanimates the drooping spirit, as the Arabian breeze will sometimes waft the freshness of the distant fields to the weary pilgrim of the desert.

Stranger and sojourner as I am in the land, — though for me no social hearth may blaze, no hospitable roof throw open its doors, nor the warm grasp of friendship welcome me at the threshold, — yet I feel the influence of the season beaming into my soul from the happy looks of those around me. Surely happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven, and every countenance bright with smiles and glowing with innocent enjoyment is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever shining benevolence. He who can turn churl-

ishly away from contemplating the felicity of his fellow beings, and can sit down darkling and repining in his loneliness when all around is joyful, may have his moments of strong excitement and selfish gratification, but he wants the genial and social sympathies which constitute the charm of a merry Christmas.¹

The Stagecoach

WASHINGTON IRVING* (1783-1859)

["The Stagecoach" is the most animated of all Irving's sketches. Each paragraph — in fact, each sentence — brings new life. It is typical of Irving in its diction, — just the right word to express the proper feeling. It is a piece of writing that might still be imitated, and that still charms the modern reader.]

*Omne bene
Sine pœna
Tempus est ludendi
Venit hora
Absque mora
Libros deponendi.*²

Old Holiday School Song

IN THE preceding paper I have made some general observations on the Christmas festivities of England, and am tempted to illustrate them by some anecdotes of a Christmas passed in the country, in perusing which I would most courteously invite my reader to lay aside the austerity of wisdom and to put on that genuine holiday spirit which is tolerant of folly and anxious only for amusement.

In the course of a December tour in Yorkshire I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded both inside and out with pas-

¹ The Study Hints for all the Christmas stories are grouped together on page 372.

² Now for jollity

No fear of penalty;

The time has come for play!

The hour arrives

When, quick as thought,

Our books aside we lay.

sengers who, by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded, also, with hampers of game and baskets and boxes of delicacies; and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box, presents from distant friends for the impending feast. I had three fine, rosy-cheeked boys for my fellow passengers inside, full of the buxom¹ health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of the little rogues and the impracticable feats they were to perform during their six weeks' emancipation from the abhorred thralldom of book, birch, and pedagogue. They were full of anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog; and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed; but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony and, according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus.² How he could trot! how he could run! and then such leaps as he would take — there was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

They were under the particular guardianship of the coachman, to whom, whenever an opportunity presented, they addressed a host of questions, and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the world. Indeed, I could not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little on one side and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the buttonhole of his coat. He

is always a personage full of mighty care and business, but he is particularly so during this season, having so many commissions to execute in consequence of the great interchange of presents. And here, perhaps, it may not be unacceptable to my untraveled readers to have a sketch that may serve as a general representation of this very numerous and important class of functionaries, who have a dress, a manner, a language, an air, peculiar to themselves, and prevalent throughout the fraternity; so that wherever an English stagecoachman may be seen, he cannot be mistaken for one of any other craft¹ or mystery.

He has commonly a broad, full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin; he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat; a huge roll of colored handkerchief about his neck, knowingly knotted and tucked in at the bosom; and has in summer time a large bouquet of flowers in his buttonhole — the present, most probably, of some enamored country lass. His waistcoat is commonly of some bright color, striped, and his small-clothes² extend far below the knees to meet a pair of jockey boots which reach about halfway up his legs.

All this costume is maintained with much precision; he has a pride in having his clothes of excellent materials; and notwithstanding the seeming grossness of his appearance, there is still discernible that neatness and propriety of person which is almost inherent in an Englishman. He enjoys great consequence and consideration along the road; has frequent conferences with the village housewives, who look upon him as a man

¹ Vigorous.

² The favorite horse of Alexander the Great.

¹ Handicraft, trade.

² Breeches.

of great trust and dependence; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country lass. The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed, he throws down the reins with something of an air and abandons the cattle to the care of the hostler, his duty being merely to drive from one stage to another. When off the box his hands are thrust into the pockets of his greatcoat, and he rolls about the inn yard with an air of the most absolute lordliness. Here he is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of hostlers, stableboys, shoeblacks, and those nameless hangers-on that infest inns and taverns and run errands and do all kind of odd jobs for the privilege of battenning¹ on the drippings of the kitchen and the leakage of the taproom. These all look up to him as to an oracle, treasure up his cant phrases, echo his opinions about horses and other topics of jockey lore, and, above all, endeavor to imitate his air and carriage. Every ragamuffin that has a coat to his back thrusts his hands in the pockets, rolls in his gait, talks slang, and is an embryo "coachey."

Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity that reigned in my own mind that I fancied I saw cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey. A stagecoach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn sounded at the entrance of a village produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends; some with bundles and handboxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the moment can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them. In the meantime the coachman has a world of small commissions to execute. Sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant; sometimes jerks a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public house; and sometimes, with knowing leer and words of sly import, hands to

some half-blushing, half-laughing housemaid an odd-shaped billet-doux from some rustic admirer. As the coach rattles through the village everyone runs to the window, and you have glances on every side of fresh country faces and blooming, giggling girls. At the corners are assembled *juntos*¹ of village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing company pass; but the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's, to whom the passing of the coach is an event fruitful of much speculation. The smith, with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by; the cyclops² round the anvil suspend their ringing hammers and suffer the iron to grow cool; and the sooty specter in brown paper cap, laboring at the bellows, leans on the handle for a moment and permits the asthmatic engine to heave a long-drawn sigh while he glares through the murky smoke and sulphureous gleams of the smithy.

Perhaps the impending holiday might have given a more than usual animation to the country, for it seemed to me as if everybody was in good looks and good spirits. Game, poultry, and other luxuries of the table were in brisk circulation in the villages; the grocers', butchers', and fruiterers' shops were thronged with customers. The housewives were stirring briskly about, putting their dwellings in order; and the glossy branches of holly with their bright-red berries began to appear at the windows. The scene brought to mind an old writer's account of Christmas preparations: "Now capons and hens, besides turkeys, geese, and ducks, with beef and mutton, must all die, for in twelve days³ a multitude of people will not be fed with a little. Now plums and

¹ Here, groups.

² Here, the blacksmith's helpers; they are compared to the ancient Cyclopes, because they are workers in iron. The ancient Cyclopes were ironworkers. They were giants, each with only one eye, and that in the middle of the forehead.

³ English Christmas festivities last twelve days.

¹ Feeding.

spice, sugar and honey, square it among pies and broth. Now or never must music be in tune, for the youth must dance and sing to get them a heat, while the aged sit by the fire. The country maid leaves half her market, and must be sent again if she forgets a pack of cards on Christmas Eve. Great is the contention of holly and ivy, whether master or dame wears the breeches. Dice¹ and cards benefit the butler; and if the cook do not lack wit, he will sweetly lick his fingers."

I was roused from this fit of luxurious meditation by a shout from my little traveling companions. They had been looking out of the coach windows for the last few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy — "There's John! and there's old Carlo! and there's Bantam!" cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

At the end of the lane there was an old, sober-looking servant in livery waiting for them; he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little old rat of a pony with a shaggy mane and long, rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the roadside, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman and hugged the pointer, who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest; all wanted to mount at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

Off they set at last; one on the pony, with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others holding John's hands, both talking at once, and overpowering him with questions about home and with school anecdotes. I looked after them with a feeling in which I do not

know whether pleasure or melancholy predominated; for I was reminded of those days when, like them, I had neither known care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity. We stopped a few moments afterwards to water the horses, and on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat countryseat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico, and I saw my little comrades, with Bantam, Carlo, and old John, trooping along the carriage road. I leaned out of the coach window in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.

In the evening we reached a village where I had determined to pass the night. As we drove into the great gateway of the inn I saw on one side the light of a roasting kitchen fire beaming through a window. I entered, and admired for the hundredth time that picture of convenience, neatness, and broad, honest enjoyment — the kitchen of an English inn. It was of spacious dimensions, hung round with copper and tin vessels highly polished, and decorated here and there with a Christmas green. Hams, tongues, and flitches¹ of bacon were suspended from the ceiling; a smokejack² made its ceaseless clanking beside the fireplace, and a clock ticked in one corner. A well-scoured deal table extended along one side of the kitchen, with a cold round of beef and other hearty viands upon it, over which two foaming tankards of ale seemed mounting guard. Travelers of inferior order were preparing to attack this stout repast, while others sat smoking and gossiping over their ale on two high-backed oaken settles beside the fire. Trim housemaids were hurrying backward and forward under the directions of a fresh, bustling landlady, but still seizing an occasional moment to exchange

¹ Sides.

² A contrivance operated by the draft in a chimney and used for turning a spit.

¹ At Christmas, gamesters gave a portion of their winnings to the butler.

a flippant word and have a rallying laugh with the group round the fire. The scene completely realized Poor Robin's¹ humble idea of the comforts of midwinter:

Now trees their leafy hats do bare
To reverence Winter's silver hair;
A handsome hostess, merry host,
A pot of ale now and a toast,
Tobacco and a good coal fire,
Are things this season doth require.

I had not been long at the inn when a post-chaise² drove up to the door. A young gentleman stepped out, and by the light of the lamps I caught a glimpse of a countenance which I thought I knew. I moved forward to get a nearer view, when his eye caught mine. I was not mistaken; it was Frank Bracebridge, a sprightly, good-humored young fellow with whom I had once traveled on the continent. Our meeting was extremely cordial, for the countenance of an old fellow traveler always brings up the recollection of a thousand pleasant scenes, odd adventures, and excellent jokes. To discuss all these in a transient interview at an inn was impossible; and, finding that I was not pressed for time, and was merely making a tour of observation, he insisted that I should give him a day or two at his father's country seat, to which he was going to pass the holidays, and which lay at a few miles' distance. "It is better than eating a solitary Christmas dinner at an inn," said he, "and I can assure you of a hearty welcome in something of the old-fashioned style." His reasoning was cogent,³ and I must confess the preparation I had seen for universal festivity and social enjoyment had made me feel a little impatient of my loneliness. I closed therefore at once with his invitation; the chaise drove up to the door, and in a few moments I was on my way to the family mansion of the Bracebridges.

¹ An almanac which first appeared in 1661.

² A rapid-traveling coach. ³ Convincing.

Study Hints

1. How many separate episodes are recorded in "The Stagecoach"?
2. Describe a similar ride on an American day-before-Christmas express train.
3. Pick out sentences that might serve as titles for pictures.

Christmas Eve

WASHINGTON IRVING * (1783-1859)

["Christmas Eve" is delightful reading, no less because of its steady forward movement, its musical diction, its well-rounded sentences, and its clearly defined paragraphs than because of its vivid portrayal of English Christmas customs. A third charm lies, perhaps, in the several "complete descriptions in a paragraph," and in the evidence of the author's keen sense of color values that greet you as you read. Irving was an artist in more than words; he was an artist at heart.]

Saint Francis and Saint Benedight
Blesse¹ this house from wicked wight;
From the night-mare and the goblin,
That is hight good fellow Robin;
Keep it from all evil spirits,
Fairies, weezels, rats, and ferrets:
From curfew time
To the next prime.

CARTWRIGHT

IT WAS a brilliant moonlight night, but extremely cold; our chaise² whirled rapidly over the frozen ground; the postboy smacked his whip incessantly, and a part of the time his horses were on a gallop. "He knows where he is going," said my companion, laughing, "and is eager to arrive in time for some of the merriment and good cheer of the servants' hall. My father, you must know, is a bigoted devotee of the old school, and prides himself upon keeping up something of old English hospitality. He is a tolerable specimen of what you will rarely meet with nowadays in its purity, — the old English country gentleman;

¹ Protect.

² A carriage, especially a two-wheeled covered pleasure vehicle.

for our men of fortune spend so much of their time in town, and fashion is carried so much into the country, that the strong, rich peculiarities of ancient rural life are almost polished away. My father, however, from early years, took honest Peacham¹ for his textbook instead of Chesterfield;² he determined in his own mind that there was no condition more truly honorable and enviable than that of a country gentleman on his paternal lands, and therefore passes the whole of his time on his estate. He is a strenuous advocate for the revival of the old rural games and holiday observances, and is deeply read in the writers, ancient and modern, who have treated on the subject. Indeed, his favorite range of reading is among the authors who flourished at least two centuries since, who, he insists, wrote and thought more like true Englishmen than any of their successors. He even regrets sometimes that he had not been born a few centuries earlier, when England was itself and had its peculiar manners and customs. As he lives at some distance from the main road, in rather a lonely part of the country, without any rival gentry near him, he has that most enviable of all blessings to an Englishman, an opportunity of indulging the bent of his own humor without molestation. Being representative of the oldest family in the neighborhood, and a great part of the peasantry being his tenants, he is much looked up to, and in general is known simply by the appellation of 'The Squire,' a title which has been accorded to the head of the family since time immemorial. I think it best to give you these hints about my worthy old father, to prepare you for any eccentricities that might otherwise appear absurd."

We had passed for some time along

¹ Peacham's "Complete Gentleman."

² An English nobleman noted for his courtly manners and for his praise of city life,

the wall of a park, and at length the chaise stopped at the gate. It was in a heavy, magnificent old style, of iron bars, fancifully wrought at top into flourishes and flowers. The huge square columns that supported the gate were surmounted by the family crest.¹ Close adjoining was the porter's lodge, sheltered under dark fir trees and almost buried in shrubbery.

The postboy rang a large porter's bell, which resounded through the still, frosty air, and was answered by the distant barking of dogs with which the mansion house seemed garrisoned. An old woman immediately appeared at the gate. As the moonlight fell strongly upon her, I had a full view of a little primitive dame dressed very much in the antique taste, with a neat kerchief and stomacher, and her silver hair peeping from under a cap of snowy whiteness. She came courtesying forth with many expressions of simple joy at seeing her young master. Her husband, it seemed, was up at the house keeping Christmas Eve in the servants' hall; they could not do without him, as he was the best hand at a song and story in the household.

My friend proposed that we should alight and walk through the park to the hall, which was at no great distance, while the chaise should follow on. Our road wound through a noble avenue of trees, among the naked branches of which the moon glittered as she rolled through the deep vault of a cloudless sky. The lawn beyond was sheeted with a slight covering of snow, which here and there sparkled as the moonbeams caught a frosty crystal; and at a distance might be seen a thin, transparent vapor stealing up from the low grounds and threatening gradually to shroud the landscape.

My companion looked around him with transport: "How often," said he, "have I scampered up this avenue on returning home on school vacations!"

¹ An emblem denoting rank,

How often have I played under these trees when a boy! I feel a degree of filial reverence for them, as we look up to those who have cherished us in childhood. My father was always scrupulous in exacting our holidays and having us around him on family festivals. He used to direct and superintend our games with the strictness that some parents do the studies of their children. He was very particular that we should play the old English games according to their original form; and consulted old books for precedent and authority for every 'merrie disport'; yet I assure you there never was pedantry so delightful. It was the policy of the good old gentleman to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world, and I value this delicious home feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent could bestow."

We were interrupted by the clamor of a troop of dogs of all sorts and sizes, "mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, and curs of low degree," that, disturbed by the ring of the porter's bell and the rattling of the chaise, came bounding open-mouthed across the lawn.

"—— The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark
at me!"

cried Bracebridge, laughing. At the sound of his voice the bark was changed into a yelp of delight, and in a moment he was surrounded and almost overpowered by the caresses of the faithful animals.

We had now come in full view of the old family mansion, partly thrown in deep shadow and partly lit up by the cold moonshine. It was an irregular building of some magnitude, and seemed to be of the architecture of different periods. One wing was evidently very ancient, with heavy stone-shafted bow windows jutting out and overrun with ivy, from among the foliage of which the small diamond-shaped panes of glass

glittered with the moonbeams. The rest of the house was in the French taste of Charles the Second's time, having been repaired and altered, as my friend told me, by one of his ancestors who returned with that monarch at the Restoration.¹ The grounds² about the house were laid out in the old formal manner of artificial flowerbeds, clipped shrubberies, raised terraces, and heavy stone balustrades, ornamented with urns, a leaden statue or two, and a jet of water. The old gentleman, I was told, was extremely careful to preserve this obsolete³ finery in all its original state. He admired this fashion in gardening; it had an air of magnificence, was courtly and noble, and befitting good old family style. The boasted imitation⁴ of nature in modern gardening had sprung up with modern republican notions, but did not suit a monarchical government; it smacked of the leveling system. I could not help smiling at this introduction of politics into gardening, though I expressed some apprehension that I should find the old gentleman rather intolerant in his creed. Frank assured me, however, that it was almost the only instance in which he had ever heard his father meddle with politics, and he believed that he had got this notion from a member of Parliament who once passed a few weeks with him. The squire was glad of any argument to defend his clipped yew trees and formal terraces, which had been occasionally attacked by modern landscape gardeners.

As we approached the house we heard the sound of music, and now and then a burst of laughter from one end of the building. This, Bracebridge said, must proceed from the servants' hall, where a

¹ A name given to the return of the kings in 1660, after the rule of Cromwell.

² *The grounds, etc.* A concise description of an early-eighteenth-century English garden.

³ Old-fashioned.

⁴ The attempt to imitate the wilderness on small lawns came with the rise of democracy about 1776.

great deal of revelry was permitted and even encouraged by the squire throughout the twelve days of Christmas, provided everything was done conformably to ancient usage. Here were kept up the old games of hoodman blind, shoe the wild mare, hot cockles, steal the white loaf, bob apple, and snapdragon; the Yule clog¹ and Christmas candle were regularly burnt, and the mistletoe with its white berries hung up, to the imminent peril of all the pretty housemaids.

So intent were the servants upon their sports that we had to ring repeatedly before we could make ourselves heard. On our arrival being announced, the squire came out to receive us, accompanied by his two other sons,—one a young officer in the army, home on leave of absence; the other an Oxonian² just from the university. The squire was a fine, healthy-looking old gentleman, with silver hair curling lightly round an open, florid countenance, in which the physiognomist,³ with the advantage like myself of a previous hint or two, might discover a singular mixture of whim and benevolence.

The family meeting was warm and affectionate. As the evening was far advanced, the squire would not permit us to change our traveling dresses, but ushered us at once to the company, which was assembled in a large, old-fashioned hall. It was composed of different branches of a numerous family connection, where there were the usual proportion of old uncles and aunts, comfortable married dames, superannuated spinsters,⁴ blooming country cousins, half-fledged striplings, and bright-eyed boarding-school hoydens.⁵ They were variously

occupied: some at a round game of cards, others conversing around the fireplace; at one end of the hall was a group of the young folks, some nearly grown up, others of a more tender and budding age, fully engrossed by a merry game; and a profusion of wooden horses, penny trumpets, and tattered dolls about the floor showed traces of a troop of little fairy beings, who, having frolicked through a happy day, had been carried off to slumber through a peaceful night.

While the mutual greetings were going on between young Bracebridge and his relatives, I had time to scan the apartment. I have called it a hall, for so it had certainly been in old times, and the squire had evidently endeavored to restore it to something of its primitive state. Over the heavy projecting fireplace was suspended a picture of a warrior in armor, standing by a white horse, and on the opposite wall hung a helmet, buckler, and lance. At one end an enormous pair of antlers were inserted in the wall, the branches serving as hooks on which to suspend hats, whips, and spurs; and in the corners of the apartment were fowling-pieces, fishing-rods, and other sporting implements. The furniture was of the cumbrous workmanship of former days, though some articles of modern convenience had been added, and the oaken floor had been carpeted, so that the whole presented an odd mixture of parlor and hall.

The grate had been removed from the wide, overwhelming fireplace, to make way for a fire of wood, in the midst of which was an enormous log glowing and blazing, and sending forth a vast volume of light and heat: this I understood was the Yule clog, which the squire was particular in having brought in and illumined on a Christmas Eve according to ancient custom.

It was really delightful to see the old squire seated in his hereditary elbow chair by the hospitable fireside of his an-

¹ A great log brought into the house on Christmas Eve and lighted with a brand from last year's clog.

² A student at Oxford.

³ One who undertakes to read character by studying the face.

⁴ Elderly unmarried women,

⁵ Romping girls,

cestors, and looking around him like the sun of a system, beaming warmth and gladness to every heart. Even the very dog that lay stretched at his feet, as he lazily shifted his position and yawned, would look fondly up in his master's face, wag his tail against the floor, and stretch himself again to sleep, confident of kindness and protection. There is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease. I had not been seated many minutes by the comfortable hearth of the worthy old cavalier before I found myself as much at home as if I had been one of the family.

Supper was announced shortly after our arrival. It was served up in a spacious oaken chamber, the panels of which shone with wax, and around which were several family portraits decorated with holly and ivy. Besides the accustomed lights, two great wax tapers called Christmas candles, wreathed with greens, were placed on a highly polished beaufet¹ among the family plate. The table was abundantly spread with substantial fare, but the squire made his supper of frumenty, a dish made of wheat cakes boiled in milk, with rich spices, being a standing dish in old times for Christmas Eve.

I was happy to find my old friend, minced pie, in the retinue of the feast; and finding him to be perfectly orthodox, and that I need not be ashamed of my predilection, I greeted him with all the warmth wherewith we usually greet an old and very genteel acquaintance.

The mirth of the company was greatly promoted by the humors of an eccentric personage whom Mr. Bracebridge always addressed with the quaint appellation of Master Simon. He was a tight, brisk little man, with the air of an arrant² old bachelor. His nose was shaped like the bill of a parrot; his face slightly pitted with the smallpox, with a dry per-

petual bloom on it like a frostbitten leaf in autumn. He had an eye of great quickness and vivacity, with a drollery and lurking waggery of expression that was irresistible. He was evidently the wit of the family, dealing very much in sly jokes and innuendoes with the ladies, and making infinite merriment by harping upon old themes, which, unfortunately, my ignorance of the family chronicles did not permit me to enjoy. It seemed to be his great delight during supper to keep a young girl next him in a continual agony of stifled laughter, in spite of her awe of the reproving looks of her mother, who sat opposite. Indeed, he was the idol of the younger part of the company, who laughed at everything he said or did, and at every turn of his countenance; I could not wonder at it, for he must have been a miracle of accomplishments in their eyes. He could imitate Punch and Judy; make an old woman of his hand, with the assistance of a burnt cork and pocket handkerchief; and cut an orange into such a ludicrous caricature that the young folks were ready to die with laughing.

I was let briefly into his history by Frank Bracebridge. He was an old bachelor, of a small independent income, which by careful management was sufficient for all his wants. He revolved through the family system like a vagrant comet in its orbit, sometimes visiting one branch and sometimes another quite remote, as is often the case with gentlemen of extensive connections and small fortunes in England. He had a chirping, buoyant disposition, always enjoying the present moment; and his frequent change of scene and company prevented his acquiring those rusty, unaccommodating habits with which old bachelors are so uncharitably charged. He was a complete family chronicle, being versed in the genealogy, history, and intermarriages of the whole house of Bracebridge, which made him a great favorite

¹ Buffet,

² Confirmed,

with the old folks; he was a beau of all the elder ladies and superannuated spinsters, among whom he was habitually considered rather a young fellow; and he was master of the revels among the children: so that there was not a more popular being in the sphere in which he moved than Mr. Simon Bracebridge. Of late years he had resided almost entirely with the squire, to whom he had become a factotum,¹ and whom he particularly delighted by jumping with his humor in respect to old times and by having a scrap of an old song to suit every occasion. We had presently a specimen of his last-mentioned talent, for no sooner was supper removed and spiced wines and other beverages peculiar to the season introduced than Master Simon was called on for a good old Christmas song. He bethought himself for a moment, and then, with a sparkle of the eye and a voice that was by no means bad, excepting that it ran occasionally into a falsetto like the notes of a split reed, he quavered forth a quaint old ditty:

Now Christmas is come,
Let us beat up the drum,
And call all our neighbors together,
And when they appear,
Let us make them such cheer,
As will keep out the wind and the weather, etc.

The supper had disposed everyone to gayety, and an old harper was summoned from the servants' hall, where he had been strumming all the evening, and to all appearance comforting himself with some of the squire's home-brewed. He was a kind of hanger-on, I was told, of the establishment, and, though ostensibly a resident of the village, was oftener to be found in the squire's kitchen than his own home, the old gentleman being fond of the sound of "harp in hall."

The dance, like most dances after

supper, was a merry one; some of the older folks joined in it, and the squire himself figured down several couple with a partner with whom he affirmed he had danced at every Christmas for nearly half a century. Master Simon, who seemed to be a kind of connecting link between the old times and the new, and to be withal a little antiquated in the taste of his accomplishments, evidently piqued himself on his dancing, and was endeavoring to gain credit by the heel and toe, rigadoon,¹ and other graces of the ancient school; but he had unluckily assorted himself with a little romping girl from boarding school, who by her wild vivacity kept him continually on the stretch, and defeated all his sober attempts at elegance—such are the ill-assorted matches to which antique gentlemen are unfortunately prone!

The young Oxonian, on the contrary, had led out one of his maiden aunts, on whom the rogue played a thousand little knaveries with impunity; he was full of practical jokes, and his delight was to tease his aunts and cousins; yet, like all madcap youngsters, he was a universal favorite among the women. The most interesting couple in the dance was the young officer and a ward of the squire's, a beautiful blushing girl of seventeen. From several shy glances which I had noticed in the course of the evening, I suspected there was a little kindness growing up between them; and indeed the young soldier was just the hero to captivate a romantic girl. He was tall, slender, and handsome, and, like most young British officers of late years, had picked up various small accomplishments on the Continent,—he could talk French and Italian, draw landscapes, sing very tolerably, dance divinely; but, above all, he had been wounded at Waterloo.² What girl of

¹ A gay, brisk dance.

² A famous battle of 1815, which ended the career of Napoleon.

¹ Agent.

seventeen, well read in poetry and romance, could resist such a mirror of chivalry and perfection!

The moment the dance was over he caught up a guitar, and, lolling against the old marble fireplace in an attitude which I am half inclined to suspect was studied, began the little French air of the Troubadour.* The squire, however, exclaimed against having anything on Christmas Eve but good old English; upon which the young minstrel, casting up his eye for a moment as if in an effort of memory, struck into another strain, and with a charming air of gallantry gave Herrick's "Night-Piece to Julia":

Her eyes the glowworm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee,
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake nor slowworm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there is none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

The song might or might not have been intended in compliment to the fair Julia, for so I found his partner was called; she, however, was certainly unconscious of any such application, for she never looked at the singer, but kept her eyes cast upon the floor. Her face was suffused, it is true, with a beautiful blush, and there was a gentle heaving of the bosom, but all that was doubtless caused

by the exercise of the dance; indeed, so great was her indifference that she amused herself with plucking to pieces a choice bouquet of hothouse flowers, and by the time the song was concluded the nosegay lay in ruins on the floor.

The party now broke up for the night with the kind-hearted old custom of shaking hands. As I passed through the hall on my way to my chamber, the dying embers of the Yule clog still sent forth a dusky glow, and had it not been the season when "no spirit dares stir abroad," I should have been half tempted to steal from my room at midnight and peep whether the fairies might not be at their revels about the hearth.

My chamber was in the old part of the mansion, the ponderous furniture of which might have been fabricated in the days of the giants. The room was paneled with cornices of heavy carved work, in which flowers and grotesque faces were strangely intermingled, and a row of black-looking portraits stared mournfully at me from the walls. The bed was of rich though faded damask, with a lofty tester, and stood in a niche opposite a bow window. I had scarcely got into bed when a strain of music seemed to break forth in the air just below the window. I listened, and found it proceeded from a band which I concluded to be the waits from some neighboring village. They went round the house, playing under the windows. I drew aside the curtains to hear them more distinctly. The moonbeams fell through the upper part of the casement, partially lighting up the antiquated apartment. The sounds as they receded became more soft and ærial, and seemed to accord with the quiet and moonlight. I listened and listened; they became more and more tender and remote, and as they gradually died away my head sunk upon the pillow and I fell asleep.¹

¹ The Study Hints for all the Christmas stories are grouped together on page 372.

Christmas Day

WASHINGTON IRVING* (1783-1859)

[At the time when the bitternesses of the War of 1812 were still rankling, and Englishmen were busy expressing their contempt for America and all things American, and Americans were busy trying to be as unlike England and Englishmen as possible, Irving recorded this imaginary visit to the home of an English country gentleman. He did more than merely record; he entered into the spirit of the celebration to such a degree that his description brings the entire festival before us with the clarity of a motion picture and with all the warmth of a personal visit. It is, perhaps, not the best description possible, but as it stands it fits perfectly into the group of sketches of which it forms a part, and shows us an English Christmas as the "Western cosmopolitan saw it."]

Dark and dull night, fly hence away,
And give the honor to this day
That sees December turned to May.

Why does the chilling winter's morn
Smile like a field beset with corn?
Or smell like to a mead new-shorn,
Thus on the sudden? — Come and see
The cause why things thus fragrant be.

HERRICK

WHEN I woke the next morning, it seemed as if all the events of the preceding evening had been a dream, and nothing but the identity of the ancient chamber convinced me of their reality. While I lay musing on my pillow, I heard the sound of little feet pattering outside of the door, and a whispering consultation. Presently a choir of small voices chanted forth an old Christmas carol, the burden of which was

Rejoice, our Saviour he was born
On Christmas day in the morning.

I rose softly, slipped on my clothes, opened the door suddenly, and beheld one of the most beautiful little fairy groups that a painter could imagine. It consisted of a boy and two girls, the eldest not more than six, and lovely as seraphs. They were going the rounds of

the house, and singing at every chamber door; but my sudden appearance frightened them into mute bashfulness. They remained for a moment playing on their lips with their fingers, and now and then stealing a shy glance from under their eyebrows, until as if by one impulse they scampered away, and as they turned an angle of the gallery I heard them laughing in triumph at their escape.

Everything conspired to produce kind and happy feelings in this stronghold of old-fashioned hospitality. The window of my chamber looked out upon what in summer would have been a beautiful landscape. There was a sloping lawn, a fine stream winding at the foot of it, and a track of park beyond with noble clumps of trees and herds of deer. At a distance was a neat hamlet with the smoke from the cottage chimneys hanging over it, and a church with its dark spire in strong relief against the clear, cold sky. The house was surrounded with evergreens, according to the English custom, which would have given almost an appearance of summer, but the morning was extremely frosty; the light vapor of the preceding evening had been precipitated by the cold, and covered all the trees and every blade of grass with its fine crystallizations. The rays of a bright morning sun had a dazzling effect among the glittering foliage. A robin, perched upon the top of a mountain ash that hung its clusters of red berries just before my window, was basking himself in the sunshine and piping a few querulous¹ notes; and a peacock was displaying all the glories of his train, and strutting with the pride and gravity of a Spanish grandee on the terrace walk below.

I had scarcely dressed myself when a servant appeared to invite me to family prayers. He showed me the way to a small chapel in the old wing of the house, where I found the principal part of the family already assembled in a kind of

¹ Complaining.

gallery furnished with cushions, hassocks, and large prayer books; the servants were seated on benches below. The old gentleman read prayers from a desk in front of the gallery, and Master Simon acted as clerk and made the responses; and I must do him the justice to say that he acquitted himself with great gravity and decorum.

The service was followed by a Christmas carol which Mr. Bracebridge himself had constructed from a poem of his favorite author, Herrick; and it had been adapted to an old church melody by Master Simon. As there were several good voices among the household, the effect was extremely pleasing; but I was particularly gratified by the exaltation of heart and sudden sally of grateful feeling with which the worthy squire delivered one stanza, his eye glistening, and his voice rambling out of all the bounds of time and tune:

'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
 With guiltless mirth,
 And giv'st me Wassail bowls¹ to drink
 Spiced to the brink:
 Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
 That soils² my land:
 And giv'st me for my bushel sown,
 Twice ten for one.

I afterwards understood that early morning service was read on every Sunday and saint's day throughout the year either by Mr. Bracebridge or by some member of the family. It was once almost universally the case at the seats of the nobility and gentry of England, and it is much to be regretted that the custom is falling into neglect; for the dullest observer must be sensible of the order and serenity prevalent in those households where the occasional exercise of a beautiful form of worship in the morning gives, as it were, the keynote to every temper for the day, and attunes every spirit to harmony.

¹ Bowls filled with spiced drink.

² Fertilizes.

Our breakfast consisted of what the squire denominated true old English fare. He indulged in some bitter lamentations over modern breakfasts of tea and toast, which he censured as among the causes of modern effeminacy and weak nerves, and the decline of old English heartiness; and though he admitted them to his table to suit the palates of his guests, yet there was a brave display of cold meats, wine, and ale on the sideboard.

After breakfast I walked about the grounds with Frank Bracebridge and Master Simon, or Mr. Simon, as he was called by everybody but the squire. We were escorted by a number of gentlemanlike dogs that seemed loungers about the establishment, from the frisking spaniel to the steady old stag-hound, the last of which was of a race that had been in the family time out of mind. They were all obedient to a dog whistle which hung to Master Simon's button-hole, and in the midst of their gambols would glance an eye occasionally upon a small switch he carried in his hand.

The old mansion had a still more venerable look in the yellow sunshine than by pale moonlight; and I could not but feel the force of the squire's idea, that the formal terraces, heavily molded balustrades, and clipped yew trees carried with them an air of proud aristocracy. There appeared to be an unusual number of peacocks about the place, and I was making some remarks upon what I termed a flock of them that were basking under a sunny wall, when I was gently corrected in my phraseology by Master Simon, who told me that according to the most ancient and approved treatise on hunting, I must say a *muster* of peacocks. "In the same way," added he, with a slight air of pedantry, "we say a flight of doves or swallows, a bevy of quails, a herd of deer, of wrens, or cranes, a skulk of foxes, or a building of rooks." He went on to inform me that

according to Sir Anthony Fitzherbert¹ we ought to ascribe to this bird "both understanding and glory; for being praised he will presently set up his tail, chiefly against the sun, to the intent you may the better behold the beauty thereof. But at the fall of the leaf when his tail falleth, he will mourn and hide himself in corners till his tail come again as it was."

I could not help smiling at this display of small erudition² on so whimsical a subject; but I found that the peacocks were birds of some consequence at the hall, for Frank Bracebridge informed me that they were great favorites with his father, who was extremely careful to keep up the breed, partly because they belonged to chivalry and were in great request at the stately banquets of the olden time, and partly because they had a pomp and magnificence about them highly becoming an old family mansion. Nothing, he was accustomed to say, had an air of greater state and dignity than a peacock perched upon an antique stone balustrade.

Master Simon had now to hurry off, having an appointment at the parish church with the village choristers,³ who were to perform some music of his selection. There was something extremely agreeable in the cheerful flow of animal spirits of the little man; and I confess I had been somewhat surprised at his apt quotations from authors who certainly were not in the range of everyday reading. I mentioned this last circumstance to Frank Bracebridge, who told me with a smile that Master Simon's whole stock of erudition was confined to some half a dozen old authors which the squire had put into his hands, and which he read over and over whenever he had a studious fit, as he sometimes had on a rainy day or a long winter evening; and, like all men who know but a few books, he looked up to them with a kind of idolatry, and quoted them on all occasions.

As to his songs, they were chiefly picked out of old books in the squire's library, and adapted to tunes that were popular among the choice spirits of the last century. His practical application of scraps of literature, however, had caused him to be looked upon as a prodigy of book knowledge by all the grooms, huntsmen, and small sportsmen of the neighborhood.

While we were talking we heard the distant tolling of the village bell, and I was told that the squire was a little particular in having his household at church on a Christmas morning, considering it a day of pouring out of thanks and rejoicing; for, as old Tusser¹ observed:

At Christmas be merry, *and thankful withal*,
And feast thy poor neighbors, the great with
the small.

"If you are disposed to go to church," said Frank Bracebridge, "I can promise you a specimen of my cousin Simon's musical achievements. As the church is destitute of an organ, he has formed a band from the village amateurs and established a musical club for their improvement. He has also sorted a choir, as he sorted my father's pack of hounds, according to the directions of Gervase Markham,² in his 'Country Contentments.' For the bass he has sought out all the 'deep, solemn mouths,' and for the tenor the 'loud-ringing mouths,' among the country bumpkins; and for 'sweet mouths,' he has culled with curious taste among the prettiest lasses in the neighborhood; though these last, he affirms, are the most difficult to keep in tune; your pretty female singer being exceedingly wayward and capricious, and very liable to accident."

As the morning, though frosty, was remarkably fine and clear, the most of the family walked to the church, which was a very old building of gray stone,

¹ A sixteenth-century writer on agriculture.

² A seventeenth-century writer on many subjects.

¹ Judge and author. ² Learning. ³ Singers.

and stood near a village, about half a mile from the park gate. Adjoining it was a low, snug parsonage, which seemed coeval¹ with the church. The front of it was perfectly matted with a yew tree that had been trained against its walls, through the dense foliage of which apertures had been formed to admit light into the small antique lattices. As we passed this sheltered nest the parson issued forth and preceded us.

I had expected to see a sleek, well-conditioned pastor, such as is often found in a snug living in the vicinity of a rich patron's table, but I was disappointed. The parson was a little, meager, black-looking man, with a grizzled wig that was too wide and stood off from each ear; so that his head seemed to have shrunk away within it, like a dried filbert in its shell. He wore a rusty coat, with great skirts, and pockets that would have held the church Bible and prayer book; and his small legs seemed still smaller from being planted in large shoes, decorated with enormous buckles.

I was informed by Frank Bracebridge that the parson had been a chum of his father's at Oxford, and had received this living² shortly after the latter had come to his estate. He was a complete black-letter hunter,³ and would scarcely read a work printed in the Roman character. The editions of Caxton⁴ and Wynkyn de Worde⁴ were his delight, and he was indefatigable in his researches after such old English writers as have fallen into oblivion from their worthlessness. In deference, perhaps, to the notions of Mr. Bracebridge he had made diligent investigations into the festive rites and holiday customs of former times, and had been as zealous in the inquiry as if he had been a boon companion; but it was merely with that plodding spirit

with which men of adust¹ temperament follow up any track of study, merely because it is denominated learning,—indifferent to its intrinsic nature, whether it be the illustration of the wisdom, or of the ribaldry and obscenity, of antiquity. He had pored over these old volumes so intensely that they seemed to have been reflected in his countenance, which, if the face be indeed an index of the mind, might be compared to a title-page of black letter.

On reaching the church porch we found the parson rebuking the gray-headed sexton for having used mistletoe among the greens with which the church was decorated. It was, he observed, an unholy plant, profaned by having been used by the Druids* in their mystic ceremonies; and though it might be innocently employed in the festive ornamenting of halls and kitchens, yet it had been deemed by the Fathers of the Church as unhallowed, and totally unfit for sacred purposes. So tenacious was he on this point that the poor sexton was obliged to strip down a great part of the humble trophies of his taste before the parson would consent to enter upon the service of the day.

The interior of the church was venerable but simple; on the walls were several mural monuments of the Bracebridges, and just beside the altar was a tomb of ancient workmanship on which lay the effigy of a warrior in armor, with his legs crossed, a sign of his having been a crusader. I was told it was one of the family who had signalized himself in the Holy Land, and the same whose picture hung over the fireplace in the hall.

During service Master Simon stood up in the pew and repeated the responses very audibly, evincing that kind of ceremonious devotion punctually observed by a gentleman of the old school and a man of old family connections. I observed, too, that he turned over the

¹ Of the same age.

² Appointment as parson.

³ *He was . . . hunter.* He was always hunting for books printed in old English letters.

⁴ Early printers in London.

¹ Dried-up.

leaves of a folio prayer book with something of a flourish, possibly to show off an enormous seal ring which enriched one of his fingers, and which had the look of a family relic. But he was evidently most solicitous about the musical part of the service, keeping his eye fixed intently on the choir, and beating time with much gesticulation and emphasis.

The orchestra was in a small gallery, and presented a most whimsical grouping of heads piled one above the other, among which I particularly noticed that of the village tailor, a pale fellow with retreating forehead and chin, who played on the clarionet, and seemed to have blown his face to a point; and there was another, a short, pursy¹ man, stooping and laboring at a bass viol, so as to show nothing but the top of a round bald head, like the egg of an ostrich. There were two or three pretty faces among the female singers, to which the keen air of a frosty morning had given a bright rosy tint; but the gentlemen choristers had evidently been chosen, like old Cremona fiddles,² more for tone than looks, and as several had to sing from the same book, there were clusterings of odd physiognomies,³ not unlike those groups of cherubs we sometimes see on country tombstones.

The usual services of the choir were managed tolerably well, the vocal parts generally lagging a little behind the instrumental, and some loitering fiddler now and then making up for lost time by traveling over a passage with prodigious celerity, and clearing more bars than the keenest fox hunter to be in at the death. But the great trial was an anthem that had been prepared and arranged by Master Simon, and on which he had founded great expectation. Unluckily there was a blunder at the very outset; the musicians became flurried; Master

Simon was in a fever; everything went on lamely and irregularly until they came to a chorus beginning, "Now let us sing with one accord," which seemed to be a signal for parting company. All became discord and confusion; each shifted for himself, and got to the end as well, or, rather, as soon, as he could, excepting one old chorister in a pair of horn spectacles bestriding and pinching a long, sonorous nose, who happened to stand a little apart, and being wrapped up in his own melody kept on a quavering course, wriggling his head, ogling his book, and winding all up by a nasal solo of at least three bars' duration.

The parson gave us a most erudite sermon on the rites and ceremonies of Christmas, and the propriety of observing it not merely as a day of thanksgiving, but of rejoicing; supporting the correctness of his opinions by the earliest usages of the church, and enforcing them by the authorities of Theophilus of Cesarea,¹ St. Cyprian,¹ St. Chrysostom,¹ St. Augustine,¹ and a cloud more of saints and fathers from whom he made copious quotations. I was a little at a loss to perceive the necessity of such a mighty array of forces to maintain a point which no one present seemed inclined to dispute; but I soon found that the good man had a legion of ideal adversaries to contend with; having in the course of his researches on the subject of Christmas got completely embroiled in the sectarian controversies of the Revolution,² when the Puritans made such a fierce assault upon the ceremonies of the Church, and poor old Christmas was driven out of the land by proclamation of Parliament. The worthy parson lived but with times past, and knew but little of the present.

¹ Early Church Fathers.

² The Puritan revolution of 1642, that resulted in the execution of Charles I and the placing of Cromwell at the head of the nation. The Puritans banished all forms of merrymaking.

¹ Fat, short-breathed.

² Violins of remarkable tone, formerly made at Cremona, Italy.

³ Faces.

Shut up among worm-eaten tomes in the retirement of his antiquated little study, the pages of old times were to him as the gazettes of the day, while the era of the Revolution was mere modern history. He forgot that nearly two centuries had elapsed since the fiery persecution of poor mince pie throughout the land (when plum porridge was denounced as "mere popery," and roast beef as antichristian), and that Christmas had been brought in again triumphantly with the merry court of King Charles at the Restoration. He kindled into warmth with the ardor of his contest, and the host of imaginary foes with whom he had to combat; he had a stubborn conflict with old Prynne,¹ and two or three other forgotten champions of the Roundheads,² on the subject of Christmas festivity, and concluded by urging his hearers in the most solemn and affecting manner to stand to the traditional customs of their fathers, and feast and make merry on this joyful anniversary of the Church.

I have seldom known a sermon attended apparently with more immediate effects, for on leaving the church the congregation seemed one and all possessed with the gayety of spirit so earnestly enjoined by their pastor. The elder folks gathered in knots in the churchyard, greeting and shaking hands, and the children ran about crying "Ule! Ule!"³ and repeating some uncouth rimes, which the parson, who had joined us, informed me had been handed down from days of yore. The villagers doffed their hats to the squire as he passed, giving him the good wishes of the season with every appearance of heartfelt sincerity, and were invited by him to the hall to take something to keep out the cold of the weather; and I heard blessings uttered by several of the poor, which

convinced me that in the midst of his enjoyments the worthy old cavalier had not forgotten the true Christmas virtue of charity.

On our way homeward his heart seemed overflowed with generous and happy feelings. As we passed over a rising ground which commanded something of a prospect, the sounds of rustic merriment now and then reached our ears. The squire paused for a few moments and looked around with an air of inexpressible benignity. The beauty of the day was of itself sufficient to inspire philanthropy. Notwithstanding the frostiness of the morning the sun in his cloudless journey had acquired sufficient power to melt away the thin covering of snow from every southern declivity, and to bring out the living green which adorns an English landscape even in midwinter. Large tracts of smiling verdure contrasted with the dazzling whiteness of the shaded slopes and hollows. Every sheltered bank on which the broad rays rested yielded its silver rill of cold and limpid water glittering through the dripping grass, and sent up slight exhalations to contribute to the thin haze that hung just above the surface of the earth. There was something truly cheering in this triumph of warmth and verdure over the frosty thralldom of winter; it was, as the squire observed, an emblem of Christmas hospitality breaking through the chills of ceremony and selfishness and thawing every heart into a flow. He pointed with pleasure to the indications of good cheer reeking from the chimneys of the comfortable farmhouses and low thatched cottages. "I love," said he, "to see this day well kept by rich and poor; it is a great thing to have one day in the year, at least, when you are sure of being welcome wherever you go, and of having, as it were, the world thrown all open to you; and I am almost disposed to join with Poor Robin¹

¹ A famous Puritan controversialist.

² A nickname for the Puritans.

³ "Yule," the beginning of an old song.

¹ An almanac which first appeared in 1661.

in his malediction on every churlish enemy to this honest festival:

Those who at Christmas do repine
And would fain hence dispatch him,
May they with old Duke Humphry dine,¹
Or else may Squire Ketch² catch 'em."

The squire went on to lament the deplorable decay of the games and amusements which were once prevalent at this season among the lower orders and countenanced by the higher; where the old halls of the castles and manor houses³ were thrown open at daylight; when the tables were covered with brawn⁴ and beef and humming ale; when the harp and the carol resounded all day long, and when rich and poor were alike welcome to enter and make merry. "Our old games and local customs," said he, "had a great effect in making the peasant fond of his home, and the promotion of them by the gentry made him fond of his lord. They made the times merrier and kinder and better, and I can truly say, with one of our old poets:

I like them well; the curious preciseness
And all-pretended gravity of those
That seek to banish hence these harmless
sports,
Have thrust away much ancient honesty.

"The nation," continued he, "is altered; we have almost lost our simple, true-hearted peasantry. They have broken asunder from the higher classes, and seem to think their interests are separate. They have become too knowing, and begin to read newspapers, listen to ale-house politicians, and talk of reform. I think one mode to keep them in good humor in these hard times would be for the nobility and gentry to pass more time on their estates, mingle more among the country people, and set the merry old English games going again."

¹ May they have no dinner at all.

² The hangman.

³ Noblemen's country houses.

⁴ Salted boar's flesh.

Such was the good squire's project for mitigating public discontent; and, indeed, he had once attempted to put his doctrine in practice, and a few years before had kept open house during the holidays in the old style. The country people, however, did not understand how to play their parts in the scene of hospitality; many uncouth circumstances occurred; the manor was overrun by all the vagrants of the country, and more beggars drawn into the neighborhood in one week than the parish officers could get rid of in a year. Since then he had contented himself with inviting the decent part of the neighboring peasantry to call at the hall on Christmas Day, and with distributing beef and bread and ale among the poor, that they might make merry in their own dwellings.

We had not been long home when the sound of music was heard from a distance. A band of country lads without coats, their shirt sleeves fancifully tied with ribbons, their hats decorated with greens, and clubs in their hands, were seen advancing up the avenue, followed by a large number of villagers and peasantry. They stopped before the hall door, where the music struck up a peculiar air, and the lads performed a curious and intricate dance, advancing, retreating, and striking their clubs together, keeping exact time to the music; while one, whimsically crowned with a fox's skin, the tail of which flaunted down his back, kept capering round the skirts of the dance, and rattling a Christmas box¹ with many antic gesticulations.

The squire eyed this fanciful exhibition with great interest and delight, and gave me a full account of its origin, which he traced to the times when the Romans held possession of the island, plainly proving that this was a lineal descendant of the sword dance of the ancients. "It was now," he said, "nearly extinct, but he had accidentally met with traces of it

¹ A coin box for soliciting gifts.

in the neighborhood, and had encouraged its revival; though, to tell the truth, it was too apt to be followed up by the rough cudgel play, and broken heads in the evening."

After the dance was concluded, the whole party was entertained with brawn and beef and stout¹ home-brewed. The squire himself mingled among the rustics, and was received with awkward demonstrations of deference and regard. It is true I perceived two or three of the younger peasants, as they were raising their tankards to their mouths when the squire's back was turned, making something of a grimace and giving each other the wink, but the moment they caught my eye they pulled grave faces, and were exceedingly demure. With Master Simon, however, they all seemed more at their ease. His varied occupations and amusements had made him well known throughout the neighborhood. He was a visitor at every farmhouse and cottage, gossiped with the farmers and their wives, romped with their daughters, and, like that type of a vagrant bachelor, the humblebee, tolled the sweets from all the rosy lips of the country round.

The bashfulness of the guests soon gave way before good cheer and affability. There is something genuine and affectionate in the gayety of the lower orders when it is excited by the bounty and familiarity of those above them; the warm glow of gratitude enters into their mirth, and a kind word or a small pleasantry frankly uttered by a patron gladdens the heart of the dependent more than oil and wine. When the squire had retired, the merriment increased, and there was much joking and laughter, particularly between Master Simon and a hale, ruddy-faced, white-headed farmer, who appeared to be the wit of the village; for I observed all his companions to wait with open mouths

¹ Rather strong ale.

for his retorts, and burst into a gratuitous laugh before they could well understand them.

The whole house, indeed, seemed abandoned to merriment; as I passed to my room to dress for dinner I heard the sound of music in a small court, and, looking through a window that commanded it, I perceived a band of wandering musicians with pandean pipes¹ and tambourine; a pretty, coquettish housemaid was dancing a jig with a smart country lad, while several of the other servants were looking on. In the midst of her sport the girl caught a glimpse of my face at the window, and, coloring up, ran off with an air of roguish, affected confusion.²

Key

The Christmas Dinner

(WASHINGTON IRVING* (1783-1859)

["The Christmas Dinner" shows Irving's sense of the dramatic. It is a record of the events that make up an English country gentleman's Christmas. That some of the pictures are overdrawn does not lessen the value of the author's account; it is seldom, indeed, that literature presents an uncolored view of life. It is rather the manner of the telling that gives this descriptive sketch its charm. It is marked by the usual distinctive characteristics of the author's works—naturalness, clearness, smooth movement, and pleasing sound.]

Lo, now is come our joyful'st feast!

Let every man be jolly.

Each room with yvie leaves is drest,

And every post with holly.

Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,

And Christmas blocks are burning;

Their ovens they with bak't meats choke

And all their spits are turning.

Without the door let sorrow lie,

And if, for cold, it hap to die,

Wee'll bury 't in a Christmas pye,

And evermore be merry.

WITHERS'S JUVENILIA

* A kind of mouth organ.

² The study hints for all the Christmas stories are grouped together on page 372.

I HAD finished my toilet and was loitering with Frank Bracebridge in the library, when we heard a distant thwacking sound, which he informed me was a signal for the serving up of the dinner. The squire kept up old customs in kitchen as well as hall; and the rolling-pin struck upon the dresser¹ by the cook summoned the servants to carry in the meats.

Just in this nick the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our train band,²
Presented, and away.

The dinner was served up in the great hall, where the squire always held his Christmas banquet. A blazing, crackling fire of logs had been heaped on to warm the spacious apartment, and the flame went sparkling and wreathing up the wide-mouthed chimney. The great picture of the crusader and his white horse had been profusely decorated with greens for the occasion; and holly and ivy had likewise been wreathed round the helmet and weapons on the opposite wall, which I understood were the arms of the same warrior. I must own, by the by, I had strong doubts about the authenticity of the painting and armor as having belonged to the crusader, they certainly having the stamp of more recent days; but I was told that the painting had been so considered time out of mind; and that, as to the armor, it had been found in a lumber room and elevated to its present situation by the squire, who at once determined it to be the armor of the family hero; and as he was absolute authority on all such subjects in his own household, the matter had passed into current acceptance. A sideboard was set out just under this chivalric trophy, on which was a display of plate that might have vied (at least in variety),

¹ Sideboard.

² Militia band.

with Belshazzar's¹ parade of the vessels of the temple, — "flagons, cans, cups, beakers, goblets, basins, and ewers," the gorgeous utensils of good companionship that had gradually accumulated through many generations of jovial housekeepers. Before these stood the two Yule candles, beaming like two stars of the first magnitude; other lights were distributed in branches, and the whole array glittered like a firmament of silver.

We were ushered into this banqueting scene with the sound of minstrelsy, the old harper being seated on a stool beside the fireplace, and twanging his instrument with a vast deal more power than melody. Never did Christmas board display a more goodly and gracious assemblage of countenances; those who were not handsome were at least happy, and happiness is a rare improver of your hard-favored visage. I always consider an old English family as well worth studying as a collection of Holbein's² portraits or Albert Dürer's³ prints. There is much antiquarian lore to be acquired, much knowledge of the physiognomies⁴ of former times. Perhaps it may be from having continually before their eyes those rows of old family portraits with which the mansions of this country are stocked; certain it is that the quaint features of antiquity are often most faithfully perpetuated in these ancient lines; and I have traced an old family nose through a whole picture gallery, legitimately handed down from generation to generation, almost from the time of the Conquest.⁵ Something of the kind was to be observed in the worthy company around me. Many of their

¹ The king of Babylon gave a feast, using the holy vessels captured in a raid on Jerusalem. See Daniel 5.

² A noted German painter of the early sixteenth century.

³ A celebrated Dutch painter of the early sixteenth century.

⁴ Here, faces.

⁵ The conquest of England by the Normans in 1066.

faces had evidently originated in a Gothic age, and been merely copied by succeeding generations; and there was one little girl in particular, of staid demeanor, with a high Roman nose and an antique vinegar aspect, who was a great favorite of the squire's, being, as he said, a Bracebridge all over, and the very counterpart of one of his ancestors who figured in the court of Henry VIII.

The parson said grace, which was not a short, familiar one, such as is commonly addressed to the Deity in these uncereemonious days, but a long, courtly, well-worded one of the ancient school. There was now a pause, as if something was expected, when suddenly the butler entered the hall with some degree of bustle; he was attended by a servant on each side with a large wax-light, and bore a silver dish on which was an enormous pig's head decorated with rosemary, with a lemon in its mouth, which was placed with great formality at the head of the table. The moment this pageant made its appearance, the harper struck up a flourish; at the conclusion of which the young Oxonian, on receiving a hint from the squire, gave, with an air of the most comic gravity, an old carol, the first verse of which was as follows:

Caput apri defero

Reddens laudes Domino.¹

The boar's head in hand bring I,

With garlands gay and rosemary.

I pray you all synge merrily

Qui estis in convivio.²

Though prepared to witness many of these little eccentricities, from being apprised of the peculiar hobby of mine host, yet I confess the parade with which so odd a dish was introduced somewhat perplexed me, until I gathered from the conversation of the squire and the parson that it was meant to represent the bringing in of the boar's head, a dish formerly served up with much ceremony

and the sound of minstrelsy and song, at great tables on Christmas Day. "I like the old custom," said the squire, "not merely because it is stately and pleasing in itself, but because it was observed at the college at Oxford at which I was educated. When I hear the old song chanted, it brings to mind the time when I was young and gamesome — and the noble old college hall — and my fellow students loitering about in their black gowns; many of whom, poor lads, are now in their graves!"

The parson, however, whose mind was not haunted by such associations, and who was always more taken up with the text than the sentiment, objected to the Oxonian's version of the carol, which he affirmed was different from that sung at college. He went on, with the dry perseverance of a commentator, to give the college reading, accompanied by sundry annotations, addressing himself at first to the company at large; but, finding their attention gradually diverted to other talk and other objects, he lowered his tone as his number of auditors diminished, until he concluded his remarks in an under voice to a fat-headed old gentleman next him, who was silently engaged in the discussion of a huge plateful of turkey.

The table was literally loaded with good cheer, and presented an epitome¹ of country abundance in this season of overflowing larders. A distinguished post was allotted to "ancient sirloin," as mine host termed it; being, as he added, "the standard of old English hospitality, and a joint of goodly presence, and full of expectation." There were several dishes quaintly decorated, and which had evidently something traditional in their embellishments; but about which, as I did not like to appear overcurious, I asked no questions.

I could not, however, but notice a pie, magnificently decorated with peacock's

¹ The boar's head I bring, returning thanks to the Lord.

² Who are at the feast.

¹ Complete summary.

feathers, in imitation of the tail of that bird, which overshadowed a considerable tract of the table. This, the squire confessed with some little hesitation, was a pheasant pie, though a peacock pie was certainly the most authentical; but there had been such a mortality among the peacocks this season that he could not prevail upon himself to have one killed.

It would be tedious, perhaps, to my wiser readers, who may not have that foolish fondness for odd and obsolete things to which I am a little given, were I to mention the other makeshifts of this worthy old humorist, by which he was endeavoring to follow up, though at humble distance, the quaint customs of antiquity. I was pleased, however, to see the respect shown to his whims by his children and relatives, who, indeed, entered readily into the full spirit of them, and seemed all well versed in their parts, having doubtless been present at many a rehearsal. I was amused, too, at the air of profound gravity with which the butler and other servants executed the duties assigned them, however eccentric. They had an old-fashioned look,—having, for the most part, been brought up in the household, and grown into keeping with the antiquated mansion and the humors of its lord,—and most probably looked upon all his whimsical regulations as the established laws of honorable housekeeping.

When the cloth was removed, the butler brought in a huge silver vessel of rare and curious workmanship, which he placed before the squire. Its appearance was hailed with acclamation, being the wassail bowl¹ so renowned in Christmas festivity. The contents had been prepared by the squire himself; for it was a beverage in the skillful mixture of which he particularly prided himself, alleging that it was too abstruse² and complex for

the comprehension of an ordinary servant. It was a potation,¹ indeed, that might well make the heart of a toper leap within him, being composed of the richest and raciest wines, highly spiced and sweetened, with roasted apples bobbing about the surface.

The old gentleman's whole countenance beamed with a serene look of indwelling delight as he stirred this mighty bowl. Having raised it to his lips, with a hearty wish of a merry Christmas to all present, he sent it brimming round the board for everyone to follow his example, according to the primitive style—pronouncing it "the ancient fountain of good feeling, where all hearts met together."

There was much laughing and rallying as the honest emblem of Christmas joviality circulated, and was kissed rather coyly by the ladies. When it reached Master Simon, he raised it in both hands, and with the air of a boon companion struck up an old wassail chanson.²

"The brown bowl,
The merry brown bowl,
As it goes round about-a,
Fill
Still,
Let the world say what it will,
And drink your fill all out-a."

"The deep can,
The merry deep can,
As thou dost freely quaff-a.
Sing
Fling,
Be as merry as a king,
And sound a lusty laugh-a."

Much of the conversation during dinner turned upon family topics to which I was a stranger. There was, however, a great deal of rallying of Master Simon about some gay widow, with whom he was accused of having a flirtation. This attack was commenced by the ladies, but it was continued throughout the

¹ A bowl of mixed wines, spiced with nutmeg, sugar, ginger, and roasted crab apples.

² Difficult.

¹ Drink.

² Song.

dinner by the fat-headed old gentleman next the parson, with the persevering assiduity of a slowhound,¹ being one of those long-winded jokers who, though rather dull at starting game, are unrivaled for their talents in hunting it down. At every pause in the general conversation he renewed his bantering in pretty much the same terms, winking hard at me with both eyes whenever he gave Master Simon what he considered a home thrust. The latter, indeed, seemed fond of being teased on the subject, as old bachelors are apt to be; and he took occasion to inform me, in an undertone, that the lady in question was a prodigiously fine woman and drove her own curriole.

The dinner time passed away in this flow of innocent hilarity, and though the old hall may have resounded in its time with many a scene of broader rout and revel, yet I doubt whether it ever witnessed more honest and genuine enjoyment. How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him, and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles! The joyous disposition of the worthy squire was perfectly contagious; he was happy himself and disposed to make all the world happy; and the little eccentricities of his humor did but season, in a manner, the sweetness of his philanthropy.

When the ladies had retired, the conversation, as usual, became still more animated; many good things were broached which had been thought of during dinner, but which would not exactly do for a lady's ear; and though I cannot positively affirm that there was much wit uttered, yet I have certainly heard many contests of rare wit produce much less laughter. Wit, after all, is a mighty tart, pungent ingredient, and much too acid for some stomachs; but honest good humor is the oil and wine of a

merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small and the laughter abundant.

The squire told several long stories of early college pranks and adventures, in some of which the parson had been a sharer, though in looking at the latter it required some effort of imagination to figure such a little, dark anatomy of a man into the perpetrator of a madcap gambol. Indeed, the two college chums presented pictures of what men may be made by their different lots in life. The squire had left the university to live lustily on his paternal domains, in the vigorous enjoyment of prosperity and sunshine, and had flourished on to a hearty and florid old age, whilst the poor parson, on the contrary, had dried and withered away, among dusty tomes, in the silence and shadows of his study. Still there seemed to be a spark of almost extinguished fire feebly glimmering in the bottom of his soul; and as the squire hinted at a sly story of the parson and a pretty milkmaid, whom they once met on the banks of the Isis,¹ the old gentleman made an "alphabet of faces," which, as far as I could decipher his physiognomy,² I verily believe was indicative of laughter; indeed, I have rarely met with an old gentleman that took absolute offense at the imputed gallantries of his youth.

I found the tide of wine and wassail fast gaining on the dry land of sober judgment. The company grew merrier and louder as their jokes grew duller. Master Simon was in as chirping a humor as a grasshopper filled with dew; his old songs grew of a warmer complexion, and he began to talk maudlin about the widow. He even gave a long song about the wooing of a widow, which he informed me he had gathered from an excellent black-letter work, entitled

¹ The part of the Thames River near Oxford.

² Here, expression.

¹ Sleuthhound.

"Cupid's Solicitor for Love," containing store of good advice for bachelors, and which he promised to lend me. The first verse was to this effect:

He that will woo a widow must not dally,
He must make hay while the sun doth shine;
He must not stand with her, shall I, shall I,
But boldly say, "Widow, thou must be mine."

This song inspired the fat-headed old gentleman, who made several attempts to tell a rather broad story out of Joe Miller,¹ that was pat to the purpose; but he always stuck in the middle, everybody recollecting the latter part excepting himself. The parson too began to show the effects of good cheer, having gradually settled down into a doze, and his wig sitting most suspiciously on one side. Just at this juncture we were summoned to the drawing-room, and, I suspect, at the private instigation of mine host, whose joviality seemed always tempered with a proper love of decorum.

After the dinner table was removed, the hall was given up to the younger members of the family, who, prompted to all kind of noisy mirth by the Oxonian and Master Simon, made its old walls ring with their merriment, as they played at romping games. I delight in witnessing the gambols of children, and particularly at this happy holiday season, and could not help stealing out of the drawing-room on hearing one of their peals of laughter. I found them at the game of blindman's buff. Master Simon, who was the leader of their revels, and seemed on all occasions to fulfill the office of that ancient potentate, the Lord of Misrule,² was blinded in the midst of the hall. The little beings were as busy about him as the mock fairies about Falstaff,*—pinching him, plucking at the skirts of his coat, and tickling him

with straws. One fine, blue-eyed girl of about thirteen, with her flaxen hair all in beautiful confusion, her frolic face in a glow, her frock half torn off her shoulders, a complete picture of a romp, was the chief tormentor; and, from the slyness with which Master Simon avoided the smaller game and hemmed this wild little nymph in corners, and obliged her to jump shrieking over chairs, I suspected the rogue of being not a whit more blinded than was convenient.

When I returned to the drawing-room, I found the company seated round the fire, listening to the parson, who was deeply ensconced in a high-backed oaken chair, the work of some cunning artificer of yore, which had been brought from the library for his particular accommodation. From this venerable piece of furniture, with which his shadowy figure and dark weazen¹ face so admirably accorded, he was dealing out strange accounts of the popular superstitions and legends of the surrounding country, with which he had become acquainted in the course of his antiquarian researches. I am half inclined to think that the old gentleman was himself somewhat tinctured with superstition, as men are very apt to be who live a recluse and studious life in a sequestered part of the country, and pore over black-letter tracts, so often filled with the marvelous and supernatural. He gave us several anecdotes of the fancies of the neighboring peasantry concerning the effigy of the crusader which lay on the tomb by the church altar. As it was the only monument of the kind in that part of the country, it had always been regarded with feelings of superstition by the good wives of the village. It was said to get up from the tomb and walk the rounds of the churchyard in stormy nights, particularly when it thundered; and one old woman, whose cottage bordered on the church-

¹ A famous collection of stories ascribed to an actor, Joe Miller.

² A man who kept the merriment going.

¹ Dried-up.

yard, had seen it through the windows of the church when the moon shone, slowly pacing up and down the aisles. It was the belief that some wrong had been left unredressed by the deceased, or some treasure hidden, which kept the spirit in a state of trouble and restlessness. Some talked of gold and jewels buried in the tomb, over which the specter kept watch; and there was a story current of a sexton in old times who endeavored to break his way to the coffin at night, but, just as he reached it, received a violent blow from the marble hand of the effigy, which stretched him senseless on the pavement. These tales were often laughed at by some of the sturdier among the rustics, yet, when night came on, there were many of the stoutest unbelievers that were shy of venturing alone in the footpath that led across the churchyard.

From these and other anecdotes that followed, the crusader appeared to be the favorite hero of ghost stories throughout the vicinity. His picture, which hung up in the hall, was thought by the servants to have something supernatural about it; for they remarked that in whatever part of the hall you went, the eyes of the warrior were still fixed on you. The old porter's wife too, at the lodge, who had been born and brought up in the family, and was a great gossip among the maid servants, affirmed that in her young days she had often heard say that on Midsummer Eve, when it was well known all kinds of ghosts, goblins, and fairies become visible and walk abroad, the crusader used to mount his horse, come down from his picture, ride about the house, down the avenue, and so to the church to visit the tomb; on which occasion the church door most civilly swung open of itself; not that he needed it, for he rode through closed gates and even stone walls, and had been seen by one of the dairymaids to pass between two bars of the great park gate, making himself as thin as a sheet of paper.

All these superstitions I found had been very much countenanced by the squire, who, though not superstitious himself, was very fond of seeing others so. He listened to every goblin tale of the neighboring gossips with infinite gravity, and held the porter's wife in high favor on account of her talent for the marvelous. He was himself a great reader of old legends and romances, and often lamented that he could not believe in them; for a superstitious person, he thought, must live in a kind of fairyland.

Whilst we were all attention to the parson's stories, our ears were suddenly assailed by a burst of heterogeneous sounds from the hall, in which were mingled something like the clang of rude minstrelsy with the uproar of many small voices and girlish laughter. The door suddenly flew open, and a train came trooping into the room that might almost have been mistaken for the breaking up of the court of Fairy. That indefatigable spirit, Master Simon, in the faithful discharge of his duties as Lord of Misrule, had conceived the idea of a Christmas mummary, or masking; and having called in to his assistance the Oxonian and the young officer, who were equally ripe for anything that should occasion romping and merriment, they had carried it into instant effect. The old housekeeper had been consulted; the antique clothespresses and wardrobes rummaged, and made to yield up the relics of finery that had not seen the light for several generations; the younger part of the company had been privately convened from the parlor and hall, and the whole had been bedizened out into a burlesque imitation of an antique mask.*

Master Simon led the van, as Ancient Christmas, quaintly appareled in a ruff, a short cloak which had very much the aspect of one of the old housekeeper's petticoats, and a hat that might have served for a village steeple, and must indubitably have figured in the days of the

Covenanters. From under this his nose curved boldly forth, flushed with a frost-bitten bloom that seemed the very trophy of a December blast. He was accompanied by the blue-eyed romp, dished up as Dame Mince Pie, in the venerable magnificence of a faded brocade, long stomacher, peaked hat, and high-heeled shoes. The young officer appeared as Robin Hood,* in a sporting dress of Kendal Green, and a foraging cap with a gold tassel.

The costume, to be sure, did not bear testimony to deep research, and there was an evident eye to the picturesque, natural to a young gallant in the presence of his mistress. The fair Julia hung on his arm in a pretty rustic dress as Maid Marian.* The rest of the train had been metamorphosed in various ways; the girls trussed up in the finery of the ancient belles of the Bracebridge line, and the striplings bewhiskered with burnt cork, and gravely clad in broad skirts, hanging sleeves, and full-bottomed wigs, to represent the character of Roast Beef, Plum-pudding, and other worthies celebrated in ancient maskings. The whole was under the control of the Oxonian, in the appropriate character of Misrule; and I observed that he exercised rather a mischievous sway with his wand over the smaller personages of the pageant.

The irruption of this motley crew with beat of drum, according to ancient custom, was the consummation of uproar and merriment. Master Simon covered himself with glory by the stateliness with which, as Ancient Christmas, he walked a minuet¹ with the peerless, though giggling, Dame Mince Pie. It was followed by a dance of all the characters, which from its medley of costumes seemed as though the old family portraits had skipped down from their frames to join in the sport. Different centuries were figuring at cross hands and right and left; the Dark Ages were

cutting pirouettes¹ and rigadoons²; and the days of Queen Bess³ jigging merrily down the middle, through a line of succeeding generations.

The worthy squire contemplated these fantastic sports and this resurrection of his old wardrobe with the simple relish of childish delight. He stood chuckling and rubbing his hands, and scarcely hearing a word the parson said, notwithstanding that the latter was discoursing most authentically on the ancient and stately dance of the Paon, or peacock, from which he conceived the minuet to be derived. For my part, I was in a continual excitement from the varied scenes of whim and innocent gayety passing before me. It was inspiring to see wild-eyed frolic and warm-hearted hospitality breaking out from among the chills and glooms of winter, and old age throwing off his apathy and catching once more the freshness of youthful enjoyment. I felt also an interest in the scene from the consideration that these fleeting customs were posting fast into oblivion, and that this was perhaps the only family in England in which the whole of them was still punctiliously observed. There was a quaintness, too, mingled with all this revelry, that gave it a peculiar zest; it was suited to the time and place; and as the old manor house almost reeled with mirth and wassail, it seemed echoing back the joviality of long-departed years.

But enough of Christmas and its gambols; it is time for me to pause in this garrulity. Methinks I hear the questions asked by my graver readers, "To what purpose is all this — how is the world to be made wiser by this talk?" Alas! is there not wisdom enough extant for the instruction of the world? And if not, are there not thousands of abler pens laboring for its improvement? It is so much pleasanter to please than

¹ A whirling about on the toes.

² A lively dance.

³ Elizabeth.

¹ A slow, graceful dance.

to instruct,—to play the companion rather than the preceptor.¹

What, after all, is the mite of wisdom that I could throw into the mass of knowledge; or how am I sure that my sagest deductions may be safe guides for the opinions of others? But in writing to amuse, if I fail, the only evil is in my own disappointment. If, however, I can by any lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care, or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sorrow,—if I can now and then penetrate through the gathering film of misanthropy,² prompt a benevolent view of human nature, and make my reader more in good humor with his fellow beings and himself,—surely, surely, I shall not then have written entirely in vain.

Study Hints

1. How many of the games named in these Christmas sketches do we still play?

2. What was the "imminent peril of all the pretty housemaids" associated with the hanging of the mistletoe? (See "Christmas Eve.")

¹ Teacher.

² Hatred of each other.

3. Pick out bits of Irving's sly humor.

4. Name the plants used as Christmas decorations. How many of them do we use?

5. Select two or three of Irving's "complete descriptions in a paragraph." What makes each one vivid?

6. Do you find any passages that show Irving a painter with a keen eye for color effects?

7. What does Irving's frequent quoting of Herrick indicate?

8. What historical events alluded to in these sketches found echoes in American history?

9. Does Irving's description of the harper agree with that given by Scott in Canto Sixth, stanza XI, of "The Lady of the Lake" (p. 233)? (See "Christmas Eve" and "Christmas Dinner.")

10. Pick out several dramatic episodes. What do they indicate about Irving's fondness for talking in pictures?

11. What does Irving's frequent reference to the peacock suggest as to the importance of that fowl?

12. What does Irving say was his purpose in writing the sketches?

13. Select two or three especially clear paragraphs. Make a list of the picture-bringing words. Substitute synonyms for them. What is the effect upon the force or clearness of the original?

Stories of Achievement



People have always been thrilled by stories of men and women who have met with exciting adventures while doing great deeds. Writings of this kind, though they may sometimes be classified as "literature of knowledge," differ from scientific writings in that the major interest centers in the doings of a hero, not in what he contributes to human knowledge, and from a biography in that they try to give, not a complete life story of the hero, but only one thrilling adventure.

When Lindbergh Reached Paris

EDWIN L. JAMES

["When Lindbergh Reached Paris," by the Paris correspondent of the *New York Times*, is a typical story of the achievements of the news-gatherers. In its every line it mirrors the courage, the resourcefulness, and the unselfishness that mark the great reporter. In recording events that in themselves are of passing moment, "When Lindbergh Reached Paris" is journalistic writing; but in casually telling of a hard day's work faithfully done and in laughing at hardships, Mr. James's story mirrors a human characteristic often brought out in English literature.

"When Lindbergh Reached Paris" is, moreover, a fine example of a story indirectly told. On the surface it tells how a group of reporters failed to get their story, but scattered through it are little descriptions of scenes of the eventful night that give a vivid picture of the end of Lindbergh's flight. This story is from the *New York Times* of May 27, 1927.]

THERE come moments in every newspaper-man's life when he is all but overwhelmed by a feeling of his insufficiency to tell what he has seen — when superlatives seem mere inadequacies.

That happened to this writer once, on Armistice Night,¹ in the martyred city of

Verdun.¹ It happened again the other night when Captain Charles A. Lindbergh landed his plane on the airfield in Le Bourget, to be welcomed by a reception committee of 150,000 people gone suddenly insane with joy. Four days later I still retain bruises, which are passing, but memories which will never pass.

When people talk this week, about Captain Lindbergh's flight one hears, over and over, the question, "But you were at Le Bourget?" It is considered the mark of an extra privilege to have witnessed one of history's greatest mob scenes.

Official programs, formal reception committees, a regiment of soldiers, stout steel fences, — all were enveloped and swept under a human sea when all those present, in one swift instant, took it into their collective heads to help welcome the aviator who became great that night.

The reporters assigned to cover Captain Lindbergh's arrival will not forget that night. And neither will they forget one of the toughest mobs they ever tackled. The battle of the Argonne was a simple matter compared to it.

The Paris bureau of the *New York*

¹ November 11, 1918. The day the actual fighting of the World War came to an end.

¹ A city on the French-German border. Fierce fighting had raged around it for three years.

Times had made elaborate preparations to cover the event. The preparations were so elaborate that they almost — perilously almost, as will be shown here — left the editors back in Manhattan in the lurch.

We had arranged complicated telephonic communications. We had made handsome relay plans to rush parts of the story to Paris, over six miles from Le Bourget. We had a fine automobile ready to bring the aviator back to the capital to give his own story, for which the *New York Times* had made a contract. We had stenographers ready to take it down. We had photographers with a battery of cameras and many plates on the spot.

Oh, it was a wonderful plan! Only, when the story broke, it was not worth one paper franc. Not even complete official documents for entrance to the field were worth while, for an ordinary police card was enough to begin with.

With everything set as described, Percy Philip, Carlyle MacDonald, Harold Callender, and myself, plus our office clerk, named Maloussey, went out to the scene of the conquest at 6 o'clock.

We had planned to be smart and have dinner at the airport restaurant so as to be free and fed before 7.30 o'clock, the earliest hour at which Captain Lindbergh was expected. The restaurant will hold about 50 people, and 5000 had the same brilliant idea we had.

When we were through with dinner, Philip took his job at the elbow of the man representing the Commercial Cable Company, which had its own wire into Paris — only it did not stay open. There was Philip, all set and not to be moved, ready to choke the poor operator if anyone else's bulletin of the aviator's arrival got out ahead of ours. Maloussey was to signal him from the corner of a building when the plane touched the ground. Great headwork that! MacDonald, Callender, and myself went out on the field, ready to escort Lindbergh to

the waiting automobile in triumph — mostly in triumph — before the eyes of several hundred envious confrères.

Honestly, that was our plan, and it looked all right at 7 o'clock — and, anyhow, those were our orders from New York. The editor said "isolate" Captain Lindbergh, and we were ready.

Now, Le Bourget airfield is in the shape of a triangle about three quarters of a mile across, and with each side about a mile and a half long. On one leg of the triangle are ranged the hangars of the Thirty-fourth Aviation Regiment. On the near leg, that is, the leg running along the Paris road, there is the civil airport from which planes go to all parts of Europe.

There are a small Custom House, a number of offices and a two-story restaurant and bar as well as a mile of giant hangars. Near the entrance stands the aviators' clubhouse and almost in front of this the great square concrete flooring from which passenger planes take off.

On one side of this nice, pretty square, beautifully decorated flags and colored lights had been arranged. Specially strong flare lights had been fixed at the corners of the field, and for hours soldiers had practiced with flares which, when the aviator arrived, were to light up the field like noonday.

In order to make entirely sure of keeping the grounds and the crowd in order, a regiment of soldiers with rifles and bayonets, and 700 Paris policemen, supplemented the field's usual staff. Yes, the authorities had made great preparations, just as we had.

Along about 8 o'clock the crowd began to grow. MacDonald took a look around and estimated that 10,000 people were round about, standing alongside the airfield.

There was — note that I say there was — the very strongest fence, some seven feet high, with spikes on the top, which up to that night had kept out everyone who ought not to enter. The gate was

guarded by twenty policemen who let pass those who had credentials; which meant any card with your picture on it.

By 8.30 some thousands of people had got into the field and were kept in orderly line along the edge of the big concrete landing floor. The policemen, in a solid bank, kept that line straight; and out beyond them were the soldiers, spick and span, showing that no foolishness would be tolerated.

In front of the soldiers stood a row of some fifty cameras and motion-picture machines which were aligned under the direction of a precise and pompous colonel. And off to one side was the official reception committee, engaged in deciding at what hotel they were going to put the evening's hero. They also were deeply planning to "isolate" him and to see that those *New York Times* reporters did not do any "isolating." Well, if we did not they did not. If there was one real tragedy of the evening it was that of the official reception committee. Some of them have not seen Captain Lindbergh yet.

Now, that was the scene as the sun went down about 8.30 o'clock and a chill wind began to blow.

"Go home?" echoed a young thing in an afternoon silk frock; "why, you poor thing, I shall stay all night. Haven't you got any blood?"

And her escort stamped his feet and wished Captain Lindbergh would hurry.

There had been published in Paris a report that Captain Lindbergh had been seen over Plymouth. People were beginning to get free for the evening and the crowd started growing. By 9 o'clock there were 50,000 or 60,000.

The Paris road was jammed with cars, and people arrived by the thousands from cars parked as far as several miles away. They kept on coming. The police estimate 9000 automobiles reached Le Bourget and its vicinity and thousands more did not.

It got dark and the stars came out, but it was one of those nights that stay kind of dark despite a million stars, or maybe it was the bright lights that made it seem so.

People kept coming, and as more kept getting through the gate into the field, more soldiers were put in the line. The crowd kept growing, and then, about 9.30, by a strange freak of mob psychology, thousands got gloomy. They seemed to think all the reports about Lindbergh's being on the way were like the sad news about Nungesser and Coli. Expressions of sorrow for Lindbergh went the rounds, and sincere regrets for the fate of such a brave lad.

And the crowd kept growing! Then police began getting rougher.

Callender and I figured at this stage that if we wanted to get there to isolate Lindbergh we ought to get from behind those troops. We walked with Mac and walked until the line was thin and there were not many policemen and there were not many lights.

Then we walked behind one big flare where it was dark behind the blinding rays. We made ourselves small and waited.

And the crowd kept on growing until all the houses around looked like a sugar barrel in August when a lot of flies are loose. It was cold.

Ten o'clock struck. A sort of shiver went through the crowd, and we were thinking of the tears which were going to be shed, when all of a sudden the thousands were electrified by the sound of a motor. There was a plane up above us somewhere. The landing lights went up. Everyone thought it was Captain Lindbergh, and a vast silence swept over and through as more than 100,000 pairs of eyes strained. And then the sound of the motor died out, and the lights went down.

It was Lindbergh, as was shown by his story later. He had mistaken the location of Le Bourget and gone elsewhere looking for it.

But the crowd did not know that. Their hopes died down and they settled for the inevitable wait until there was no more hope.

Then there was that whirring again. Callender strained his eyes and shouted: "My God, look!"

There, 500 meters above us, was a gray-white monoplane, right over our head. Then it faded and the noise of the motor stopped.

We thought it a hallucination, and a glance at the crowd showed that very few had seen it. Certainly the officer in charge had not, for the lights did not go on.

Then in a moment, cold forgotten, the glares went on, and turning we saw, just as if thrown on a silver screen, a white-gray monoplane, twenty feet from the ground and softly settling.

"Mac" got off first. I was second, with Callender alongside. We raced as hard as we could toward the plane, which landed perhaps 500 yards from where we stood. Suddenly we found ourselves confronting the whirring propeller bearing straight at us.

We tried to halt. Good Lord! That crowd hit us like a shot out of a cannon. The propeller stopped turning when MacDonald was six feet from it.

The men from the military side of the field had now reached Captain Lindbergh and were pulling him from the plane. We could see he was struggling. He fell to the ground once and then was on the shoulders of a dozen men.

By this time we were jammed up against the plane, with a mighty roar behind us. Ducking, we went under the *Spirit of St. Louis* and then out under the tail.

And then we turned to look, and saw a sight words cannot paint. One hundred thousand men and women, with policemen and soldiers mixed among them, were sweeping down toward Captain Lindbergh and his plane.

That sight of those countless bobbing heads between us and the flares can never be forgotten. Fences, line soldiers, reception committees — all had been swallowed up.

And then we saw Captain Lindbergh with several French aviators trying to fight their way out.

Throwing away their rifles, soldiers formed a ring around him, only to be swept away. One man swung his cane to free a path for Lindbergh — and hit the aviator on the head.

And suddenly we saw that we had lost Lindbergh. We knew later that one of the French officers had put his coat about him, shoved him into the human mass and then wormed out with him into a little side building, where the lights were turned out and the aviator was kept for two hours in darkness rather than have his protectors take the risk of having him mobbed.

"Say," remarked MacDonald, "I wish the editor who sent that message had been here to 'isolate him.' That's what I wish."

Skirting the crowd, we tried to get back to see what had happened to Philip.

All at once the crowd turned and started toward the aviators' clubhouse, where Ambassador Herrick had been waiting. Someone had turned on lights in the second story, and mob psychology told the crowd that Lindbergh was there. He was not there, but tens of thousands waited until 1 o'clock in the morning to try to catch a sight of him.

Maloussey had been swallowed up in the crowd, but Philip had got off his flash and then a series of bulletins giving the first news of the aviator's arrival.

"Well, boys," I said, "it's Saturday night, and now it is nearly 11 o'clock. That one phone line isn't much good. The other lines don't work. Let's go back to Paris and send a piece to New York."

That sounded *so* logical!

Of course, having come so early we did not know what had happened on the road.

This was what happened. When the news of Lindbergh's arrival was flashed to Paris, everyone in the capital who had a car or could get one conceived the bright idea of going straight out to Le Bourget and shaking hands with this altogether admirable young man.

Some five or six thousand cars started. About the same time a large part of the crowd at Le Bourget decided to go home and read about it in the morning papers. About five or six thousand cars started back to Paris.

Those coming out and those going in met about a mile below Le Bourget. Enough said!

For about twenty minutes we could not find our chauffeur. It took him that long to get out of the crowd. Then we were ready.

To make a long story short, we got into the traffic jam and stayed there two hours. Thoughtless people laughed about it, but we reporters suffered the tortures of the damned.

Saturday night — the world's biggest story in hand, and New York 3000 miles away, with us stuck in a traffic jam!

Philip had gone off over plowed fields in a tree-climbing, six-horse Citroen of his own. He went ten miles through trees and fields to another road, but Callender, Mac, and I were stuck.

Then Mac got an idea.

"Let's go over to that *bistro*¹ and telephone to Warren," he said.

Warren was the night man back in Paris. We cheered Mac — until we found the country phone was cut off at 11 o'clock.

Every twenty minutes we moved two feet and then we stopped.

"Say, James," asked Mac, "do you think we will get fired for this? If so, that makes it a tragedy."

"Thank the Lord I work for the Sunday department," said Callender, "and we can get it by then."

Then he offered to buy our story for Sunday two weeks hence.

It was heartrending.

And then it dawned on us that the other reporters were caught there, too. We walked up and down the line and found half a hundred, and later we discovered that we had made the evening's second hero out of a young reporter whom we taunted about his paper going to press within an hour. That boy, when our backs were turned, leaped out of his car and ran five miles to Port Villette, where he got a taxi. His story was one of the best written that night.

Moving along like snails we saw suddenly a little side road, more of a path than anything else. We took one look and turned.

We found ourselves in what seemed to be a cross between a plowed field and a sand pit. We were in the midst of excavations for a new city suburb.

We struggled on until we hit a hard field, on the other side of which glowed the lights of a village. There we arrived with only two broken springs and got on a fair road which led us back to the main Paris road. But in that struggle we had passed the traffic jam and at the corner found three policemen keeping things moving.

At 1.45 o'clock we reached our office, having taken three hours to do twelve miles. Philip had beaten us by ten minutes.

We started in getting the story together. Then we remembered we had not got Captain Lindbergh.

Where was he?

We knew where the reception committee intended to take him, but he was not there, as we found out by telephone. We called the chairman of the committee.

He said, "I haven't laid eyes on him."

¹ Wine shop.

"Ambassador Herrick is a good fellow," someone said, "he will tell."

Off Mac went and found Captain Lindbergh sitting on the edge of a bed in the embassy drinking a glass of milk.

When Mac told him we had intended to isolate him, he answered, "There seem to have been a million other people with the same idea."

Captain Lindbergh gave a brief sketch of his flight and invited us to see him after he had had some sleep.

Mac came back, all proud of himself. We all wrote until about 4 o'clock Sunday morning.

Next day we got a cable saying we had done good work and it all got there in time.

Next time Lindbergh does it, if France will mobilize her army to keep Le Bourget clear, we shall try to isolate Lindbergh.

Study Hints

1. The story naturally divides itself into ten, perhaps eleven, parts. Write a title for each part.

2. Pick out three or four of the descriptions of scenes that serve to give a picture of the end of Lindbergh's flight.

3. Pick out two or three examples of startling episodes told of in a casual manner.

4. Pick out two or three illustrations of the reporter's proneness to laugh at misfortune or at plans that went wrong.

Gideon

THE BIBLE [Judges 7: 5-25]

["Gideon" is an old story on an ever popular subject,—a soldier who courageously "scouts" an enemy and then outwits him in battle. It is an unsurpassed piece of narrative because it tells a thrilling story in simple language, without wasting words.

When you read it, creep with Gideon into the camp of the Midianites, and you'll be sure to laugh when you see the enemy run away scared by your shouts and the clatter of your broken pitchers.]

SO HE brought down the people unto the water:¹ and the LORD said unto Gideon, Every one that lappeth of the water with his tongue, as a dog lappeth, him shalt thou set by himself; likewise every one that boweth down upon his knees to drink.

And the number of them that lapped, *putting* their hand to their mouth, were three hundred men: but all the rest of the people bowed down upon their knees to drink water.

And the LORD said unto Gideon, By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you, and deliver the Midianites into thine hand: and let all the *other* people go every man unto his place.

So the people took victuals in their hand, and their trumpets: and he sent all *the rest of* Israel every man unto his tent, and retained those three hundred men: and the host² of Midian was beneath him in the valley.

And it came to pass the same night, that the LORD said unto him, Arise, get thee down unto the host; for I have delivered it into thine hand.

But if thou fear to go down, go thou with Phurah thy servant down to the host:

And thou shalt hear what they say; and afterward shall thine hands be strengthened to go down unto the host. Then went he down with Phurah his servant unto the outside of the armed men that *were* in the host.

And the Midianites and the Amalekites and all the children of the east lay along in the valley like grasshoppers for multitude; and their camels *were* without number, as the sand by the sea side for multitude.

And when Gideon was come,³ behold, *there was* a man that told a dream unto his fellow, and said, Behold, I dreamed a

¹ Springs and streams (necessary for their flocks).

² Army.

³ That is, when he had come to the camp of Midian and hidden himself in the shadows.

dream, and, lo, a cake of barley bread tumbled into the host of Midian, and came unto a tent, and smote it that it fell, and overturned it, that the tent lay along.

And his fellows answered and said, This is nothing else save the sword of Gideon the son of Joash, a man of Israel: for into his hand hath God delivered Midian, and all the host.

And it was so, when Gideon heard the telling of the dream, and the interpretation thereof, that he worshipped, and returned into the host of Israel, and said, Arise; for the LORD hath delivered into your hand the host of Midian.

And he divided the three hundred men into three companies, and he put a trumpet in every man's hand, with empty pitchers, and lamps within the pitchers.

And he said unto them, Look on me, and do likewise:¹ and, behold, when I come to the outside of the camp, it shall be *that*, as I do, so shall ye do.

When I blow with a trumpet, I and all that *are* with me, then blow ye the trumpets also on every side of all the camp, and say, *The sword* of the LORD, and of Gideon.

So Gideon, and the hundred men that *were* with him, came unto the outside of the camp in the beginning of the middle watch; and they had but newly set the watch: and they blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers that *were* in their hands.

And the three companies blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers, and held the lamps in their left hands, and the trumpets in their right hands to blow *withal*: and they cried, The sword of the LORD, and of Gideon.

And they stood every man in his place round about the camp: and all the host ran, and cried, and fled.

And the three hundred blew the trumpets, and the LORD set every man's sword against his fellow, even throughout all the host: and the host fled to

¹ Now watch me and do as I do.

Beth-shittah in Zererath, and to the border of Abel-meholah, unto Tabbath.

And the men of Israel gathered themselves together out of Naphtali, and out of Asher, and out of all Manasseh, and pursued after the Midianites.

And Gideon sent messengers throughout all mount Ephraim, saying, Come down against the Midianites, and take before them the waters unto Beth-barah and Jordan. Then all the men of Ephraim gathered themselves together, and took the waters unto Beth-barah and Jordan.

Study Hints

1. In your own words, tell the story of Gideon's surprise attack.

2. Write an imaginary (whispered) conversation between Gideon and Phurah as they lay in the camp of the Midianites.

3. Describe the home-coming of a Midianite soldier; of a Gideonite soldier.

4. Do you find any scenes that could be painted?

Samson*

THE BIBLE [Judges 14: 5-19; 15: 3-17]

[A contest of wits, a practical joke, and an account of a desperate fight against tremendous odds make up this tale of the long ago.]

THEN Samson went down with his father and mother to Thamnatha. And when they were come to the vineyards of the town, behold a young lion met him raging and roaring.

And the spirit of the Lord came upon Samson, and he tore the lion as he would have torn a kid to pieces, having nothing at all in his hand: and he would not tell this to his father and mother.

And he went down and spoke to the woman¹ that had pleased his eyes.

And after some days returning to take² her, he went aside to see the carcass of

¹ She was a Philistine*; her people were the hated oppressors of Samson's people.

² Marry.

the lion, and behold there was a swarm of bees in the mouth of the lion and a honeycomb.

And when he had taken it¹ in his hands, he went on eating: and coming to his father and mother, he gave them of it, and they ate: but he would not tell them, that he had taken the honey from the body of the lion.

So his father went down to the woman, and made a feast for his son Samson: for so the young men used to do.

And when the citizens of that place saw him, they brought him thirty companions to be with him.

And Samson said to them: I will propose to you a riddle, which if you declare² unto me within the seven days of the feast, I will give you thirty shirts, and as many coats:

But if you shall not be able to declare it, you shall give me thirty shirts and the same number of coats. They answered him: Put forth the riddle that we may hear it.

And he said to them: Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness. And they could not in three days expound³ the riddle.

And when the seventh day came, they said to the wife of Samson: Soothe thy husband, and persuade him to tell thee what the riddle meaneth. But if thou wilt not do it, we will burn thee, and thy father's house. Have you called us to the wedding on purpose to strip us?

So she wept before Samson and complained, saying: Thou hatest me, and dost not love me: therefore thou wilt not expound to me the riddle which thou hast proposed to the sons of my people. But he answered: I would not tell it to my father and mother, and how can I tell it to thee?

So she wept before him the seven days of the feast: and at length on the seventh day as she was troublesome to him,⁴

he expounded it. And she immediately told her countrymen.

And they on the seventh day before the sun went down said to him: What is sweeter than honey? and what is stronger than a lion? And he said to them: If you had not ploughed with my heifer,¹ you had not found out my riddle.

And the spirit of the Lord came upon him, and he went down to Ascalon, and slew there thirty men, whose garments he took away and gave to them that had declared the riddle. And being exceeding angry he went up to his father's house.

[During Samson's absence his wife's father married her to another man. The father told Samson the news.]

And Samson answered him: From this day I shall be blameless in² what I do against the Philistines*: for I will do you evils.

And he went and caught three hundred foxes, and coupled them tail to tail, and fastened torches between the tails.

And setting them on fire he let the foxes go, that they might run about hither and thither. And they presently went into the standing corn³ of the Philistines. Which being set on fire, both the corn that was already carried together, and that which was yet standing, was all burnt, insomuch, that the flame consumed also the vineyards and the oliveyards.

[The Philistines, angered at the destruction of their crops, went to Samson's hiding place to seize him. His friends, learning their purpose, decide to help capture him.]

Wherefore three thousand men of Judah* went down to the cave of the rock Etam, and said to Samson: Knowest thou not that the Philistines rule over us? Why wouldst thou do thus?

¹ The honeycomb. ² Explain. ³ Explain.

⁴ Her weeping distressed him.

¹ Found out from my wife.

² I shall not be responsible for. ³ Grain.

And he said to them: As they did to me, so have I done to them.

And they said to him, We are come to bind thee and to deliver thee into the hands of the Philistines. And Samson said to them: Swear to me, and promise me, that you will not kill me.

They said: We will not kill thee: but we will deliver thee up bound. And they bound him with two new cords, and brought him from the rock Etam.

Now when he was come to the place of the Jawbone, and the Philistines shouting went up to meet him, the spirit of the Lord came strongly upon him: and as the flax is wont to be consumed at the approach of fire, so the bands with which he was bound were broken and loosed.

And finding a jawbone, even the jawbone¹ of an ass which lay there, catching it up, he slew therewith a thousand men.

And he said: With the jawbone of an ass, with the jaw of the colt of asses I have destroyed them, and have slain a thousand men.

And when he had ended these words singing, he threw the jawbone out of his hand, and called the name of that place Ramathlechi, which is interpreted the lifting up of the jawbone.

Study Hints

1. Read all of the story of Samson in the Bible, Judges 14, 15, and 16.

2. If your community has ever boasted a "strong man," tell some of his exploits.

3. What would be the attitude of people today toward a man like Samson?

4. Such virtues as kindness, mercy, and forgiveness are not emphasized in the story of Samson. Why do you suppose this is true?

The Birth of the Telephone

HERBERT N. CASSON (1869—)

["The Birth of the Telephone" is a modern hero story. It is an account of how a man, inspired by a definite purpose, continued to work in spite of discouragement, until at last he accomplished his end. Such stories are not uncommon. This narrative owes much of its interest to the author's ability to select thrilling incidents in the life of his subject, and to his skill in presenting them to his readers.]

IN THAT distant year 1875, when the telegraph was the most wonderful thing in the world, a tall young man was busy in a noisy machine shop in Boston, not far from Scollay Square. It was a very hot afternoon, but the young man had forgotten the heat and the grime of the workshop. He was wholly absorbed in the making of a nondescript machine, a sort of crude harmonica with a clock-spring reed, a magnet, and a wire. It was a most absurd toy in appearance. It was unlike any other thing that had ever been made in any country. The young man had been toiling over it for three years, and it had constantly baffled him, until, on this hot afternoon in June, 1875, he heard an almost inaudible sound — a faint *twang* — come from the machine itself.

For an instant he was stunned. Though he had been expecting just such a sound for several months, it came so suddenly as to give him the sensation of surprise. His eyes blazed with delight, and he sprang in a passion of eagerness to an adjoining room in which stood a young mechanic who was assisting him.

"Snap that reed again, Watson," cried the apparently irrational young man. There was one of the odd-looking machines in each room, so it appears, and the two were connected by an electric wire. Watson had snapped the reed on one of the machines, and the young man had heard from the other machine

¹ Next time you meet an allusion to the jawbone of an ass, remember this story.

exactly the same sound. It was no more than the gentle *twang* of a clock spring; but it was the first time in the history of the world that a complete sound had been carried along a wire, reproduced perfectly at the other end, and heard by an expert in acoustics.¹

That *twang* of the clock spring was the first tiny cry of the newborn telephone, uttered in the clanging din of a machine shop and happily heard by a man whose ear had been trained to recognize the strange voice of the little newcomer. There, amidst flying belts and jarring wheels, the baby telephone was born, as feeble and helpless as any other baby, and "with no language but a cry."

The inventor who had thus rescued the tiny foundling of science was a young Scottish-American. His name, now known as widely as the telephone itself, was Alexander Graham Bell. He was a teacher of acoustics and a student of electricity, possibly the only man in his generation who was able to focus a knowledge of both subjects upon the problem of the telephone. To other men that exceedingly faint sound would have been as inaudible as silence itself, but to Bell it was a thunderclap. It was a dream come true. It was an impossible thing which had in a flash become so easy that he could scarcely believe it. Here, without the use of a battery, with no more electric current than that made by a couple of magnets, all the waves of a sound had been carried along a wire and changed back to sound at the farther end. It was absurd. It was incredible. It was something which neither wire nor electricity had been known to do before. But it was true.

No discovery had ever been less accidental. It was the last link of a long chain of discoveries. It was the result of a persistent and deliberate search. Already, for half a year or longer, Bell had

known the correct theory of the telephone; but he had not realized that the feeble undulatory current¹ generated by a magnet was strong enough for the transmission of speech. He had been taught to undervalue the incredible efficiency of electricity.

Not only was Bell himself a teacher of the laws of speech, so highly skilled that he was an instructor in Boston University. His father also, his two brothers, his uncle, and his grandfather had taught the laws of speech in the universities of Edinburgh, Dublin, and London. For three generations the Bells had been professors of the science of talking. They had even helped to create that science by several inventions. The first of them, Alexander Bell, had invented a system for the correction of stammering and similar defects of speech. The second, Alexander Melville Bell, was the dean of British elocutionists, a man of creative brain and a most impressive facility of rhetoric. He was the author of a dozen textbooks on the art of speaking correctly, and also of a most ingenious sign language which he called "Visible Speech." Every letter in the alphabet of this language represented a certain action of the lips and tongue, so that a new method was provided for those who wished to learn foreign languages or to speak their own language more correctly. And the third of these speech-improving Bells, the inventor of the telephone, inherited the peculiar genius of his fathers, both inventive and rhetorical, to such a degree that as a boy he had constructed an artificial skull, from gutta-percha and India rubber, which, when enlivened by a blast of air from a hand bellows, would actually pronounce several words in an almost human manner.

The third Bell, the only one of this remarkable family who concerns us at this time, was a young man, barely twenty-eight, at the time when his ear

¹ The science of sounds (of the voice).

¹ A current of gradually changing strength.

caught the first cry of the telephone. But he was already a man of some note on his own account. He had been educated in Edinburgh, the city of his birth, and in London, and had in one way and another picked up a smattering of anatomy, music, electricity, and telegraphy. Until he was sixteen years of age he had read nothing but novels and poetry and romantic tales of Scottish heroes. Then he left home to become a teacher of elocution in various British schools, and by the time he was of age he had made several slight discoveries as to the nature of vowel sounds. Shortly afterwards he met in London two distinguished men, Alexander J. Ellis and Sir Charles Wheatstone, who did far more than they ever knew to forward Bell in the direction of the telephone.

Ellis was the president of the London Philological Society. Also he was the translator of the famous book on "The Sensations of Tone," written by Helmholtz, who, in the period from 1871 to 1894, made Berlin the world center for the study of the physical sciences. So it happened that when Bell ran to Ellis as a young enthusiast and told his experiments, Ellis informed him that Helmholtz had done the same things several years before and done them more completely. He brought Bell to his house and showed him what Helmholtz had done,—how he had kept tuning-forks in vibration by the power of electromagnets, and blended the tones of several tuning-forks together to produce the complex quality of the human voice.

Now, Helmholtz had not been trying to invent a telephone, nor any sort of message-carrier. His aim was to point out the physical basis of music, and nothing more. But this fact that an electromagnet would set a tuning-fork humming was new to Bell and very attractive. It appealed at once to him as a student of speech. If a tuning-fork could be made to sing by a magnet or an

electrified wire, why would it not be possible to make a musical telegraph,—a telegraph with a piano keyboard, so that many messages could be sent at once over a single wire? Unknown to Bell, there were several dozen inventors then at work upon this problem, which proved in the end to be very elusive. But it gave him at least a starting-point, and he forthwith commenced his quest of the telephone.

As he was then in England, his first step was naturally to visit Sir Charles Wheatstone, the best-known English expert on telegraphy. Sir Charles had earned his title by many inventions. He was a simple-natured scientist, and treated Bell with the utmost kindness. He showed him an ingenious talking-machine that had been made by Baron de Kempelin.¹ At this time Bell was twenty-two and unknown; Wheatstone was sixty-seven and famous. And the personality of the veteran scientist made so vivid a picture upon the mind of the impressionable young Bell that the grand passion of science became henceforth the master motif of his life.

From this summit of glorious ambition he was thrown, several months later, into the depths of grief and despondency. The White Plague² had come to the home in Edinburgh and taken away his two brothers. More, it had put its mark upon the young inventor himself. Nothing but a change of climate, said his doctor, would put him out of danger. And so, to save his life, he and his father and mother set sail from Glasgow and came to the small Canadian town of Brantford, where for a year he fought down his tendency to consumption and satisfied his nervous energy by teaching "Visible Speech" to a tribe of Mohawk Indians.

¹ An inventor of the nineteenth century. He made an automatic chess-player and a talking-machine.

² Tuberculosis.

By this time it had become evident, both to his parents and to his friends, that young Graham was destined to become some sort of a creative genius. He was tall and supple, with a pale complexion, large nose, full lips, jet-black eyes, and jet-black hair, brushed high and usually rumbled into a curly tangle. In temperament he was a true scientific Bohemian,¹ with the ideals of a savant² and the disposition of an artist. He was wholly a man of enthusiasms, more devoted to ideas than to people, and less likely to master his own thoughts than to be mastered by them. He had no shrewdness, in any commercial sense, and very little knowledge of the small practical details of ordinary living. He was always intense, always absorbed. When he applied his mind to a problem, it became at once an enthralling arena³ in which there went whirling a chariot race of ideas and inventive fancies.

He had been fascinated from boyhood by his father's system of "Visible Speech." He knew it so well that he once astonished a professor of Oriental languages by repeating correctly a sentence of Sanscrit* that had been written in "Visible Speech" characters. While he was living in London his most absorbing enthusiasm was the instruction of a class of deaf-mutes, who could be trained to talk, he believed, by means of the "Visible Speech" alphabet. He was so deeply impressed by the progress made by these pupils, and by the pathos of their dumbness, that when he arrived in Canada he was in doubt as to which of these two tasks was the more important one,—the teaching of deaf-mutes or the invention of a musical telegraph.

At this point, and before Bell had begun to experiment with his telegraph,

the scene of the story shifts from Canada to Massachusetts. It appears that his father, while lecturing in Boston, had mentioned Graham's exploits with a class of deaf-mutes; and soon afterward the Boston Board of Education wrote to Graham offering him five hundred dollars if he would come to Boston and introduce his system of teaching in a school for deaf-mutes that had been opened recently. The young man joyfully agreed, and on the first of April, 1871, crossed the line¹ and became for the remainder of his life an American.

For the next two years his telegraphic work was laid aside if not forgotten. His success as a teacher of deaf-mutes was sudden and overwhelming. It was the educational sensation of 1871. It won him a professorship in Boston University and brought so many pupils around him that he ventured to open an ambitious "School of Vocal Physiology," which became at once a profitable enterprise. For a time there seemed to be little hope of his escaping from the burden of this success and becoming an inventor, when, by a most happy coincidence, two of his pupils brought to him exactly the sort of stimulation and practical help that he needed and had not up to this time received.

One of these pupils was a little deaf-mute tot, five years of age, named Georgie Sanders. Bell had agreed to give him a series of private lessons for three hundred fifty dollars a year; and as the child lived with his grandmother in the city of Salem, sixteen miles from Boston, it was agreed that Bell should make his home with the Sanders family. Here he not only found the keenest interest and sympathy in his air castles of invention, but also was given permission to use the cellar of the house as his workshop.

For the next three years this cellar was his favorite retreat. He littered it with tuning forks, magnets, batteries,

¹ The Canadian border.

¹ One who pays little attention to conventional conduct.

² A learned man, a scholar.

³ A place of public contest.

coils of wire, tin trumpets, and cigar boxes. No one outside of the Sanders family was allowed to enter it, as Bell was nervously afraid of having his ideas stolen. He would even go to five or six stores to buy his supplies, for fear that his intentions should be discovered. Almost with the secrecy of a conspirator he worked alone in this cellar, usually at night, and quite oblivious of the fact that sleep was a necessity to him and to the Sanders family.

"Often in the middle of the night Bell would wake me up," said Thomas Sanders, the father of Georgie. "His black eyes would be blazing with excitement. Leaving me to go down to the cellar, he would rush wildly to the barn and begin to send me signals along his experimental wires. If I noticed any improvement in his machine, he would be delighted. He would leap and whirl around in one of his 'war dances' and then go contentedly to bed. But if the experiment was a failure, he would go back to his work bench and try some different plan."

The second pupil who became a factor — a very considerable factor — in Bell's career was a fifteen-year-old girl named Mabel Hubbard, who had lost her hearing, and consequently her speech, through an attack of scarlet fever when a baby. She was a gentle and lovable girl, and Bell, in his ardent and headlong way, lost his heart to her completely, and four years later he had the happiness of making her his wife. Mabel Hubbard did much to encourage Bell. She followed each step of his progress with the keenest interest. She wrote his letters and copied his patents. She cheered him on when he felt himself beaten. And through her sympathy with Bell and his ambitions she led her father — a widely known Boston lawyer named Gardiner G. Hubbard — to become Bell's chief spokesman and defender, a true apostle of the telephone.

Hubbard first became aware of Bell's

inventive efforts one evening when Bell was visiting at his home in Cambridge. Bell was illustrating some of the mysteries of acoustics by the aid of a piano. "Do you know," he said to Hubbard, "that if I sing the note *G* close to the strings of the piano, that the *G*-string will answer me?" "Well, what then?" asked Hubbard. "It is a fact of tremendous importance," replied Bell. "It is an evidence that we may some day have a musical telegraph, which will send as many messages simultaneously over one wire as there are notes on that piano."

Later Bell ventured to confide to Hubbard his wild dream of sending speech over an electric wire, but Hubbard laughed him to scorn. "Now you are talking nonsense," he said. "Such a thing never could be more than a scientific toy. You had better throw that idea out of your mind and go ahead with your musical telegraph, which if it is successful will make you a millionaire."

But the longer Bell toiled at his musical telegraph the more he dreamed of replacing the telegraph and its cumbrous sign language by a new machine that would carry, not dots and dashes, but the human voice. "If I can make a deaf-mute talk," he said, "I can make iron talk." For months he wavered between the two ideas. He had no more than the most hazy conception of what this voice-carrying machine would be like. At first he conceived of having a harp at one end of the wire and a speaking-trumpet at the other, so that the tones of the voice would be reproduced by the strings of the harp.

Then, in the early summer of 1874, while he was puzzling over this harp apparatus, the dim outline of a new path suddenly glinted in front of him. He had not been forgetful of "Visible Speech" all this while, but had been making experiments with two remarkable machines, — the phonautograph¹ and

¹ An instrument which makes a visible record of sound.

the manometric capsule,¹— by means of which the vibrations of sound were made plainly visible. If these could be improved, he thought, then the deaf might be taught to speak by *sight*,— by learning an alphabet of vibrations. He mentioned these experiments to a Boston friend, Dr. Clarence J. Blake, and he, being a surgeon and an aurist,² naturally said, "Why don't you use a *real ear*?"

Such an idea never had, and probably never would have, occurred to Bell; but he accepted it with eagerness. Dr. Blake cut an ear from a dead man's head, together with the eardrum and the associated bones. Bell took this fragment of a skull and arranged it so that a straw touched the eardrum at one end and a piece of moving smoked glass at the other. Thus, when Bell spoke loudly into the ear, the vibrations of the drum made tiny markings upon the glass.

It was one of the most extraordinary incidents in the whole history of the telephone. To an uninitiated onlooker nothing could have been more ghastly or absurd. How could anyone have interpreted the gruesome joy of this young professor with the pale face and the black eyes, who stood earnestly singing, whispering, and shouting into a dead man's ear? What sort of a wizard must he be, or ghoul,³ or madman?

What had this dead man's ear to do with the invention of the telephone? Much. Bell noticed how small and thin was the eardrum, and yet how effectively it could send thrills and vibrations through heavy bones. "If this tiny disk can vibrate a bone," he thought, "then an iron disk might vibrate an iron rod, or at least an iron wire." In a flash

the conception of a membrane telephone was pictured in his mind. He saw in imagination two iron disks, or eardrums, far apart and connected by an electrified wire, catching the vibrations of sound at one end and reproducing them at the other. At last he was on the right path and had a theoretical knowledge of what a speaking telephone ought to be. What remained to be done was to construct such a machine and find out how the electric current could best be brought into harness.

Then, as though Fortune suddenly felt that he was winning this stupendous success too easily, Bell was flung back by an avalanche of troubles. Sanders and Hubbard, who had been paying the cost of his experiments, abruptly announced that they would pay no more unless he confined his attention to the musical telegraph and stopped wasting his time on ear toys that never could be of any financial value. What these two men asked could scarcely be denied, as one of them was his best-paying patron and the other was the father of the girl whom he hoped to marry. "If you wish my daughter," said Hubbard, "you must abandon your foolish telephone." Bell's "School of Vocal Physiology" too, from which he had hoped so much, had come to an inglorious end. He had been too much absorbed in his experiments to sustain it. His professorship had been given up, and he had no pupils except Georgie Sanders and Mabel Hubbard. He was poor, much poorer than his associates knew. And his mind was torn and distracted by the contrary calls of science, poverty, business, and affection. Pouring out his sorrows in a letter to his mother, he said: "I am now beginning to realize the cares and anxieties of being an inventor. I have had to put off all pupils and classes, for flesh and blood could not stand much longer such a strain as I have had upon me."

While stumbling through this Slough*

¹ An instrument that measures gas pressures by a thin rubber stretched across the open end of a tube.

² An ear specialist.

³ An imaginary being who is said to rob graves and feed on corpses.

of Despond he was called to Washington by his patent lawyer. Not having enough money to pay the cost of such a journey, he borrowed the price of a return ticket from Sanders and arranged to stay with a friend in Washington, to save a hotel bill that he could not afford. At that time Professor Joseph Henry, who knew more of the theory of electrical science than any other American, was the Grand Old Man of Washington; and poor Bell, in his doubt and desperation, resolved to run to him for advice.

Then came a meeting which deserves to be historic. For an entire afternoon the two men worked together over the apparatus that Bell had brought from Boston, just as Henry had worked over the telegraph before Bell was born. Henry was now a veteran of seventy-eight, with only three years remaining to his credit in the bank of Time, while Bell was twenty-eight. There was a long half-century between them, but the youth had discovered a new fact that the sage, in all his wisdom, had never known.

"You are in possession of the germ of a great invention," said Henry, "and I would advise you to work at it until you have made it complete."

"But," replied Bell, "I have not got the electrical knowledge that is necessary."

"Get it," responded the aged scientist.

"I cannot tell you how much these two words have encouraged me," said Bell afterwards, in describing this interview to his parents. "I live too much in an atmosphere of discouragement for scientific pursuits, and such a chimerical idea as telegraphing *vocal sounds* would indeed seem to most minds scarcely feasible enough to spend time in working over."

By this time Bell had moved his workshop from the cellar in Salem to 109 Court Street, Boston, where he had rented a room from Charles Williams, a manufacturer of electrical supplies. Thomas A. Watson was his assistant,

and both Bell and Watson lived near by, in two cheap little bedrooms. The rent of the workshop and bedrooms, and Watson's wages of nine dollars a week, were being paid by Sanders and Hubbard. Consequently, when Bell returned from Washington, he was compelled by his agreement to devote himself mainly to the musical telegraph, although his heart was now with the telephone. For exactly three months after his interview with Professor Henry he continued to plod ahead, along both lines, until, on that memorable hot afternoon in June, 1875, the full *twang* of the clock spring came over the wire, and the telephone was born.

For forty weeks — long, exasperating weeks — the telephone could do no more than gasp and make strange, inarticulate noises. Its educators had not learned how to manage it. Then, on March 10, 1876, *it talked*. It said distinctly, "*Mr. Watson, come here; I want you.*" Watson, who was at the lower end of the wire, in the basement, dropped the receiver and rushed with wild joy up three flights of stairs to tell the glad tidings to Bell. "I can hear you!" he shouted breathlessly. "I can hear the *words*."

It was not easy, of course, for the weak young telephone to make itself heard in that noisy workshop. No one, not even Bell and Watson, was familiar with its odd little voice. Usually Watson, who had a remarkably keen sense of hearing, did the listening; and Bell, who was a professional elocutionist, did the talking. And day by day the tone of the baby instrument grew clearer—a new note in the orchestra of civilization.

On his twenty-ninth birthday Bell received his patent, Number 174,465—"the most valuable single patent ever issued" in any country.

Other inventors had worked from the standpoint of the telegraph; and they never did, and never could, get any better results than signs and symbols. But Bell

worked from the standpoint of the human voice. He cross-fertilized¹ the two sciences of acoustics and electricity. He knew what a spoken word was, and how it acted upon the air, or the ether,² that carried its vibrations from the lips to the ear.

Bell knew just enough about electricity, and not too much. He did not know the possible from the impossible. "Had I known more about electricity, and less about sound," he said, "I would never have invented the telephone." What he had done was so amazing, so foolhardy, that no trained electrician could have thought of it. It was "the very hardihood of invention," and yet it was not in any sense a chance discovery. It was the natural output of a mind that had been led to assemble just the right materials for such a product.

The Centennial Exposition³ in Philadelphia opened its doors exactly two months after the telephone had learned to talk. Here was a superb opportunity to let the wide world know what had been done, and fortunately Hubbard was one of the Centennial commissioners. By his influence a small table was placed in the Department of Education, in a narrow space between a stairway and a wall, and on this table was deposited the first of the telephones.

Bell had no intention of going to the Centennial himself. He was too poor. Sanders and Hubbard had never done more than pay his room rent and the expense of his experiments. For his three or four years of inventing he had received nothing as yet — nothing but his patent. In order to live he had been compelled to reorganize his classes in Visible Speech, and to pick up the raveled ends of his neglected profession.

But one Friday afternoon, toward the end of June, his sweetheart, Mabel Hubbard, was taking the train for the Centennial, and he went to the depot to say good-by. Here Miss Hubbard learned for the first time that Bell was not to go. She coaxed and pleaded, without effect. Then, as the train was starting, leaving Bell on the platform, the affectionate young girl could no longer control her feelings and was overcome by a passion of tears. At this the susceptible Bell, like a true Sir Galahad,* dashed after the moving train and sprang aboard, without ticket and baggage, oblivious of his classes and his poverty and of all else except this one maiden's distress. "I never saw a man," said Watson, "so much in love as Bell was."

As it happened, this impromptu trip to the Centennial proved to be one of the most timely acts of his life. On the following Sunday afternoon the judges were to make a special tour of inspection, and Mr. Hubbard, after much trouble, had obtained a promise that they would spend a few minutes examining Bell's telephone. By this time it had been on exhibition for more than six weeks, without attracting the serious attention of anybody.

When Sunday afternoon arrived, Bell was at his little table, nervous yet confident.

Accompanied by his wife, the Empress Theresa, and by a bevy of courtiers, the Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro* de Alcantara, walked into the room, advanced with both hands outstretched to the bewildered Bell, and exclaimed, "Professor Bell, I am delighted to see you again." The judges at once forgot the heat and the fatigue and the hunger. Who was this young inventor, with the pale complexion and black eyes, that he should be the friend of emperors? They did not know, and for the moment even Bell himself had forgotten, that Dom Pedro had once visited Bell's classes of

¹ Combined.

² A theoretical substance that has been supposed to fill all space.

³ A great "world's fair" held to commemorate the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

deaf-mutes at Boston University. He was especially interested in such humanitarian work, and had recently helped to organize the first Brazilian school for deaf-mutes at Rio de Janeiro. And so, with the tall, blond-bearded Dom Pedro in the center, the assembled judges and scientists — there were fully fifty in all — entered with unusual zest into the proceedings of the first telephone exhibition.

A wire had been strung from one end of the room to the other, and while Bell went to the transmitter, Dom Pedro took up the receiver and placed it to his ear. It was a moment of tense expectancy. No one knew clearly what was about to happen, when the Emperor, with a dramatic gesture, raised his head from the receiver and exclaimed with a look of utter amazement: "*My God — it talks!*"

Next came to the receiver the oldest scientist in the group, the venerable Joseph Henry, whose encouragement to Bell had been so timely. He stopped to listen, and, as one of the bystanders afterwards said, no one could forget the look of awe that came into his face as he heard that iron disk talking with a human voice. "This," said he, "comes nearer to overthrowing the doctrine of the conservation of energy than anything I ever saw."

Then came Sir William Thomson, later known as Lord Kelvin. It was fitting that he should be there, for he was the foremost electrical scientist at that time in the world, and had been the engineer of the first Atlantic cable. He listened and learned what even he had not known before — that a solid metallic body could take up from the air all the countless varieties of vibrations produced by speech, and that these vibrations could be carried along a wire and reproduced exactly by a second metallic body. He nodded his head solemnly as he rose from the receiver. "It *does* speak," he said emphatically. "It is the most wonderful thing I have seen in America."

So, one after another, this notable company of men listened to the voice of the first telephone, and the more they knew of science, the less they were inclined to believe their ears. The wiser they were, the more they wondered. To Henry and Thomson, the masters of electrical magic, this instrument was as surprising as it was to the man in the street. And both were noble enough to admit frankly their astonishment in the reports which they made as judges, when they gave Bell a Certificate of Award. "Mr. Bell has achieved a result of transcendent scientific interest," wrote Sir William Thomson. "I heard it speak distinctly several sentences. I was astonished and delighted. It is the greatest marvel hitherto achieved by the electric telegraph."

Until nearly ten o'clock that night the judges talked and listened by turns at the telephone. Then, next morning, they brought the apparatus to the judges' pavilion, where for the remainder of the summer it was mobbed by judges and scientists. Sir William Thomson and his wife ran back and forth between the two ends of the wire like a pair of delighted children. And thus it happened that the crude little instrument that had been tossed into an out-of-the-way corner became the star of the Centennial. It had been given no more than eighteen words in the official catalogue, and here it was acclaimed as the wonder of wonders. It had been conceived in a cellar and born in a machine shop; and now, of all the gifts that our young American republic had received on its one-hundredth birthday, the telephone was honored as the rarest and most welcome of them all.

Study Hints

1. Discuss two or three of the most dramatic incidents in the story.
2. Would it be right to say that the invention of the telephone was an accident?

3. Write a short play dramatizing the Sunday afternoon at the Centennial.

4. Write a character sketch of Bell.

5. Describe Bell's workshop.

6. Read "To Build a Fire" (p. 422) in connection with "The Birth of the Telephone." Is it correct to say that the former is marked by pictures; the latter, by actions?

7. Write a brief story in which little Georgie describes his teacher to his mother.

The Prophet Engineer

MARY R. PARKMAN (1875-)

[*"The Prophet Engineer"* is a story of a great man who performed a great task in a great way. Colonel Goethals is a hero in a more real sense than those of old. Miss Parkman is gifted with the ability to pick out the ruling motives in the lives of her subjects and to tell of those motives in such a way that her words suggest more than they say. A large part of the charm of this story lies in the word pictures it presents: the thoughtful little boy, the diligent student at West Point, the capable army engineer, the "boss," the stern director, and the humble recipient of medals and honors for his stupendous achievement.]

WHEN a boy has a name like "George Washington Goethals," he must have something out of the ordinary about him to let it pass with his companions on the playground. Should he prove a weakling, should the other boys discover any flaw in the armor of his self-confidence, such a name would be a mockery and a misfortune.

"I don't believe that I quite like our name," remarked little George Goethals in the confidence of the family circle one evening. "It is a bit queer, isn't it?"

"It's a name to be proud of, son," was the reply. "It's a name to live up to. For more than a thousand years it has been borne by strong, brave men. It belongs to the history of more than one country and century, and the way it was won makes a pretty story."

"Tell me the story!" begged the boy, breathlessly, his eyes dark with interest.

"In the days when knights were bold, a man named Honorius, whose courage was as finely tempered as his sword, went with the Duke of Burgundy from Italy into France. In a fierce battle with the Saracens* he received a terrible blow on the neck which would have felled most men to the ground, but his strength and steel withstood the shock and won him a nickname of honor — "Boni Coli" (good neck). Later, when he was rewarded for his valor by a grant of land in the north country which is now Holland and Belgium, this name was changed after the Dutch fashion into "Goet Hals" (good or stiff neck), and became the family name of all that man's descendants, who made it an honored name in Holland. When your ancestors came to America, they hoped that it would become an honored name in the new country, and it must be your part to help bring that to pass."

The boy's eyes grew thoughtful. "For more than a thousand years it has been the name of brave men," he repeated to himself. "But it is an American name now, isn't it?" he added anxiously.

"Yes, son, it is just as American as it can be made," his father returned with a laugh. "We call it Gō'thals,— there is nothing more truly American than a thing that has *go*, you know,— and we've given you the name of the first American to go with it."

"I'll show that an American Goethals can be as brave as any Dutch one," George boasted.

"Strong hearts and brave deeds speak for themselves, son," he was reminded, "and they are understood everywhere, whether the people speak Dutch, English, or Chinese."

As the boy's school days went by, it seemed that he had made that truth his own. In his studies he showed that common sense and thoroughness are better than mere dash and brilliancy. On the

playground he let others do the talking, content to make his reply when he had his turn at the bat — or not at all. And the knightly baron of old who won the name of "Good Neck" could not have held up his head and faced his world with a stronger and more resolute bearing than did this American schoolboy.

To those who knew him it was no surprise when he entered West Point; and it was no surprise to anyone when he graduated second in his class.

"Of course, he wouldn't be first," one of his classmates said; "that would have been too showy for G. W. I don't know anyone to whom just the honor of a thing means less. He's glad to have done a good job, and of course he's glad to be one of the picked few to go into the engineer corps."

As if unwilling to part with the young lieutenant, West Point kept him as an instructor for several months before sending him on to Willett's Point, where he remained in the Engineering School of Application for two years. He soon proved that he had the virtues of the soldier and the leader of men,—loyalty and perseverance; loyalty, that makes a man able to take and give orders without becoming a machine or a tyrant; and perseverance, that makes him face each problem with the resolution to fight it out to the finish.

There were years when he was detailed to one task after another. Now it was the development of irrigation works for vast tracts of land in the West where only water was needed to make the section a garden spot of the continent. Then, when his system of ditches was fairly planned out, he was ordered off to cope with another problem, the building of dikes and dams along the Ohio River to curb the spring floods and to make the stream a dependable servant to man. Always he was "on the battle front of engineering," facing nature in her most obstinate

moods and conquering obstacles that stood in the way of achievement.

Sometimes, when he was sent to a new point on the firing line, leaving others to carry his work to completion, he would say to himself a bit ruefully, "What would it be like, I wonder, to stay by a job till the day of results?" But always his experience was the same. This year, orders took him to canal work along the Tennessee River; the next, perhaps, found him detailed to the work of coast fortifications at Newport. He was sent for a time to the Academy at West Point as instructor in civil and military engineering, and for a while he was stationed at Washington as assistant to the chief engineer of the army. Everywhere he showed a love of work for the work's sake,—a passion for a job well done. But, what was rarer still, he showed a reach of understanding that was as broad as his practical grasp was firm. He always saw the relation between his own job and a greater whole.

"While he keeps his eye on the matter in hand, it doesn't shut out a glimpse of the things of yesterday and tomorrow. That's why he's so reasonable and why his men will follow wherever he leads," it was said.

When the Spanish-American War¹ broke out, he went to Porto Rico as chief engineer of the First Army Corps. There his initial task was to construct a wharf where supplies could be landed, while a war vessel, which had been detailed for the purpose, stood guard over the operation. When the chief engineer looked at the heavy surf breaking on the beach, his eye fell upon some flat-bottomed barges which had been captured by the warship, and a plan for quick and effective construction recommended itself on the instant.

"Fill the barges with sand, and sink

¹ The war between Spain and the United States in 1898.

them as a foundation for the wharf," was his order.

Only one, however, had been so appropriated when the amazed admiral in command of the man-of-war sent his aide to direct the engineer to call a halt in his extraordinary proceedings.

"I am acting upon orders from my commanding officer and can take none from anyone else," replied Major Goethals, while the work with the second barge went on merrily. In a trice the aide returned with the warning that unless orders were obeyed, the man-of-war would open fire on the rash offender.

"You'll have to fire away, then," was the reply, "for we shall not stop until we have completed the work we were sent here to do, and landed the stores."

The admiral did not send a shot after his threat, but he did forward a complaint to the engineer's commanding officer, who directed that lumber be employed instead of the barges.

Major Goethals sent back the reply that there was no lumber to be had, and, while the offended admiral darkly threatened a court-martial, completed the wharf.

"It was pretty uncomfortable during the time the admiral passed by without speaking, was it not?" a brother officer asked the major.

"Well — we landed the supplies," returned the engineer, quietly, as if that was the only thing that mattered, after all. As usual he was content to let results speak for themselves.

All the work that this master engineer had done up to this time, however, was really unconscious preparation for a mighty task that lay waiting for a man great enough to face with courage and commanding mind and will the difficulties and problems involved in the biggest engineering job in America, or, indeed, in the whole world,— the digging of the Panama Canal. Ever since Columbus made his four voyages in the vain hope

of finding a waterway between the West and the East, ever since Balboa,* "silent upon a peak in Darien,"* gazed out over the limitless expanse of the Pacific, it had seemed as if man must be able to make for himself a path for his ships across the narrow barrier of land that nature had left there as a challenge to his powers. At first it seemed that it must be as simple as it was necessary to cut a canal through forty miles of earth, but time showed that the mighty labors of Hercules* were but child's play compared to this.

Before Sir Francis Drake,* the daring pirate whom destiny and patriotism made into an explorer and an admiral, died in his ship off the Isthmus in 1596, a survey had been made of the trail along which the Spanish adventurers had been carrying the plunder of their conquests in South America across the narrow neck of land from the town of Panama to Porto Bello, where it could be loaded on great galleons¹ and taken to Spain. For three centuries men of different nations— Spain, France, Colombia, and the United States — made surveys and considered various routes for a canal; but when they came face to face with the project at close range, the tropical jungle and the great rocky hills put a check on their ventures before they were begun.

In 1869, however, when the Suez* Canal was triumphantly completed by the French canal company, it seemed as if Count de Lesseps,* the hero of this enterprise, might well be the man to pierce the New World isthmus. Blinded by his brilliant success, in 1879 the venerable engineer (De Lesseps was at this time seventy-four years old) undertook the leadership of a vast enterprise to dig a similar canal across Panama. A canal was a canal; an isthmus was an isthmus. Of course, the man who had made a way for ships through Suez could join the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific at

¹ Spanish ships of the fifteenth century.

Panama. No one seemed to realize that the digging of a ditch through one hundred miles of level, sandy desert was an entirely different problem from cutting a waterway through solid rock, and removing mountains, to say nothing of diverting into a new channel the flow of a turbulent river and reconciling the widely different tides of two oceans.

The success of any large enterprise depends, above everything else, on the skillful handling of the problems of human engineering; for the quality of any work depends on the character of the workers. This means that a master of any great undertaking that involves the labor of many must first of all be a master of men. The successful engineer of the Panama Canal had not only to secure the loyalty and coöperation of all the workers of many races and prejudices but also to provide comfortable houses, wholesome food, and healthful living conditions, alike for body and mind, of his army of workers. The French did not know the country in which they worked,—the difficulties and dangers it presented. They did not know the men who worked for them,—their needs and how to meet them. They did not know the men they worked with,—their inefficiency and graft and how to forestall them. The De Lesseps enterprise was therefore doomed to failure. After expending \$260,000,000 (more than twice as much as the entire cost of Suez) in nine years, less than a quarter of the canal was dug, and the chief problems, presented by the unruly Chagres* River and the floods of the rainy season, were still untouched.

This is not the place to describe the disorderly retreat of the French forces, who hastily abandoned work and workers, tools and machines, like so much wreckage of a hopeless disaster. Some of the rascals and swindlers were punished; many others escaped. The aged De Lesseps — acclaimed as a hero yesterday,

denounced as a traitor¹ today — died of a broken heart. Thousands of poor people lost their little savings and with them their hope of comfort in their old age. When the United States offered to pay forty million dollars for all that the French company had accomplished, and all that it possessed in the way of equipment, plans, and privileges, the stockholders were only too glad to close the bargain.

The whole story of how the United States went about this world job makes one of the most interesting chapters of our history. It is, however, "another story." We cannot here go into the matter of how Panama became a republic independent of Colombia, and how the United States purchased for ten million dollars a strip of land ten miles wide, five miles on either side of the canal, across the isthmus. This Canal Zone is "as much the territory of the United States as the parade ground at West Point," the ports of Balboa and Cristobal are American, and the United States holds the right to enforce sanitary regulations in the cities of Panama and Colon at either end of the canal and to preserve order when the Panama authorities prove unequal to the task.

The shout went up from all over America: "Make the dirt fly! Show what the spirit of 'get there' and Yankee grit can do!" Of course, the temptation to produce immediate results was great. But the clear-seeing men in control said: "There must be no headlong rush this time. We will be content to make haste slowly and take steps to prevent the evils that have defeated those who have gone before. We must clean the cities, drain the swamps, make clearings in the rank growth of the jungles. We must make a place even in the tropics where health and happy human living are possible."

¹ De Lesseps and his son were found guilty of taking bribes.

But the "clean-up" slogan was not able alone to conquer the specter of disease. Yellow fever still haunted the streets and byways. Only through the heroism of brave men¹ who loved their neighbors better than themselves and who were willing to die that others might live was the secret learned. The experiments to which they gladly offered up their lives proved that the bite of a particular kind of mosquito was responsible for the spread of the disease, and that if this insect could be destroyed, yellow fever would be destroyed with it. Colonel Gorgas, the chief sanitary officer, whose watchword was "First prevent, then curb, and, when all else fails, cure," was the leader in the fight for healthful conditions on the isthmus.

It was clear that the time was ripe. The moment cried out for a man of power—one whose might as an engineer could command the forces of earth and ocean, and whose understanding of the even more difficult problems of human engineering would make him a true leader of men.

In 1905 Mr. Taft, who was at that time Secretary of War, journeyed to Panama to see how the work was going forward and to plan for the fortifications of the canal. He took with him an officer of engineers, a tall, vigorous man of forty-seven, with gray hair, a strong, youthful, bronzed face, and clear, direct blue eyes. No trumpet sounded before Major Goethals to announce the man of the hour—the one whom destiny and experience had equipped for the great work. He studied every phase of the giant enterprise, and, when he returned to Washington, prepared a report that showed not only a thorough understanding of every detail, but also a broad

comprehension of the problems of the whole. His recommendation of a lock canal¹ was submitted by the Secretary of War to the President, and with it went Mr. Taft's recommendation of Major Goethals for the position of chief engineer. Experience had proved that divided authority and changes in policy through changes in management were serious drawbacks.

"If I can find an army officer equal to the job, he will have to fight the thing out to the finish," said President Roosevelt. "He must manage the work on the spot, not from an office in Washington. He must be given full power to act and to control, and he must be a man big enough to realize that large authority means only large responsibility."

After carefully considering Major Goethals's record and reports and then talking with the man himself, the President became convinced that he had found the right chief for the work and the army of workers. But when it was generally known that an army officer was to command at Panama, people shook their heads. "The high-handed methods of the military will never succeed there," they said. "Shoulder straps cannot do the work!"

On the occasion of Major Goethals's first appearance before his staff of engineers and other assistants it was very clear that they looked upon the departure of their late chief, Mr. Stevens, with regret that became keener as they anticipated the formality and rigors of military control. When it was the new leader's turn to speak, they faced him silently. Major Goethals stood tall and firm like a true descendant of the "Good Neck" of old, but he looked them in the eyes frankly and pleasantly.

"There will be no militarism and no

¹ During the time that the American army was in Cuba American soldiers volunteered to let the army doctors give them cases of yellow fever so that the physicians might find the cause or a cure.

¹ A canal whose waters lie at different levels, equipped with specially designed water chambers, called locks, to raise or lower vessels.

salutes in Panama," he said. "I have left my uniform in moth balls at home, and with it I have left behind military duties and fashions. We are here to fight nature shoulder to shoulder. Your cause is my cause. We have common enemies, — Culebra* Cut and the climate; and the completion of the canal will be our victory. I intend to be the commanding officer, but the chiefs of divisions will be the colonels, the foremen the captains, and no man who does his duty has aught to fear from militarism."

Let us see how they went against the first enemy, Culebra Cut, — the channel that was to be made through the formidable "peak in Darien" known as Culebra Mountain. It is only seven o'clock, but the chief engineer — *Colonel* Goethals now — is at the station ready to take the early train.

"Suppose we walk through the tunnel," he remarks. "You know the dirt trains have right of way in Panama. We should hesitate to delay one even for the President of the United States or the Czar of all the Russias."

At the end of the tunnel a car that looks like a limousine turned switch engine is waiting on a siding for the "boss of the job." Painted light yellow, like the passenger cars of the Panama Railroad, it is known among the men as the "Yellow Peril" or the "Brain-wagon." But if anyone expects, as a matter of course, to see the colonel in the "Yellow Peril," he is as likely as not doomed to disappointment. The chief engineer drops off, now to see men drilling holes for dynamite, now to watch the loading of the dirt trains from the great steam shovels.

As we see the solid rock and rocklike earth of Culebra we realize that without dynamite the canal would be impossible. Let us watch for a moment the tearing of the "everlasting hill." Deafening machine drills pierce the rock or hard soil with holes from three to thirty or

forty feet in depth. These holes, which have been carefully arranged so as to insure the greatest effect in an earth-quaking, rock-breaking way, are filled with dynamite and then connected with an electric wire so that the pressure of a button will set off the entire charge. A rumble and then a roar — the earth trembles — heaves — then great masses of rock, mud, and water are hurled high into the air. A fraction of Culebra larger than a six or seven story building is frequently torn down by one of these explosions, and the rock broken into pieces that can be seized by the steam shovels and loaded on the dump cars.

It is interesting to see how, through an ingenious arrangement of the network of tracks, the loaded cars always go on the down grade, and only empty trains have to crawl up an incline. Much of the rock taken from the cut is used to build the great Gatun* Dam, that keeps the troublesome Chagres River from flooding the canal. The rest goes to the construction of breakwaters at the ends of the waterway or to the filling of swamps and valleys.

The "Brain-wagon" is going along without the head.¹ He is climbing blithely over the roughest sort of ground, now dodging onrushing dirt trains, now running to shelter with the "powder men" at the moment of blasting. A question here, a word there, and on he goes. It seems as if even the steam shovels know that there is a master hand at the helm, and vie with one another to see which can take up the most earth at a bite. You would think any man would be completely played out after such constant jumping and climbing under the hot rays of a tropical sun as the hours draw near to noon, but the colonel pulls up the long flight of steps that lead from the cut and remarks briskly, "Nothing like a little exercise every morning to keep your health in this climate!"

¹ Colonel Goethals.



"There never was such a man for being on the job!" exclaimed one of his foremen, admiringly. "The only time the colonel isn't working is from 10 P.M. to 5 A.M., when he is asleep."

No despotic monarch in his inherited kingdom ever had more absolute power than had the Man of Panama. The men, from the chiefs of divisions down to the last Jamaican negro¹ on the line, realized that he was master of the business and that his orders sprang from a thorough understanding of conditions and a large grasp of the whole. He was a successful engineer, however, not only because he knew the forces of nature that they were working to conquer in Panama, but also the human nature he was working with. He knew that no chain is stronger than its weakest link, and that no matter how perfect his plans and how powerful his huge machines and engines, the success he strove for would depend first of all

on the character and the coöperation of the workers.

"The real engineer must, above all, feel the vital importance of the human side of engineering work," he declared. "The man who would move mountains and make the flow of rivers serve human ends must first be a master of human construction."

He knew that if there were to be able and willing workers in Panama, they must be provided with the means of comfortable and contented living. It was not enough to defeat death in the form of plague and fever; it was necessary to make life worth while. For man could not live by work alone in a land of swamps and jungles. Houses with screened porches, with gardens, and all the comforts and conveniences to be found at home were provided for the five thousand American engineers, clerks, and foremen. Ships with cold-storage equipment brought food supplies from New York or New Orleans, and every morning a long train of refrigerator cars

¹ Much of the hand labor on the canal was done by negroes imported from the island of Jamaica for the purpose.

steamed across the isthmus carrying fresh provisions to all the hotels, town commissaries, and camps.

"You needn't pity us because we live in the Zone," said Mrs. Smith. "We get just as good meat and green vegetables as you can get in your market, and we buy them at wholesale prices. Our house is rent free, with furniture, linen, and silverware provided. We have electric lights and a telephone. We even have ice-cream soda and the movies!"

The Man of Panama knew that all work and no play would make Jack a dull boy, but also a poor workman. Recreation buildings were provided, where one could enjoy basket ball, squash, bowling, or read the latest books and magazines. There were clubs for men and for women, band concerts, and a baseball league.

"The colonel not only gave time and thought to the things that kept us contented and fit," one of the engineers said, "but he always had time for everybody who felt he wanted a word with him. The man who was handling the biggest job in the world nevertheless seemed to think it was worth while to consider the little troubles of each man who came along. Have you heard the song they sing in Panama?"

"Don't hesitate to state your case, the boss will hear you through;
It's true he's sometimes busy, and has other things to do,
But come on Sunday morning, and line up with the rest,—
You'll maybe feel some better with that grievance off your chest.
See Colonel Goethals, tell Colonel Goethals,
It's the only right and proper thing to do.
Just write a letter, or, even better,
Arrange a little Sunday interview."

The colonel's Sunday mornings were remarkable occasions. You might see forgathered there the most interesting variety of human types that could be found together anywhere in the world,—English, Spanish, French, Italians, tur-

baned coolies¹ from India, and Americans of all colors. One man thinks that his foreman does not appreciate his good points; another comes to present a claim for an injury received on a steam shovel. Mrs. A declares with some feeling that she is never given as good cuts of meat as Mrs. B enjoys every day. Another housewife doesn't see why, if Mrs. F can get bread from the hospital bakery, she can't as well; because she too can appreciate a superior article!

"Of course, many of the things are trivial and even absurd," said the colonel; "but if somebody thinks his little affair important, of course it is—to him. And that is the point, isn't it? He feels better when he has had it out; and if it makes the people any happier in their exile to have this court of appeal, that is not a thing to be despised. Besides, first and last, I come to understand many things that are really important from any point of view."

"He is the squarest boss I ever worked for," declared one of the locomotive engineers, "and I'll tell you the grafters don't have any show with him. He had a whole cargo of meat sent back the other day because it wasn't above suspicion. I happened to know, too, that he turned back a load of screening² on a prominent business house who thought that they could save a bit on the copper,—that for a government order it would never be noticed if it was not quite rust-proof."

The canal was finished not only in less time than had ever been thought possible but also with such honest and efficient administration of every detail that nowadays, when the statement is sometimes made that no great public enterprise can be carried through without more or less mismanagement and jobbing,

¹ The turban is the headdress of the coolies, or lower-caste men of India, many of whom were imported for work on the canal.

² Wire netting used for window screens.

the champion of Uncle Sam's business methods retorts, "Look at Panama!"

The colonel's quiet mastery in moments of stress was perhaps the most interesting phase of his human engineering. The representatives of a labor union threaten a strike unless he orders the release of one of their number who has been convicted of manslaughter. "When will we get our answer?" asked the spokesman.

"You have it now," replied Colonel Goethals. "You said that if the man was not out of the penitentiary by seven this evening you would all quit. By calling up the penitentiary you will learn that he is still there. That is your answer. It is now ten minutes past seven."

"But, Colonel, you don't want to tie up the whole work?" protested the leader.

"I am not proposing to tie up the work — you are doing that," was the reply.

"But, Colonel, why can't you pardon the man?"

"I will take no action in response to a mob. As for your threat to leave the service, I wish to say that every man of you who is not at his post tomorrow morning will be given his transportation to the United States, and there will be no string to it. He will go out on the first steamer, and he will never come back."

There was only one man who failed to report the following day, and he sent a doctor's certificate stating that he was too ill to be out of bed.

Human engineering was especially called into play when the Man of Panama faced committees of inquiry and investigation from Congress. A pompous politician once demanded in a challenging tone and with a sharp eye on the colonel, "How much cracked stone do you allow for a cubic yard of concrete?"

"One cubic yard," was the reply.

"You evidently do not understand my question," rejoined the investigator

in the manner of one who is bent on convicting another through his own words. "How much cracked stone do you allow for a cubic yard of concrete?"

"One cubic yard."

"But you don't allow for the sand and cement." The implied accusation was spoken with grave emphasis.

"Those go into the spaces among the cracked stone," was the unruffled reply. The smile that went around the room was felt rather than heard, but the pompous politician had no further questions.

This master of men, who was never known to yield his ground when he had once taken a stand, was always a man of few words. He preferred to let acts and facts do the talking.

"You know, Colonel Goethals," said a prominent statesman on one occasion, "a great many people think we are never going to carry this job through to the finish. What would you say when diplomats of the leading powers come at you with questions and declare it will never be done?"

"I wouldn't say anything," was the reply.

On another occasion the boss of the job said: "Some day in September, 1913, I expect to go to Colon and take the Panama Railroad steamer and put her through the canal. If we get all the way across, I'll give it out to the newspapers — if we don't, I'll keep quiet about it."

It was said of old that if one had faith enough, he could move mountains. We cannot doubt that the Man of Panama carried through his great work because he had faith — not a passive faith that hoped and waited, but an active faithfulness that worked in full confidence that destiny worked with him. And this faith and loyalty was a living power that enkindled like faithfulness in those who worked with him.

The Man of Panama is General

Goethals now, but when any admirer would imply that his generalship — his administration and human engineering — was the chief factor in the success of the great work, he invariably replies that he was but one man of many working shoulder to shoulder in a common cause. The simple greatness of the "prophet engineer" and leader of men was shown in the words with which he accepted the medal of the National Geographic Society:

The canal has been the work of many, and it has been the pride of Americans who have visited the isthmus to find the spirit which has animated the forces. Every man was doing the particular part of the work that was necessary to make it a success. No chief of any enterprise ever commanded an army that was so loyal, so faithful, that gave its strength and its blood to the successful completion of its task as did the canal forces. And so, in accepting the medal and thanking

those who confer it, I accept it and thank them in the name of every member of the canal army.

Abridged

Study Hints

1. Make a list of the episodes in the story that show the kind of man Colonel Goethals was.
2. Draw a profile map of the Panama Canal.
3. If you like mechanical details, make a drawing showing the members of your class how a canal lock works.
4. Why is the term "prophet engineer" applied to Colonel Goethals?
5. In ancient times the hero was one who slew giants or monsters to help his people. What great difficulties did Colonel Goethals overcome for the good of humanity?
6. The men said, "The only time the colonel isn't working is from 10 P.M. to 5 A.M." Do you know anyone who works like that?

Songs¹



Some of the most melodious and most stirring poetry in the English language is found in our songs. A good song is marked by three characteristics: (1) It expresses a sweet sentiment or a strong emotion. (2) The rhythm is regular or is carefully adapted to the emotion. (3) The vowels and the consonants are so blended that no harsh sound interrupts the flow of the words.

The Song of the Camp

BAYARD TAYLOR (1825-1878)

["The Song of the Camp" is admired for its regular rhythm and for its sonorous sounds, but above all for its tender theme: All human hearts respond to the same emotions. Though the soldiers came from Scotland, from Ireland, and from England, they all joined in singing an old popular love song, "Annie Laurie."]

GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan,² in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff³
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts tomorrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side, "
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts, from Severn³ and from
Clyde,⁴
And from the banks of Shannon.⁵

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!¹

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,²—
The loving are the daring.

¹ In this class belong the songs in "The Lady of the Lake" and those in "As You Like It."

² A fort of the city of Sebastopol.

³ A river in England.

⁴ A river in Scotland. ⁵ A river in Ireland.

¹ A kind of short cannon for throwing shells short distances.

² The next time you hear these words, remember what poem they come from.

Study Hints

1. Read "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (p. 126). It presents another picture of the Crimean* War.

2. In the World War the American soldiers from all over the United States felt a kinship they never knew before. Can you get a story to illustrate this? (Ask your father; he may know one.)

3. Why do you think the Crimean War caused an Englishman (Tennyson) and an American (Taylor) to write poems about it?

4. What theme other than the one suggested in the introductory note can you name as the underlying idea of the poem?

The Cowboy's Life

ANONYMOUS

[The cowboy, a half-heroic figure of the early days on the Western plains, is rapidly disappearing. "The Cowboy's Life" is a picture of the daring plainsman's work seen through the eyes of a writer who thinks it is all romance and fun. The real life of the cowboy was, however, often mixed with much exposure and hard work. The cowboy of real life is very different from the cowboy of literature.]

THE bawl of a steer
To a cowboy's ear
Is music of sweetest strain:
And the piercing notes
Of the swift coyotes
To him are a glad refrain.

And his jolly song
Speeds him along,
As he thinks of the little gal
With golden hair
Who is waiting there
At the bars of the home corral.

For a kingly crown
In the noisy town
His saddle he wouldn't change;
No life so free
As the life we see
'Way out on the Western range.

His eyes are bright,
And his heart as light
As the smoke of his cigarette;
There's never a care
For his soul to bear,
No trouble to make him fret.

The rapid beat
Of his broncho's¹ feet
On the sod as he speeds along,
Keeps living time
To the ringing rhyme
Of his rollicking cowboy song.

Hike it, cowboys,
For the range away
On the back of a bronc² of steel,
With a careless flirt
Of the rawhide quirt³
And the dig of a roweled⁴ heel!

The winds may blow
And the thunder growl
Or the breezes may safely moan—
A cowboy's life
Is the royal life,
His saddle his kingly throne.

Saddle up, boys,
For the work is play
When love's in the cowboy's eyes,—
When his heart is light
As the clouds of white
That swim in the summer skies.

Study Hints

1. Read "Riding the Rim Rock" (p. 409). It gives a vivid picture of some of the dangers of a cowboy's life.

2. Read "O Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie" (p. 403). It portrays the loneliness of the cowboy's work.

3. Do you know anything about real cowboys? If so, write a short theme about some other aspect of a cowboy's life.

¹ A small, hardy horse or pony used as a saddle horse on our Western ranches.

² Broncho.

³ A cowboy's whip.

⁴ Fitted with spurs.

4. What unpleasant elements of a cowboy's life are omitted by the poet? (Use your imagination after you have read the works suggested in Study Hints 1 and 2 on page 402.)

O Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie

ANONYMOUS

[The Western cowboys came from everywhere and represented every walk of life; but they had one thing in common,—a hope to go home some day. This hope is the theme of the excessively sentimental lines of "O Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie,"—a song sung by many cowboys to comfort themselves and quiet their cattle through their lone night watches.]

O BURY me not on the lone prairie,"
These words came slowly and
mournfully

From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his cold, damp bed at the close of day.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyote will howl o'er me,
Where the cold wind weeps and the
grasses wave;
No sunbeams rest on a prairie grave."

He has wasted and pined till o'er his brow
Death's shades are slowly gathering now;
He thought of his home with his loved
ones nigh,
As the cowboys gathered to see him die.

Again he listened to well-known words,
To the wind's soft sigh and the song of
birds;
He thought of his home and his native
bowers,
Where he loved to roam in his childhood
hours.

"I've ever wished that when I died,
My grave might be on the old hillside,
Let there the place of my last rest be—
O bury me not on the lone prairie!

"O'er my slumbers a mother's prayer
And a sister's tears will be mingled
there;
For 'tis sad to know that the heart-
throb's o'er,
And that its fountain¹ will gush no more.

"In my dreams I say"—but his voice
failed there;
And they gave no heed to his dying
prayer;
In a narrow grave six feet by three
They buried him there on the lone
prairie.

May the light-winged butterfly pause to
rest
O'er him who sleeps on the prairie's
crest;
May the Texas rose in the breezes wave
O'er him who sleeps in a prairie's grave.

And the cowboys now as they roam the
plain
(For they marked the spot where his
bones have lain)
Fling a handful of roses over his grave,
With a prayer to Him who his soul will
save.

Study Hints

1. Read "Riding the Rim Rock" (p. 409). Can you imagine "O Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie" as any part of that story?

2. If you like to illustrate poems, try to illustrate the following lines:

"... the wild coyote will howl o'er me."

"My grave might be on the old hillside."

"... they marked the spot where his bones have lain."

3. Which line of "Argus meets his Master" (p. 153) expresses a sentiment similar to that of this poem?

4. Write an imaginary story of this cowboy's youth, explaining why he left home.

¹ The stream of lifeblood that "gushes" through the body.

Hunting Song

SIR WALTER SCOTT* (1771–1832)

[During the Middle Ages hunting was a favorite pastime of the aristocracy. Scott was passionately fond of the Middle Ages and loved to write of medieval scenes. He also was a skillful versifier. Hence these lines on a medieval hunt are especially fine.]

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase¹ is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting-
spear!
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,²
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray,³
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chant our lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size;
We can show the marks he made,
When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
You shall see him brought to bay;
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder chant the lay,
"Waken, lords and ladies gay!"
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course⁴ as well as we;

¹ Men, women, horses, and dogs that are to take part in the hunt.

² The hawks are being called together by whistling, and the dogs are being summoned by the horns.

³ The sun has risen.

⁴ Youth, the time when we enjoy mirth, is soon over as a hunt is.

Time, stern huntsman, who can balk,
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk?
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

Study Hints

1. Read "The Lady of the Lake," Canto First, "The Chase" (p. 174). It gives a stirring account of a hunt such as Scott had in mind when he wrote this poem.

2. What lines and ideas occur more than once in this poem? What is the effect of the repetition?

3. Do you get from the poem the impression of hurry and excitement that should go with an early start on a hunt?

4. If you have ever been hunting, write a theme comparing your experiences at the outset with those of the people in Scott's lyric.*

5. Write a parody on this song, calling your companions to an early picnic party.

My Heart's in the Highlands*

ROBERT BURNS (1759–1796)

["My Heart's in the Highlands" was written to be sung. It is still a favorite with men gathered for an evening of good fellowship. It shows how a very simple idea can be expressed in simple language so as to touch the hearts of the readers.]

MY HEART'S in the Highlands, my
heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing
the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following
the roe —
My heart's in the Highlands wherever
I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to
the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of
worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered
with snow ;

Farewell to the straths and green valleys
below ;

Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging
woods ;

Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring
floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart
is not here ;

My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing
the deer ;

A-chasing the wild deer, and following
the roe —

My heart's in the Highlands wherever
I go.

Maryland, My Maryland

JAMES RYDER RANDALL (1839–1908)

["Maryland, My Maryland" is noted for its musical rhythm, for its many human appeals, for its intense feeling, and for its tender yet spirited pleading. In 1861 the poet, the "exiled son" referred to in the second stanza, was teaching school in Louisiana. Hearing that Maryland would not secede from the Union, he wrote this, his one "great" poem. Though his poem did not induce Maryland to join the South, it became a Southern battle song, and is now recognized as one of the best lyrics inspired by the Civil War.]

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,¹
Maryland!

His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!

Avenge the patriotic gore²
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!

My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!

¹ The North is oppressing you.

² The blood shed April 19, 1861, when Massachusetts soldiers clashed with citizens of Baltimore.

For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!

Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!

Remember Carroll's sacred trust,¹
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!

Come with thy panoplied array,²
Maryland!

With Ringgold's³ spirit for the fray,
With Watson's³ blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe³ and dashing May,³
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!

Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!

She meets her sisters in the plain,—
"Sic semper!"⁴ 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions⁵ back amain,
Maryland!

Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!

Come! for thy dalliance⁶ does thee
wrong,
Maryland!

Come to thine own heroic throng
Stalking with Liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

¹ Our Independence. Carroll signed the Declaration of Independence.

² Army.

³ Maryland hero of famous battles.

⁴ Thus always [shall it be with tyrants]! The motto on the Virginia coat of arms.

⁵ Here, cowards.

⁶ Here, useless hesitation [to join the South].

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
 Maryland!
 For thou wast ever bravely meek,
 Maryland!
 But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
 From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
 Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
 Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal * toll,
 Maryland!
 Thou wilt not crook¹ to his control,
 Maryland!
 Better the fire upon thee roll,
 Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,²
 Than crucifixion of the soul,
 Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
 Maryland!
 The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
 Maryland!
 She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
 Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
 She breathes! She burns! She'll come!
 She'll come!
 Maryland, my Maryland!

Study Hints

1. Read "Spartacus to the Gladiators" (p. 246). In what respects is it like this poem? (Discuss in class.)

2. How many arguments does the poet offer to induce Maryland to join the South?

3. What is the effect of repeating the refrain, "My Maryland"?

4. Why should the poet think that the names of the various historical persons referred to would influence the people of Maryland?

5. How many of the persons referred to appear as distinguished in your American history?

6. The fight on the streets of Baltimore caused bloodshed. Why should the poet refer to it?

The Old Oaken Bucket

SAMUEL WOODWORTH (1785-1842)

[American cities are filled with men whose early lives were associated with just the things of which the poet sings in "The Old Oaken Bucket." Hence this song, composed a century ago, has always been a favorite of those whose "fond recollection" recalls an orchard, a meadow, a pond, a mill, a bridge, or a cataract.

To those who are forced to labor on the farm these things may have little attraction; to the poet they are romantic and charming. This fact shows one of the ways in which literature differs from the hard facts of life.]

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes
 of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents them
 to view!
 The orchard, the meadow, the deep-
 tangled wildwood,
 And every loved spot which my in-
 fancy knew!
 The wide-spreading pond, and the mill
 that stood by it,
 The bridge, and the rock where the
 cataract fell,
 The cot¹ of my father, the dairy house
 nigh it,
 And e'en² the rude bucket that hung
 in the well —
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
 bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket which hung in
 the well.
 That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a
 treasure,
 For often at noon, when returned from
 the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite
 pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature
 can yield.
 How ardent I seized it, with hands that
 were glowing,
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom
 it fell;

¹ Bow.

² Poison.

¹ Cottage.

² Even.

Then soon with the emblem, of truth¹
overflowing,

And dripping with coolness, it rose
from the well —

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket arose from the
well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to
receive it,

As poised on the curb it inclined to my
lips!

Not a full blushing goblet² could tempt
me to leave it,

The brightest that beauty or revelry³
sips.

And now, far removed from the loved
habitation,

¹ Water, compared by the poet to truth because
it is pure, clear, and life-giving.

² A goblet or cup of wine.

³ Beautiful ladies or merry-making men.

The tear of regret will intrusively
swell,¹

As fancy reverts to my father's planta-
tion,

And sighs for the bucket that hangs in
the well —

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
bucket,

The moss-covered bucket that hangs in
the well!

Study Hints

1. Make a list of the lines that could be
used as subjects for illustrations.

2. Could a poet find any inspiration in
a modern gasoline pump as a means of draw-
ing water from the well?

3. Why does the poet repeat "old oaken,"
"iron-bound," and "moss-covered"? What
does each of these phrases suggest?

¹ Will come in spite of myself.

Simple Narratives



Simple narratives — tales in which one man or a group of men act with a single purpose — comprise a vast body of the literature of the English-speaking people. The simple narrative is marked by a steady forward movement and, at its best, by simple words and phrases. The reader may be led into pleasant bypaths, but they always bring him back to the main thread of the story.

Riding the Rim Rock

DALLAS LORE SHARP (1870-1929)

["Riding the Rim Rock" is an excellent example of the simple narrative type of story. It is marked by swiftness of action and by vividness of description. With infinite care, yet with remarkably happy results, the writer has chosen the exact words that bring to the reader this startling picture of a dangerous night on the plains.]

FROM P Ranch¹ to Winnemucca is a seventeen-day drive through a desert of rim rock² and greasewood³ and sage,⁴ which, under the most favorable of conditions, is beset with difficulty, but which, in the dry season, and with a herd of anything like four thousand, becomes an unbroken hazard. More than anything else on such a drive is feared the wild herd spirit, the quick black temper of the cattle, that by one sign or another ever threatens to break the spell of the rider's power and sweep the maddened or terrorized herd to destruction. The handling of the herd to keep

this spirit sleeping is oftentimes a thrilling experience.

Some time before my visit to P Ranch, in Harney County, southeastern Oregon, in the summer of 1912, the riders had taken out a herd of four thousand steers on what proved to be one of the most difficult drives ever made to Winnemucca, the shipping station in northern Nevada.

For the first two days on the trail the cattle were strange to each other, having been gathered from widely distant grazing-grounds,— from the Double O and the Home ranches,— and were somewhat clannish and restive under the driving. At the beginning of the third day signs of real ugliness appeared. The hot weather and a shortage of water began to tell on the temper of the herd.

The third day was long and exceedingly hot. The line started forward at dawn and all day long kept moving, with the sun cooking the bitter smell of sage into the air, and with the sixteen thousand hoofs kicking up a still bitterer smother of alkali dust¹ that inflamed eyes and nostrils and coated the very lungs of the cattle. The fierce desert thirst was upon the herd long before it

¹ Cattle ranches are often named from a mark which is burned into the side of the calves. The brand of this ranch was a "P." A ranch mentioned below used a double "O."

² The sharp edge of a canyon or rocky basin.

³ A low, stiff shrub common on the Western plains.

⁴ A low, sharp-smelling shrub common on the Western plains.

¹ The dust in certain parts of the West is extremely disagreeable because of the chemicals it contains.

reached the creek where it was to bed for the night. The heat and the dust had made slow work of the driving, and it was already late when they reached the creek — only to find it dry.

This was bad. The men were tired. But, worse, the cattle were thirsty, and Wade, the "boss of the buckaroos,"¹ pushed the herd on toward the next rim rock, hoping to get down to the plain below to water before the end of the slow desert twilight. Anything for the night but a dry camp.

They had hardly started on when a whole flank of the herd, as if by prearrangement, suddenly breaking away and dividing about two of the riders, tore off through the brush. The horses were as tired as the men, and before the chase was over the twilight was gray in the sage and it became necessary to halt at once and make camp where they were. They would have to go without water.

The runaways were brought up and the herd closed in² till it formed a circle nearly a mile around. This was as close as it could be drawn, for the cattle would not bed — lie down. They wanted water more than they wanted rest. Their eyes were red, their tongues raspy with thirst. The situation was a serious one.

But camp was made. Two of the riders were sent back along the trail to bring up the "drags,"³ while Wade with his other men circled the uneasy cattle, closing them in, quieting them, and doing everything possible to make them bed.

But they were thirsty, and, instead of bedding, the herd began to "growl" — a distant mutter of throats, low, rumbling, ominous, as when faint thunder rolls behind the hills. Every plainsman fears the growl, for it usually is a prelude to the "milling,"⁴ as it proved to be

now, when the whole vast herd began to stir, slowly, singly, and without direction, till at length it moved together, round and round, a great compact circle, the multitude of clicking hoofs, of clashing horns, and chafing sides like the sound of rushing rain across a field of corn.¹

Nothing could be worse for the cattle. The cooler twilight was falling, but, mingling with it, rose and thickened and spread the choking dust from their feet that soon covered them and shut out all but the dark wall of the herd from sight.

Slowly, evenly swung the wall, round and round without a break. Only one who has watched a milling herd can know its suppressed excitement. To keep that excitement in check was the problem of Wade and his men. And the night had not yet begun.

When the riders had brought in the drags, and the chuck wagon² had lumbered up with supper, Wade set the first watch.

Along with the wagon had come the fresh horses — and Peroxide Jim, a supple, powerful, clean-limbed buckskin,³ that had, I think, as fine and intelligent an animal face as any I ever saw. And why should he not have been saved fresh for just such a need as this? Are there not superior horses to match superior men — a Peroxide Jim to complement a Wade and so combine a real centaur,* noble physical power controlled by noble intelligence? At any rate, the horse understood the situation, and though there was nothing like sentiment about the boss of the P Ranch riders, his faith in Peroxide Jim was complete.

The other night horses were saddled and tied to the wheels of the wagon.

¹ Cowboys.

² Riding around a herd and driving the cattle toward the center was called "closing in."

³ Cattle that have strayed.

⁴ Circling round and round.

¹ A good comparison.

² Food wagon.

³ A horse with a yellowish-gray hide that looks like buckskin. The color may be compared to that of hair bleached with peroxide, as in the case of Wade's cow-pony.

It was Wade's custom to take his turn with the second watch; but, shifting his saddle to Peroxide Jim, he rode out with the four of the first watch, who, evenly spaced, were quietly circling the herd.

The night, for this part of the desert, was unusually warm; it was close, silent, and without a sky. The near thick darkness blotted out the stars. There is usually a breeze at night over these highest rim-rock plains that, no matter how hot the day, crowds the cattle together for warmth. Tonight not a breath stirred the sage as Wade wound in and out among the bushes, the hot dust stinging his eyes and caking rough on his skin.

Round and round moved the weaving, shifting forms, out of the dark and into the dark, a gray, spectral line like a procession of ghosts or some slow morris¹ of the desert's sheeted dead. But it was not a line, it was a sea of forms; not a procession, but the even surging of a maelstrom² of hoofs a mile around.

Wade galloped out on the plain for a breath of air and a look at the sky. A quick cold rain would quiet them; but there was no feel of rain in the darkness, no smell of it in the air. Only the powdery taste of bitter sage.

The desert, where the herd had camped, was one of the highest of a series of tablelands, or benches, that lay as level as a floor, and rimmed by a sheer wall of rock over which it dropped to the bench of sage below. The herd had been headed for a pass,³ and was now halted within a mile of the rim rock on the east, where there was about three-hundred feet of perpendicular fall.

It was the last place an experienced plainsman would have chosen for a

camp; and every time Wade circled the herd and came in between the cattle and the rim, he felt its nearness. The darkness helped to bring it near. The height of his horse brought it near—he seemed to look down from his saddle over it, into its dark depths. The herd in its milling was surely warping slowly in the direction of the precipice. But this was all fancy—the trick of the dark and of nerves, if a plainsman has nerves.

At twelve o'clock the first guard came in and woke the second watch. Wade had been in his saddle since dawn, but this was his regular watch. More than that, his trained ear had timed the milling hoofs. The movement of the herd had quickened.

If now he could keep them going and could prevent their taking any sudden fright! They must not stop until they stopped from utter weariness. Safety lay in their continued motion. So Wade, with the fresh riders, flanked them closely, paced them, and urged them quietly on. They must be kept milling, and they must be kept from fright.

In the taut silence of the starless desert night, with the tension of the cattle at the snapping-point, any quick, unwonted sight or sound would stampede the herd—the sneezing of a horse, the flare of a match, enough to send the whole four thousand headlong—blind, frenzied, tramping—till spent¹ and scattered over the plain.

And so, as he rode, Wade began to sing.² The rider ahead of him took up the air and passed it on, until, above the stepping stir of the hoofs, rose the faint voices of the men, and all the herd was bound about by the slow, plaintive measure of some old song. It was not to

¹ A kind of fantastic dance. The slow moving of the cattle as seen in the dim light suggested a dance of the dead.

² A confused circling.

³ A low place (a gap) in a mountain range through which roads may pass.

¹ Worn out with fatigue.

² Cowboys often sang songs to quiet restless cattle. As an example of cowboy songs read "O Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie" (p. 403).

soothe their savage breasts that the riders sang to the cattle, but to prevent the shock of any loud or sudden noise.

So they sang and rode, and the night wore on to one o'clock, when Wade, coming up on the rim-rock side, felt a cool breeze fan his face, and caught a breath of fresh, moist wind with the taste of water in it.

He checked his horse instantly, listening as the wind swept past him over the cattle. But they must already have smelled it, for they had ceased their milling. The whole herd stood motionless, the indistinct forms nearest him showing, in the dark, their bald faces lifted to drink the sweet wet breath that came over the rim. Then they started again, but faster, and with a rumbling from their hoarse throats that tightened Wade's grip on his reins.

The sound seemed to come out of the earth,—a low, rumbling mumble, as deep as the night and as wide as the plain—a thick, inarticulate bellow that stood every rider stiff in his stirrups.

The breeze caught the dust and carried it back from the gray-coated, ghostly shapes, and Wade saw that they were still moving in a circle. If only he could keep them going! He touched his horse to ride on with them, when across the black sky flashed a vivid streak of lightning.

There was a snort from the steers, a quick clap of horns and hoofs from within the herd, a tremor of the plain, a roar, a surging mass—and Wade was riding the flank of a wild stampede. Before him, behind him, beside him, pressing hard upon his horse, galloped the frenzied steers, and beyond them a multitude, borne on, and bearing him on, by the heave of the galloping herd.

Wade was riding for his life. He knew it. His horse knew it. He was riding to turn the herd, too,—back from the rim,—as the horse also knew. The cattle were after water—water-mad—and

would go over the precipice to get it, carrying horse and rider with them.

Wade was the only rider between the herd and the rim. It was black as death. He could see nothing in the sage, could scarcely discern the pounding, panting shadows at his side; but he knew by the swish of the brush and the plunging of the horse that the ground was growing stonier, that they were nearing the rocks.

To outrun the cattle seemed his only chance. If he could come up with the leaders he might yet head them off upon the plain and save the herd. There were cattle still ahead of him—how many, what part of the herd, he could not tell. But the horse knew. The reins hung on his straight neck, while Wade, yelling and firing into the air, gave him the race to win, to lose.

Suddenly they veered and went high in the air, as a steer plunged headlong into a draw¹ almost beneath his feet. They cleared the narrow ravine, landed on bare rock, and reeled on.

They were riding the rim. Close on their left bore down the flank of the herd, and on their right, under their very feet, was the precipice, so close that they felt its blackness—its three hundred feet of fall.

A piercing, half-human bawl of terror told where a steer had been crowded over. Would the next leap crowd them over, too? Then Wade found himself racing neck and neck with a big white steer, which the horse, with marvelous instinct, seemed to pick from a bunch, and to cling to, forcing him gradually ahead, till, cutting him free² from the bunch entirely, he bore him off into the sage.

The group coming on behind followed the leader, and after them swung others. The tide was turning. Within a short time the whole herd had veered and, bearing off from the cliffs, was pounding over the open plains.

¹ A narrow ravine, gulley, or ditch cut out of the surface by drainage water.

² Separating from the body of the herd.

Whose race was it? It was Peroxide Jim's, according to Wade, for not by word or by touch of hand or knee had he been directed in the run. From the flash of the lightning the horse had taken the bit, had covered an indescribably perilous path at top speed, had outrun the herd and turned it from the edge of the rim rock without a false step or a shaken nerve.

Bred on the desert, broken in¹ at the round-up,² trained to think steer³ as the rider thinks it, the horse knew, as swiftly, as clearly as his rider, the work before him. But that he kept himself from fright, that none of the wild herd madness passed into him, is a thing for great wonder. He was as thirsty as any of the herd; he knew his own peril, I believe, as none of the herd had ever known anything, and yet such coolness, courage, wisdom, and power!

Was it training? superior intelligence? more intimate association with the man on his back, and so a farther remove from the wild thing that domestication does not seem to touch? Or was it all by suggestion, the superior intelligence above him riding, not only the flesh, but the spirit?

Not all suggestion, I believe. Perhaps a herd of horses could not be stampeded so easily as these P Ranch cattle. In this race, however, nothing of the wild herd spirit touched the horse. Had the cattle been horses, would Peroxide Jim have been able to keep himself outside the stampede and above the spirit of the herd?

Study Hints

1. Read "A Busy, Happy Summer" (p. 257) and "To Build a Fire" (p. 422). Both are in one or more respects similar to this story.

¹ Trained for riding.

² A gathering of the cattle on the ranch for the purpose of branding the calves and shipping the mature animals that are ready for market.

³ To know what a steer will do under any circumstances.

2. What pictures (scenes) that can be illustrated do you find in this story?

3. What words in the story indicate action? Classify them according to parts of speech.

4. What do the words you discovered while doing Study Hint 3 add to the interest of the story?

5. What facts referred to in the story would prevent the cowboy's life from being pure romance? Read "The Cowboy's Life" (p. 402).

6. Debate in class the questions in the next to the last paragraph of the story.

Rab and his Friends

DR. JOHN BROWN (1810-1882)

[From the time that Homer told how Ulysses' dog, after many years of separation, died for joy on recognizing his old master, until the time that Jack London wrote "The Call of the Wild," men have loved good dog stories. "Rab and his Friends" is one of the best.

The charm of the story lies, above all, in the characters. We have Rab, "huge, gentle, strong, and courageous," the only dog of his kind "atween this and Thornhill"; Ailie, "unforgettable, pale, serious, lonely, delicate, sweet"; her husband, "horny-handed, snell, peremptory, handy, clever, swift, and tender"; and as a fitting cast to support these three, the medical students, Dr. Brown himself, and the sympathetic surgeon.

In the second place, the attraction lies in the style—an abundance of adjectives so carefully chosen and so skillfully placed that they give clear pictures but do not clog the movement, and the "historical present" tense that brings the action vividly before the reader.

Dr. Brown was peculiarly equipped to write such a story; he loved dogs and was always their friend. It is said that one day, while driving with a friend in Edinburgh, he stopped suddenly. "Is it someone you know?" queried the friend. "No; it's a dog I don't know," replied the doctor. It is out of this interest that "Rab and his Friends" came into being.]

FOUR-AND-THIRTY years ago Bob Ainslie and I were coming up Infirmary Street¹ from the Edinburgh High School, our heads together and our arms

¹ Most of the streets and places mentioned in this story are situated in Edinburgh, Scotland.

intertwisted, as only lovers and boys know how or why.

When we got to the top of the street and turned north, we espied a crowd at the Tron Church. "A dog fight!" shouted Bob, and was off; and so was I, both of us all but praying that it might not be over before we got up! And is not this boy nature? and human nature too? And don't we all wish a house on fire not to be out before we see it? Dogs like fighting; old Isaac says they "delight" in it, and for the best of all reasons; and boys are not cruel because they like to see the fight. They see three of the great cardinal virtues of dog or man — courage, endurance, and skill — in intense action. This is very different from a love of making dogs fight, and enjoying, and aggravating, and making gain by their pluck. A boy (be he ever so fond himself of fighting), if he be a good boy, hates and despises all this, but he would have run off with Bob and me fast enough; it is a natural and a not wicked interest that all boys and all men have in witnessing intense energy in action.

Does any curious and finely ignorant woman wish to know how Bob's eye at a glance announced a dog fight to his brain? He did not, he could not, see the dogs fighting; it was a flash of an inference — a rapid induction. The crowd round a couple of dogs fighting is a crowd masculine mainly, with an occasional active, compassionate woman, fluttering wildly round the outside and using her tongue and her hands freely upon the men as so many "brutes"; it is a crowd annular,¹ compact, and mobile,² — a crowd centripetal,³ having its eyes and its heads all bent downward and inward, to one common focus.

Well, Bob and I are⁴ up, and find it

is not over; a small thoroughbred white bull terrier is busy throttling a large shepherd's dog unaccustomed to war but not to be trifled with. They are hard at it; the scientific little fellow doing his work in great style, his pastoral enemy¹ fighting wildly but with the sharpest of teeth and a great courage. Science and breeding, however, soon had their own; the Game Chicken,² as the premature Bob called him, working his way up, took his final grip of poor Yarrow's throat, — and he lay gasping and done for. His master, a brown,³ handsome, big young shepherd from Tweedsmuir, would have liked to have knocked down any man, would "drink up eisel, or eat a crocodile,"⁴ for that part, if he had a chance: it was no use kicking the little dog; that would only make him hold the closer. Many were the means shouted out in mouthfuls, of the best possible ways of ending it. "Water!" but there was none near, and many cried for it who might have got it from the well at Blackfriars Wynd.⁵ "Bite the tail!" and a large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged man, more desirous than wise, with some struggle got the bushy end of Yarrow's tail into his ample mouth, and bit it with all his might. This was more than enough for the much enduring, much perspiring shepherd, who, with a gleam of joy over his broad visage, delivered a terrific facer⁶ upon our large, vague, benevolent, middle-aged friend, — who went down like a shot.

Still the Chicken holds; death not far off. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" observed a calm, highly dressed young buck,⁷ with an eyeglass in his eye. "Snuff, indeed!" growled the angry crowd, affronting and glaring. "Snuff! a pinch of snuff!" again observed the buck, but

¹ Ring-shaped.

² Moving.

³ Pressing toward the center.

⁴ Note how the writer uses the "historical present" to tell of a past event. He does this frequently throughout the story.

¹ The shepherd dog.

² The bulldog.

³ Note how Dr. Brown piles up his adjectives.

⁴ Do something impossible.

⁵ Several miles away.

⁶ A blow in the face.

⁷ Fellow, dandy.

with more urgency; whereon were produced several open boxes, and from a mull¹ which may have been² at Cul-loden,* he took a pinch, knelt down, and presented it to the nose of the Chicken. The laws of physiology and of snuff take their course; the Chicken sneezes, and Yarrow is free!

The young pastoral giant³ stalks off with Yarrow in his arms, comforting him.

But the bull terrier's blood is up, and his soul unsatisfied; he grips the first dog he meets, and, discovering she is not a dog, he makes a brief sort of apology and is off. The boys, with Bob and me at their head, are after him. Down Niddry Street he goes, bent on mischief; up the Cowgate like an arrow, Bob and I and our small men panting behind.

There, under the single arch of the South Bridge, is a huge mastiff, sauntering down the middle of the causeway⁴ as if with his hands in his pockets. He is old, gray, brindled, as big as a little Highland bull, and has the Shakespear-ean dewlaps⁵ shaking as he goes.

The Chicken makes straight at him and fastens on his throat. To our astonishment the great creature does nothing but stand still, hold himself up, and roar; yes, roar — a long, serious, remonstrative roar. How is this? Bob and I are up to them. He is muzzled! The bailies⁶ had proclaimed a general muzzling, and his master, studying strength and economy mainly, had encompassed his huge jaws in a home-made apparatus constructed out of the leather of some ancient breechin.⁷ His

mouth was open as far as it could; his lips curled up in rage — a sort of terrible grin; his teeth gleaming, ready, from out the darkness; the strap across his mouth tense as a bowstring; his whole frame stiff with indignation and surprise; his roar asking us all round, "Did you ever see the like of this?" He looked a statue of anger and astonishment, done in Aberdeen granite.¹

We soon had a crowd; the Chicken held on. "A knife!" cried Bob; and a cobbler gave him his knife; you know the kind of knife, worn away obliquely to a point, and always keen. I put its edge to the tense leather; it ran before it; and then! — one sudden jerk of that enormous head, a sort of dirty mist about his mouth, no noise,— and the bright and fierce little fellow is dropped, limp and dead. A solemn pause; this was more than any of us had bargained for. I turned the little fellow over and saw he was quite dead; the mastiff had taken him by the small of the back like a rat, and broken it.

He looked down at his victim appeased, ashamed, and amazed; snuffed him all over, stared at him, and taking a sudden thought, turned round and trotted off. Bob took the dead dog up and said, "John, we'll bury him, after tea." "Yes," said I, and was off after the mastiff. He made up the Cowgate at a rapid swing; he had forgotten some engagement. He turned up the Candle-maker Row and stopped at the Harrow Inn.

There was a carrier's² cart ready to start, and a keen, thin, impatient, black-a-vised³ little man, his hand at his gray horse's head, looking about angrily for something. "Rab, ye thief!" said he, aiming a kick at my great friend, who drew cringing up and avoiding the heavy

¹ A snuffbox made of horn.

² Was old enough to have been.

³ The shepherd.

⁴ Roadway.

⁵ Folds of skin hanging from the necks of animals, usually cows or oxen.

⁶ City officers, somewhat like our policemen.

⁷ Breeching. A broad leather band to enable a horse to hold back a vehicle.

¹ Aberdeen is noted for its quarries of light-gray granite.

² Drayman's.

³ Dark-complexioned.

shoe with more agility than dignity, and, watching his master's eye, slunk dismayed under the cart,—his ears down, and as much as he had of tail down too.

What a man this must be, thought I, to whom my tremendous hero turns tail! The carrier saw the muzzle hanging cut and useless, from his neck, and I eagerly told him the story, which Bob and I always thought, and still think, Homer* alone were worthy to rehearse. The severe little man was mitigated,¹ and condescended to say, "Rab, my man, puir Rabbie"; whereupon the stump of a tail rose up, the ears were cocked, the eyes filled, and were comforted; the two friends were reconciled. "Hupp!" and a stroke of the whip was given to Jess, and off went the three.

Bob and I buried the Game Chicken that night (we had not much of a tea) in the backgreen² of his house in Melville Street, No. 17, with considerable gravity and silence; and, being at the time in the Iliad,³ and, like all boys, Trojans,* we called him Hector,* of course.

Six years have passed,—a long time for a boy and a dog. Bob Ainslie is off to the wars; I am a medical student, and clerk at Minto House Hospital.

Rab I saw almost every week, on the Wednesday, and we had much pleasant intimacy. I found the way to his heart by frequent scratching of his huge head, and an occasional bone. When I did notice him, he would plant himself straight before me and stand wagging that bud of a tail and looking up with his head a little to the one side. His master I occasionally saw; he used to call me "Maister John" but was laconic⁴ as any Spartan.*

One fine October afternoon I was leaving the hospital, when I saw the large gate open, and in walked Rab, with that

great and easy saunter of his.¹ He looked as if taking general possession of the place, like the Duke of Wellington* entering a subdued city, satiated with victory and peace. After him came Jess, now white from age, with her cart, and in it a woman carefully wrapped up, the carrier leading the horse anxiously and looking back. When he saw me, James (for his name was James Noble) made a curt and grotesque "boo"¹ and said, "Maister John, this is the mistress; she's got a trouble in her breest,—some kind o' an income² we're thinking."

By this time I saw the woman's face; she was sitting on a sack filled with straw, her husband's plaid round her, and his big-coat, with its large white metal buttons, over her feet.

I never saw a more unforgettable face, —pale, serious, lonely, delicate, sweet, without being at all what we call fine. She looked sixty, and had on a mutch,³ white as snow, with its black ribbon; her silvery, smooth hair setting off her dark-gray eyes,—eyes such as one sees only twice or thrice in a lifetime, full of suffering, full also of the overcoming of it; her eyebrows black and delicate, and her mouth firm, patient, and contented, which few mouths ever are.

As I have said, I never saw a more beautiful countenance, or one more subdued to settled quiet. "Ailie," said James, "this is Maister John, the young doctor; Rab's freend, ye ken.⁴ We often speak aboot you, doctor." She smiled, and made a movement, but said nothing, and prepared to come down, putting her plaid aside and rising. Had Solomon,* in all his glory, been handing down the Queen of Sheba* at his palace gate, he could not have done it more daintily, more tenderly, more like a gentleman, than did James the Howgate carrier, when he lifted down Ailie, his wife. The

¹ Calmed.

² Rear lawn.

³ In school we were reading the Iliad, and hence were in sympathy with the Trojans.

⁴ Short of speech.

¹ Bow.

² Scottish for "tumor."

³ A linen cap.

⁴ Know.

contrast of his small, swarthy, weather-beaten, keen, worldly face to hers — pale, subdued, and beautiful — was something wonderful. Rab looked on concerned and puzzled, but ready for anything that might turn up, were it to strangle the nurse, the porter, or even me. Ailie and he seemed great friends.

"As I was sayin', she's got a kind o' trouble in her breest, doctor; wull ye tak' a look at it?" We walked into the consulting room, all four; Rab grim and comic, willing to be happy and confidential if cause could be shown, willing also to be the reverse, on the same terms. Ailie sat down, undid her open gown and her lawn handkerchief round her neck, and without a word showed me her right breast. I looked at and examined it carefully, she and James watching me, and Rab eying all three. What could I say? There it was, that had once been so soft, so shapely, so white, so gracious and bountiful, so "full of all blessed conditions," — hard as a stone, a center of horrid pain, making that pale face, with its gray, lucid, reasonable eyes, and its sweet, resolved mouth, express the full measure of suffering overcome. Why was that gentle, modest, sweet woman, clean and lovable, condemned by God to bear such a burden?

I got her away to bed. "May Rab and me bide¹?" said James.

"You may; and Rab, if he will behave himself."

"I's warrant he's do that, doctor"; and in slank the faithful beast. I wish you could have seen him. There are no such dogs now. He belonged to a lost tribe. As I have said, he was brindled and gray like Rubislaw granite²; his hair short, hard, and close, like a lion's; his body thickset, like a little bull, — a sort of compressed Hercules* of a dog. He must have been ninety pounds' weight at least; he had a large, blunt head; his

muzzle black as night, his mouth blacker than any night, a tooth or two — being all he had — gleaming out of his jaws of darkness. His head was scarred with the records of old wounds, — a sort of series of fields of battle all over it; one eye out, one ear cropped; the remaining eye had the power of two; and above it, and in constant communication with it, was a tattered rag of an ear, which was forever unfurling itself, like an old flag; and then that bud of a tail about one inch long, — the mobility, the instantaneousness of that bud were very funny and surprising, and its expressive twinklings and winkings, the intercommunications between the eye, the ear, and it, were of the oddest and swiftest.

Rab had the dignity and simplicity of great size; and having fought his way all along the road to absolute supremacy, he was as mighty in his own line as Julius Cæsar* or the Duke of Wellington, and had the gravity of all great fighters.

You must have often observed the likeness of certain men to certain animals, and of certain dogs to men. Now, I never looked at Rab without thinking of the great Baptist preacher Andrew Fuller.¹ The same large, heavy, menacing, combative, somber, honest countenance, the same deep, inevitable eye, the same look, — as of thunder asleep but ready, — neither a dog nor a man to be trifled with.

Next day my master, the surgeon, examined Ailie. There was no doubt it must kill her, and soon. It could be removed — it might never return — it would give her speedy relief — she should have it done. She curtsied, looked at James, and said, "When?" "Tomorrow," said the kind surgeon — a man of few words. She and James and Rab and I retired. I noticed that he and she spoke little, but seemed to anticipate everything in each other. The following day, at noon, the students came in, hurrying

¹ Stay here. ² Gray with yellow stripes.

¹ A noted preacher who had been a boxer.

up the great stair. At the first landing place, on a small, well-known black-board, was a bit of paper fastened by wafers¹ and many remains of old wafers beside it. On the paper were the words, "An operation today. J. B., Clerk."

Up ran the youths, eager to secure good places; in they crowded, full of interest and talk. "What's the case?" "Which side is it?"

Don't think them heartless; they are neither better nor worse than you or I; they get over their professional horrors, and into their proper work; and in them pity, as an *emotion* ending in itself or at best in tears and a long-drawn breath, lessens, while pity as a *motive* is quickened and gains power and purpose. It is well for poor human nature that it is so.

The operating theater is crowded; much talk and fun, and all the cordiality and stir of youth. The surgeon with his staff of assistants is there. In comes Ailie; one look at her quiets and abates the eager students. That beautiful old woman is too much for them; they sit down, and are dumb, and gaze at her. These rough boys feel the power of her presence. She walks in quickly but without haste, dressed in her mutch, her neckerchief, her white dimity short-gown, her black bombazine petticoat, showing her white worsted stockings and her carpet shoes. Behind her was James, with Rab. James sat down in the distance and took that huge and noble head between his knees. Rab looked perplexed and dangerous, forever cocking his ear and dropping it as fast.

Ailie stepped up on a seat and laid herself on the table, as her friend the surgeon told her, arranged herself, gave a rapid look at James, shut her eyes, rested herself on me, and took my hand. The operation was at once begun; it was necessarily slow; chloroform — one of God's best gifts to his suffering children — was then unknown. The sur-

geon did his work. The pale face showed its pain but was still and silent. Rab's soul was working within him; he saw that something strange was going on, — blood flowing from his mistress, and she suffering; his ragged ear was up and importunate; he growled and gave now and then a sharp, impatient yelp; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But James had him firm and gave him a glower¹ from time to time, and an intimation of a possible kick; all the better for James, — it kept his eye and his mind off Ailie.

It is over; she is dressed, steps gently and decently down from the table, looks for James; then, turning to the surgeon and the students, she curtsies, and in a low, clear voice begs their pardon if she has behaved ill. The students — all of us — wept like children; the surgeon happed² her carefully, and, resting on James and me, Ailie went to her room, Rab following. We put her to bed, James took off his heavy shoes crammed with tacketts,³ heel-capped and toe-capped, and put them carefully under the table, saying, "Maister John, I'm for nane o' yer strynge⁴ nurse bodies for Ailie. I'll be her nurse, and I'll gang⁵ about on my stockin' soles as canny⁶ as pussy." And so he did; and handy and clever, and swift and tender as any woman, was that horny-handed, snell,⁷ peremptory⁸ little man. Everything she got he gave her; he seldom slept; and often I saw his small, shrewd eyes, out of the darkness, fixed on her. As before, they spoke little.

Rab behaved well, never moving, showing us how meek and gentle he could be, and occasionally, in his sleep, letting us know that he was demolishing some adversary. He took a walk with me every day, generally to the Candle-

¹ Cross look.

² Wrapped.

³ Short nails with large round heads.

⁴ Strange.

⁵ Go.

⁶ Cautious.

⁷ Sharp.

⁸ Harsh.

¹ An adhesive disk sometimes used as a seal.

maker Row; but he was somber and mild; declined doing battle, though some fit¹ cases offered, and indeed submitted to sundry indignities, and was always very ready to turn, and came faster back, and trotted up the stair with much lightness, and went straight to that door.

Jess, the mare, had been sent, with her weather-worn cart, to Howgate, and doubtless her own dim and placid meditations and confusions, on the absence of her master and Rab, and her unnatural freedom from the road and her cart.

For some days Ailie did well. The wound healed "by first intention";² for, as James said, "Our Ailie's skin's ower clean to biel."³ The students came in, quiet and anxious, and surrounded her bed. She said she liked to see their young, honest faces. The surgeon dressed her, and spoke to her in his own short, kind way, pitying her through his eyes, Rab and James outside the circle,—Rab being now reconciled, and even cordial, and having made up his mind that as yet nobody required worrying, but, as you may suppose, *semper paratus*.⁴

So far well: but, four days after the operation, my patient had a sudden and long shivering, a "groosin'," as she called it. I saw her soon after; her eyes were too bright, her cheek colored; she was restless, and ashamed of being so; the balance was lost; mischief had begun. On looking at the wound, a blush of red told the secret; her pulse was rapid, her breathing anxious and quick; she wasn't herself, as she said, and was vexed at her restlessness. We tried what we could; James did everything, was everywhere; never in the way, never out of it; Rab subsided under the table

into a dark place and was motionless, all but his eye, which followed everyone. Ailie got worse; began to wander in her mind, gently; was more demonstrative in her ways to James, rapid in her questions, and sharp at times. He was vexed and said, "She was never that way afore; no, never." For a time she knew her head was wrong, and was always asking our pardon,—the dear, gentle old woman; then delirium set in strong, without pause. Her brain gave way, and then came that terrible spectacle,—

The intellectual power, through words and things,

Went sounding on its dim and perilous way.

She sang bits of old songs and Psalms, stopping suddenly, mingling the Psalms of David,* and the diviner words of his Son and Lord,¹ with homely odds and ends and scraps of ballads.

Nothing more touching, or in a sense more strangely beautiful, did I ever witness. Her tremulous, rapid, affectionate, eager Scotch voice,—the swift, aimless, bewildered mind, the baffled utterance, the bright and perilous eye; some wild words, some household cares, something for James, the names of the dead, Rab called rapidly and in a "fremyt"² voice, and he starting up surprised, and slinking off as if he were to blame somehow, or had been dreaming he heard; many eager questions and beseechings which James and I could make nothing of, and on which she seemed to set her all, and then sink back ununderstood. It was very sad. James hovered about, put out³ and miserable, but active and exact as ever; read to her, when there was a lull, short bits from the Psalms, prose and meter,⁴ chanting the latter in his own rude and serious way, showing great knowledge of the fit words, bearing up like a man, and doating over her as his

¹ Suitable.

² An old medical term meaning "without infection."

³ Too clean to develop any infection.

⁴ "Always prepared."

¹ Jesus.

² Strange.

³ Worried.

⁴ In Scotland the prose version of the Psalms was turned into verse. Pious people like to read both.

"ain Ailie." "Ailie, ma woman!" "Ma ain bonnie wee dawtie!"

The end was drawing on; the golden bowl was breaking; the silver cord was fast being loosed — that *animula blandula, vagula, hospes, comesque*,¹ was about to flee. The body and the soul — companions for sixty years — were being sundered, and taking leave. She was walking alone, through the valley of that shadow, into which one day we must all enter, — and yet she was not alone, for we know whose rod and staff were comforting her.

One night she had fallen quiet and, as we hoped, asleep; her eyes were shut. We put down the gas and sat watching her. Suddenly she sat up in bed, and, taking a bed gown which was lying on it rolled up, she held it eagerly to her breast, — to the right side. We could see her eyes bright with a surprising tenderness and joy, bending over this bundle of clothes. She held it as a woman holds a sucking child; opening out her nightgown impatiently, and holding it close, brooding over it, and murmuring foolish little words, as over one whom his mother comforteth, and who sucks and is satisfied. It was pitiful and strange to see her wasted, dying look, keen and yet vague, — her immense love.

"Preserve me!" groaned James, giving way. And then she rocked back and forward, as if to make it sleep, hushing it, and wasting on it her infinite fondness. "Wae's me, doctor; I declare she's thinkin' it's that bairn."² "What bairn?" "The only bairn we ever had; our wee Mysie, and she's in the Kingdom³ forty years and mair." It was plainly true: the pain in the breast, telling its urgent story to a bewildered, ruined brain, was misread and mistaken; it suggested to her the uneasiness of a breast full of milk, and then the child; and so again once more they were to-

gether, and she had her ain wee Mysie in her bosom.

This was the close. She sank rapidly; the delirium left her; but, as she whispered, she was "clean silly"; it was the lightning before the final darkness. After having for some time lain still, her eyes shut, she said "James!" He came close to her, and lifting up her calm, clear, beautiful eyes, she gave him a long look, turned to me kindly but shortly, looked for Rab but could not see him, then turned to her husband again, as if she would never leave off looking, shut her eyes, and composed herself. She lay for some time breathing quick, and passed away so gently that, when we thought she was gone, James, in his old-fashioned way, held the mirror to her face. After a long pause one small spot of dimness was breathed out; it vanished away, and never returned, leaving the blank, clear darkness of the mirror without a stain. "What is our life? it is even a vapor, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Rab all this time had been full awake and motionless; he came forward beside us. Ailie's hand, which James had held, was hanging down; it was soaked with tears; Rab licked it all over carefully, looked at her, and returned to his place under the table.

James and I sat, I don't know how long, but for some time, — saying nothing. He started up abruptly, and with some noise went to the table, and, putting his right fore and middle fingers each into a shoe, pulled them out and put them on, breaking one of the leather latches,¹ and muttering in anger, "I never did the like o' that afore!" I believe he never did; nor after either. "Rab!" he said roughly, and pointing with his thumb to the bottom of the bed. Rab leaped up and settled himself, his head and eye to the dead face. "Maister John, ye'll wait for me," said the carrier; and disappeared

¹ "Little, charming, wandering soul, guest and comrade,"

² Child,

³ Heaven.

¹ Shoe strings.

in the darkness, thundering downstairs in his heavy shoes. I ran to a front window; there he was, already round the house and out at the gate, fleeing like a shadow.

I was afraid about him, and yet not afraid; so I sat down beside Rab and, being wearied, fell asleep. I awoke from a sudden noise outside. It was November, and there had been a heavy fall of snow. Rab was *in statu quo*;¹ he heard the noise, too, and plainly knew it, but never moved. I looked out, and there, at the gate, in the dim morning — for the sun was not up — was Jess and the cart, — a cloud of steam rising from the old mare. I did not see James; he was already at the door, and came up the stairs and met me. It was less than three hours since he left, and he must have posted² out — who knows how? — to Howgate, full nine miles off; yoked³ Jess, and driven her astonished into town. He had an armful of blankets and was streaming with perspiration. He nodded to me, spread out on the floor two pairs of clean old blankets having at their corners "A. G., 1794," in large letters in red worsted. These were the initials of Alison Græme, and James may have looked in at her from without — himself unseen but not unthought of — when he was "wat,⁴ wat, and weary," and after having walked many a mile over the hills, may have seen her sitting, while "a' the lave⁵ were sleepin'," and by the fire-light working her name on the blankets, for her ain James's bed.

He motioned Rab down, and, taking his wife in his arms, laid her in the blankets and wrapped her carefully and firmly up, leaving the face uncovered; and then, lifting her, he nodded again sharply to me, and, with a resolved but utterly

miserable face, strode along the passage and downstairs, followed by Rab. I followed with a light, but he didn't need it. I went out, holding stupidly the candle in my hand in the calm, frosty air; we were soon at the gate. I could have helped him, but I saw he was not to be meddled with, and he was strong and did not need it. He laid her down as tenderly, as safely, as he had lifted her out ten days before, — as tenderly as when he had her first in his arms when she was only "A. G.," — sorted¹ her, leaving that beautiful sealed² face open to the heavens; and then, taking Jess by the head, he moved away. He did not notice me; neither did Rab, who presided behind the cart.

I stood till they passed through the long shadow of the College and turned up Nicolson Street. I heard the solitary cart sound through the streets and die away and come again; and I returned, thinking of that company going up Libberton Brae, then along Roslin Muir, the morning light touching the Pentlands and making them like on-looking ghosts, then down the hill through Auchindinny woods, past "haunted Woodhouselee"; and as daybreak came sweeping up the bleak Lammermuirs, and fell on his own door, the company would stop, and James would take the key, and lift Ailie up again, laying her on her own bed, and, having put Jess up, would return with Rab, and shut the door.

James buried his wife, with his neighbors mourning, Rab inspecting the solemnity from a distance. It was snow, and that black hole would look strange in the midst of the swelling, spotless cushion of white. James looked after everything, then rather suddenly fell ill and took to bed, was insensible³ when the doctor came, and soon died. A sort of low fever was prevailing in the village, and his want of sleep, his exhaustion, and his misery made him apt to take it. The

¹ Short for the Latin phrase *in statu quo ante*, "in the same situation as before."

² Ridden fast.

³ Harnessed and attached to the cart.

⁴ Wet.

⁵ All the rest.

¹ Arranged.

² Set in death.

³ Unconscious.

grave was not difficult to reopen. A fresh fall of snow had again made all things white and smooth; Rab once more looked on, and slunk home to the stable.

And what of Rab? I asked for him the next week of the new carrier who got the goodwill of James's business, and was now master of Jess and her cart. "How's Rab?" He put me off and said rather rudely, "What's *your* business wi' the dowg?" I was not to be put off. "Where's Rab?" He, getting confused, and red, and intermeddling¹ with his hair, said, "'Deed, sir, Rab's deid." "Dead! what did he die of?" "Weel, sir," said he, getting redder, "he didna exactly dee; he was killed. I had to brain him wi' a rack-pin²; there was nae doin' wi' him. He lay in the treviss³ wi' the mear⁴ and wadna come oot. I temptit him wi' kail⁵ and meat, but he was aye gur gurrin', and grup gruppin' me by the legs. I was laith to make awa wi' the auld dowg, his like wasna atween this and Thornhill,—but, 'deed, sir, I could do naething else." I believed him. Fit end for Rab, quick and complete. His teeth and his friends gone, why should he keep the peace and be civil?

Study Hints

1. Read "To Build a Fire" (below). In what respects are the relations of dogs and masters different in the two stories? (Discuss in class.)

2. Read "Argus meets his Master" (p. 153). It too is a story of a dog who loved his master.

3. Describe James; Ailie.

4. Find four or five places in which the author uses the present tense to speak of a past event. Does its use increase the reality of the story?

¹ Running his fingers through.

² A short heavy stick used to draw ropes taut.

³ A stall for an animal.

⁴ Mare.

⁵ Soup, broth.

5. Find four or five places in which Dr. Brown uses four or more adjectives with one noun. Do they make the picture clearer?

6. Do you know of any other stories in which dogs are the heroes? If so, write one of them.

7. Can you give any reasons for the popularity of dogs as animal heroes?

8. If you like to draw, illustrate the following lines:

a. "His master, a brown, handsome, big young shepherd."

b. "The Chicken held on."

c. "Bob and I buried the Game Chicken that night."

d. Other lines that strike your fancy.

To Build a Fire¹

JACK LONDON (1876-1916)

[Ever since gold was discovered in Alaska in 1897 and men hurried thither in the hope of making their fortunes, there have been many stories of life in the frozen North. Of these, "To Build a Fire" is one of the best, for it was written by an author who knew how to take the raw facts of life and turn them into fine art.

"To Build a Fire" is a splendid example of a story told in a straightforward manner. It is also an excellent illustration of Jack London's theory of writing. He believed that a writer should know his material at first hand and then treat it vigorously. Every paragraph of the story brings out a new picture, and each picture could be painted by itself. Through it all runs one of the author's favorite themes,—in time of distress men and animals depend on each other.]

DAY had broken cold and gray, exceedingly cold and gray, when the man turned aside from the main Yukon trail² and climbed the high earth bank, where a dim and little-traveled trail led eastward through the spruce timberland. It was a steep bank, and he paused for breath at the top, excusing the act to

¹ Abridged from Jack London's "Lost Face."

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² The principal path used by dog sleds along the Yukon River in Alaska.

himself by looking at his watch. It was nine o'clock. There was no sun¹ nor hint of sun, though there was not a cloud in the sky. It was a clear day, and yet there seemed an intangible pall over the face of things, a subtle gloom that made the day dark, and that was due to the absence of sun. This fact did not worry the man. He was used to the lack of sun. It had been days since he had seen the sun, and he knew that a few more days must pass before that cheerful orb, due south, would just peep above the skyline and dip immediately from view.

The man flung a look back along the way he had come. The Yukon trail lay a mile wide and hidden under three feet of ice. On top of this ice were as many feet of snow. It was all pure white, rolling in gentle undulations where the ice-jams² of the freeze-up² had formed. North and south, as far as his eye could see, it was unbroken white, save for a dark hair line that curved and twisted from around the spruce-covered island to the south, and that curved and twisted away into the north, where it disappeared behind another spruce-covered island. This dark hair line was the trail — the main trail — that led south five hundred miles to the Chilcoot Pass, Dyea, and salt water, and that led north seventy miles to Dawson, and still on to the north a thousand miles to Nulato, and finally to St. Michael on Bering Sea, a thousand miles and half a thousand more.

As he turned to go on he spat speculatively. There was a sharp, explosive crackle that startled him. He spat again. And again, in the air, before it could fall to the snow, the spittle crackled. He knew that at fifty below

spittle crackled on the snow, but this spittle had crackled in the air. Undoubtedly it was colder than fifty below — how much colder he did not know. But the temperature did not matter. He was bound for the old claim on the left fork of Henderson Creek, where the boys were already. They had come over across the divide from the Indian Creek country, while he had come the round-about way to take a look at the possibilities of getting out logs in the spring from the islands in the Yukon. He would be in to camp by six o'clock, — a bit after dark, it was true, but the boys would be there, a fire would be going, and a hot supper would be ready. As for lunch, he pressed his hand against the protruding bundle under his jacket. It was also under his shirt, wrapped up in a handkerchief and lying against the naked skin. It was the only way to keep the biscuits from freezing. He smiled agreeably to himself as he thought of those biscuits, each cut open and sopped in bacon grease, and each enclosing a generous slice of fried bacon.

At the man's heels trotted a dog, a big native husky,¹ the proper² wolf dog, gray-coated and without any visible or temperamental difference from its brother, the wild wolf. The animal was depressed by the tremendous cold. It knew that it was no time for traveling. Its instinct told it a truer tale than was told to the man by the man's judgment. In reality it was not merely colder than fifty below zero; it was colder than sixty below, than seventy below. It was seventy-five below zero. Since the freezing point is thirty-two above zero, it meant that one hundred and seven degrees of frost obtained. The dog did not know anything about thermometers. Possibly in its brain there was no sharp consciousness of a condition of very

¹ In midwinter the sun is not visible in the latitude of Alaska.

² Two or three warm days cause the ice of the Yukon to break into cakes, which become piled up. Then a sudden cold spell, a "freeze-up," turns the piles into solid masses, or "ice-jams."

¹ A large, strong, long-haired dog used to draw sleds in the North.

² A common English adjective for "regular."

cold such as was in the man's brain. But the brute had its instinct. It experienced a vague but menacing apprehension that subdued it and made it slink along at the man's heels, and that made it question eagerly every unwonted¹ movement of the man, as if expecting him to go into camp or to seek shelter somewhere and build a fire. The dog had learned fire, and it wanted fire, or else to burrow under the snow and cuddle its warmth away from the air.

He held on through the level stretch of woods for several miles, crossed a wide flat and dropped down a bank to the frozen bed of a small stream. This was Henderson Creek, and he knew he was ten miles from the forks. He looked at his watch. It was ten o'clock. He was making four miles an hour, and he calculated that he would arrive at the forks at half-past twelve. He decided to celebrate that event by eating his lunch there.

The dog dropped in again at his heels, with a tail drooping discouragement, as the man swung along the creek bed. The furrow of the old sled trail was plainly visible, but a dozen inches of snow covered the marks of the last runners. In a month no man had come up or down that silent creek. The man held steadily on. He was not much given to thinking, and just then particularly he had nothing to think about save that he would eat lunch at the forks and that at six o'clock he would be in camp with the boys. There was nobody to talk to; and, had there been, speech would have been impossible because of the ice muzzle on his mouth. So he continued monotonously to chew tobacco and to increase the length of his amber beard.

Empty as the man's mind was of thoughts, he was keenly observant, and he noticed the changes in the creek, the curves and bends and timber jams, and always he sharply noted where he placed

his feet. Once, coming around a bend, he shied abruptly, like a startled horse, curved away from the place where he had been walking, and retreated several paces back along the trail. The creek, he knew, was frozen clear at the bottom,—no creek could contain water in that arctic winter,—but he knew also that there were springs that bubbled out from the hillsides and ran along under the snow and on top of the ice of the creek. He knew that the coldest snaps never froze those springs, and he knew likewise their danger. They were traps. They hid pools of water under the snow that might be three inches deep or three feet. Sometimes a skin of ice half an inch thick covered them, and in turn was covered by the snow. Sometimes there were alternate layers of water and ice skin, so that when one broke through he kept on breaking through for a while, sometimes wetting himself to the waist.

That was why he had shied in such panic. He had felt the give under his feet and heard the crackle of a snow-hidden ice skin. And to get his feet wet in such a temperature meant trouble and danger. At the very least it meant delay, for he would be forced to stop and build a fire, and under its protection to bare his feet while he dried his socks and moccasins. He stood and studied the creek bed and its banks, and decided that the flow of water came from the right. He reflected a while, rubbing his nose and cheeks, then skirted to the left, stepping gingerly and testing the footing for each step. Once clear of the danger, he took a fresh chew of tobacco and swung along at his four-mile gait.

In the course of the next two hours he came upon several similar traps. Usually the snow above the hidden pools had a sunken, candied appearance that advertised the danger. Once again, however, he had a close call; and once, suspecting danger, he compelled the dog to go on in front. The dog did not want to go. It

¹ Unusual.

hung back until the man shoved it forward, and then it went quickly across the white, unbroken surface. Suddenly it broke through, floundered to one side, and got away to firmer footing. It had wet its forefeet and legs, and almost immediately the water that clung to it turned to ice. It made quick efforts to lick the ice off its legs, then dropped down in the snow and began to bite out the ice that had formed between the toes. This was a matter of instinct. To permit the ice to remain would mean sore feet. It did not know this. It merely obeyed the mysterious prompting that arose from the deep crypts of its being. But the man knew, having achieved a judgment on the subject, and he removed the mitten from his right hand and helped tear out the ice particles. He did not expose his fingers more than a minute, and was astonished at the swift numbness that smote them. It certainly was cold. He pulled on the mitten hastily, and beat the hand savagely across his chest.

At twelve o'clock the day was at its brightest. Yet the sun was too far south on its winter journey to clear the horizon. The bulge of the earth intervened between it and Henderson Creek, where the man walked under a clear sky at noon and cast no shadow. At half-past twelve, to the minute, he arrived at the forks of the creek. He was pleased at the speed he had made. If he kept it up, he would certainly be with the boys by six. He unbuttoned his jacket and shirt and drew forth his lunch. The action consumed no more than a quarter of a minute, yet in that brief moment the numbness laid hold of the exposed fingers. He did not put the mitten on, but, instead, struck the fingers a dozen sharp smashes against his leg. Then he sat down on a snow-covered log to eat. The sting that followed upon the striking of his fingers against his leg ceased so quickly that he was startled. He had had no chance to take a bite of biscuit. He struck the

fingers repeatedly and returned them to the mitten, baring the other hand for the purpose of eating. He tried to take a mouthful, but the ice muzzle prevented. He had forgotten to build a fire and thaw out. He chuckled at his foolishness, and as he chuckled he noted the numbness creeping into the exposed fingers. Also he noted that the stinging which had first come to his toes when he sat down was already passing away. He wondered whether the toes were warm or numb. He moved them inside the moccasins and decided that they were numb.

He pulled the mitten on hurriedly and stood up. He was a bit frightened. He stamped up and down until the stinging returned into the feet. It certainly was cold, was his thought. That man from Sulphur Creek had spoken the truth when telling how cold it sometimes got in the country. And he had laughed at him at the time! That showed one must not be too sure of things. There was no mistake about it, it *was* cold. He strode up and down, stamping his feet and threshing his arms, until reassured by the returning warmth. Then he got out matches and proceeded to make a fire. From the undergrowth, where high water of the previous spring had lodged a supply of seasoned twigs, he got his firewood. Working carefully from a small beginning, he soon had a roaring fire, over which he thawed the ice from his face and in the protection of which he ate his biscuits. For the moment the cold of space was outwitted. The dog took satisfaction in the fire, stretching out close enough for warmth and far enough away to escape being singed.

When the man had finished, he filled his pipe and took his comfortable time over a smoke. Then he pulled on his mittens, settled the ear-flaps of his cap firmly about his ears, and took the creek trail up the left fork. The dog was disappointed and yearned back toward the fire. This man did not know cold. Pos-



sibly all the generations of his ancestry had been ignorant of cold, of real cold, of cold one hundred and seven degrees below the freezing point. But the dog knew; all its ancestry knew, and it had inherited the knowledge. And it knew that it was not good to walk abroad in such fearful cold. It was the time to lie snug in a hole in the snow and wait for a curtain of cloud to be drawn across the face of outer space whence this cold came. On the other hand, there was no keen intimacy between the dog and the man. The one was the toil slave of the other, and the only caresses it had ever received were the caresses of the whip-lash and of harsh and menacing throat sounds that threatened the whiplash. So the dog made no effort to communicate its apprehension to the man. It was not concerned in the welfare of the man; it was for its own sake that it yearned back toward the fire. But the man whistled, and spoke to it with the sound of whiplashes, and the dog swung in at the man's heels and followed after.

The man took a chew of tobacco and proceeded to start a new amber beard. Also, his moist breath quickly powdered with white his mustache, eyebrows, and lashes. There did not seem to be so many springs on the left fork of the Henderson, and for half an hour the man saw no signs of any. And then it happened. At a place where there were no signs, where the soft, unbroken snow seemed to advertise solidity beneath, the man broke through. It was not deep. He wet himself halfway to the knees before he floundered out to the firm crust.

He was angry, and cursed his luck aloud. He had hoped to get into camp with the boys at six o'clock, and this would delay him an hour, for he would have to build a fire and dry out his foot-gear. This was imperative at that low temperature — he knew that much; and he turned aside to the bank, which he climbed. On top, tangled in the underbrush about the trunks of several small spruce trees, was a high-water deposit of

dry firewood — sticks and twigs, principally, but also larger portions of seasoned branches and fine, dry, last year's grasses. He threw down several large pieces on top of the snow. This served for a foundation and prevented the young flame from drowning itself in the snow it otherwise would melt. The flame he got by touching a match to a small shred of birch bark that he took from his pocket. Placing it on the foundation, he fed the young flame with wisps of dry grass and with the tiniest dry twigs.

He worked slowly and carefully, keenly aware of his danger. Gradually, as the flame grew stronger, he increased the size of the twigs with which he fed it. He squatted in the snow, pulling the twigs out from their entanglement in the brush and feeding directly to the flame. He knew there must be no failure. When it is seventy-five below zero a man must not fail in his first attempt to build a fire, — that is, if his feet are wet. If his feet are dry, and he fails, he can run along the trail for half a mile and restore his circulation. But the circulation of wet and freezing feet cannot be restored by running when it is seventy-five below. No matter how fast he runs, the wet feet will freeze the harder.

But he was safe. Toes and nose and cheeks would be only touched by the frost, for the fire was beginning to burn with strength. He was feeding it with twigs the size of his finger. In another minute he would be able to feed it with branches the size of his wrist, and then he could remove his wet footgear, and, while it dried, he could keep his naked feet warm by the fire, rubbing them at first, of course, with snow. The fire was a success. He was safe. He remembered the advice of the old-timer on Sulphur Creek, and smiled. The old-timer had been very serious in laying down the law that no man must travel alone in the

Klondike¹ after fifty below. Well, here he was; he had had the accident; he was alone; and he had saved himself. Those old-timers were rather womanish, some of them, he thought. All a man had to do was to keep his head, and he was all right. Any man who was a man could travel alone. But it was surprising the rapidity with which his cheeks and nose were freezing. And he had not thought his fingers could go lifeless in so short a time. Lifeless they were, for he could scarcely make them move together to grip a twig, and they seemed remote from his body and from him. When he touched a twig he had to look and see whether or not he had hold of it. The wires were pretty well down between him and his finger ends.

All of which counted for little. There was the fire snapping and crackling and promising life with every dancing flame. He started to untie his moccasins. They were coated with ice; the thick German socks were like sheaths of iron halfway to the knees; and the moccasin strings were like rods of steel all twisted and knotted as by some conflagration. For a moment he tugged with his numb fingers, then, realizing the folly of it, he drew his sheath knife.

But before he could cut the strings, it happened. It was his own fault, or, rather, his mistake. He should not have built the fire under the spruce tree. He should have built it in the open. But it had been easier to pull the twigs from the brush and drop them directly on the fire. Now the tree under which he had done this carried a weight of snow on its boughs. No wind had blown for weeks, and each bough was fully freighted. Each time he had pulled a twig he had communicated a slight agitation to the tree — an imperceptible agitation, so far as he was concerned, but an agitation sufficient to bring about the disaster.

¹ A region of upper Alaska, noted as the scene of the gold rush of 1897.

High up in the tree one bough capsized its load of snow. This fell on the boughs beneath, capsizing them. This process continued, spreading out and involving the whole tree. It grew like an avalanche, and it descended without warning upon the man and the fire, and the fire was blotted out! Where it had burned was a mantle of fresh and disordered snow.

The man was shocked. It was as though he had just heard his own sentence of death. For a moment he sat and stared at the spot where the fire had been. Then he grew very calm. Perhaps the old-timer on Sulphur Creek was right. If he had only had a trail mate he would have been in no danger now. The trail mate could have built the fire. Well, it was up to him to build the fire over again, and this second time there must be no failure. Even if he succeeded, he would most likely lose some toes. His feet must be badly frozen by now, and it would be some time before the second fire was ready.

Such were his thoughts, but he did not sit and think them. He was busy all the time they were passing through his mind. He made a new foundation for a fire, this time in the open, where no treacherous tree could blot it out. Next he gathered dry grasses and tiny twigs from the high-water flotsam. He could not bring his fingers together to pull them out, but he was able to gather them by the handful. In this way he got many rotten twigs and bits of green moss that were undesirable, but it was the best he could do. He worked methodically, even collecting an armful of the larger branches to be used later when the fire gathered strength. And all the while the dog sat and watched him, a certain yearning wistfulness in its eyes, for it looked upon him as the fire-provider, and the fire was slow in coming.

When all was ready, the man reached in his pocket for a second piece of birch

bark. He knew the bark was there, and, though he could not feel it with his fingers, he could hear its crisp rustling as he fumbled for it. Try as he would, he could not clutch hold of it. And all the time, in his consciousness, was the knowledge that each instant his feet were freezing. This thought tended to put him in a panic, but he fought against it and kept calm. He pulled on his mittens with his teeth, and threshed his arms back and forth, beating his hands with all his might against his sides. He did this sitting down, and he stood up to do it; and all the while the dog sat in the snow, its wolf-brush of a tail curled around warmly over its forefeet, its sharp wolf ears pricked forward intently as it watched the man. And the man, as he beat and threshed his arms and hands, felt a great surge of envy as he regarded the creature that was warm and secure in its natural covering.

After a time he was aware of the first far-away signals of sensation in his beaten fingers. The faint tingling grew stronger till it evolved into a stinging ache that was excruciating, but which the man hailed with satisfaction. He stripped the mitten from his right hand and fetched forth the birch bark. The exposed fingers were quickly going numb again. Next he brought out his bunch of sulphur matches. But the tremendous cold had already driven the life out of his fingers. In his effort to separate one match from the others, the whole bunch fell in the snow. He tried to pick it out of the snow, but failed. The dead fingers could neither touch nor clutch. He was very careful. He drove the thought of his freezing feet, and nose, and cheeks, out of his mind, devoting his whole soul to the matches. He watched, using the sense of vision in place of that of touch, and when he saw his fingers on each side of the bunch, he closed them—that is, he willed to close them, but the wires were down, and the fingers did not

obey. He pulled the mitten on the right hand, and beat it fiercely against his knee. Then, with both mittened hands, he scooped the bunch of matches, along with much snow, into his lap. Yet he was no better off.

After some manipulation he managed to get the bunch between the heels of his mittened hands. In this fashion he carried it to his mouth. The ice crackled and snapped when by a violent effort he opened his mouth. He drew the lower jaw in, curled the upper lip out of the way, and scraped the bunch with his upper teeth in order to separate a match. He succeeded in getting one, which he dropped on his lap. He was no better off. He could not pick it up. Then he devised a way. He picked it up in his teeth and scratched it on his leg. Twenty times he scratched before he succeeded in lighting it. As it flamed he held it with his teeth to the birch bark. But the burning brimstone went up his nostrils and into his lungs, causing him to cough spasmodically. The match fell into the snow and went out.

The old-timer on Sulphur Creek was right, he thought in the moment of controlled despair that ensued: after fifty below, a man should travel with a partner. He beat his hands, but failed in exciting any sensation. Suddenly he bared both hands, removing the mittens with his teeth. He caught the whole bunch between the heels of his hands. His arm muscles, not being frozen, enabled him to press the hand heels tightly against the matches. Then he scratched the bunch along his leg. It flared into flame, seventy sulphur matches at once! There was no wind to blow them out. He kept his head to one side to escape the strangling fumes, and held the blazing bunch to the birch bark. As he so held it, he became aware of sensation in his hand. His flesh was burning. He could smell it. Deep down below the surface he could feel it. The sensation developed into

pain that grew acute. And still he endured it, holding the flame of the matches clumsily to the bark that would not light readily because his own burning hands were in the way, absorbing most of the flame.

At last, when he could endure no more he jerked his hands apart. The blazing matches fell sizzling into the snow, but the birch bark was alight. He began laying dry grasses and the tiniest twigs on the flame. He could not pick and choose, for he had to lift the fuel between the heels of his hands. Small pieces of rotten wood and green moss clung to the twigs, and he bit them off as well as he could with his teeth. He cherished the flame carefully and awkwardly. It meant life, and it must not perish. The withdrawal of blood from the surface of his body now made him begin to shiver, and he grew more awkward. A large piece of green moss fell squarely on the little fire. He tried to poke it out with his fingers, but his shivering frame made him poke too far, and he disrupted the nucleus of the little fire, the burning grasses and tiny twigs separating and scattering. He tried to poke them together again, but, in spite of the tenseness of the effort, his shivering got away with him, and the twigs were hopelessly scattered. Each twig gushed a puff of smoke and went out. The fire-provider had failed. As he looked apathetically about him, his eyes chanced on the dog, sitting across the ruins of the fire from him, in the snow, making restless, hunching movements, slightly lifting one forefoot and then the other, shifting its weight back and forth on them with wistful eagerness.

The man sat up in the snow for a moment, and struggled for calmness. Then he pulled on his mittens, by means of his teeth, and got upon his feet. He glanced down at first in order to assure himself that he was really standing up, for the absence of sensation in his feet left him unrelated to the earth. His

erect position in itself started to drive the webs of suspicion from the dog's mind; and when he spoke peremptorily, with the sound of whiplashes in his voice, the dog rendered its customary allegiance and came to him. As it came within reaching distance, the man lost his control. His arms flashed out to the dog, and he experienced genuine surprise when he discovered that his hands could not clutch, that there was neither bend nor feeling in the fingers. He had forgotten for the moment that they were frozen and that they were freezing more and more. All this happened quickly, and before the animal could get away, he encircled its body with his arms. He sat down in the snow, and in this fashion held the dog, while it snarled and whined and struggled.

But it was all he could do to hold its body encircled in his arms and sit there. He realized that he could not kill the dog. There was no way to do it. With his helpless hands he could neither draw nor hold his sheath knife nor throttle the animal. He released it, and it plunged wildly away, with tail between its legs, and still snarling. It halted forty feet away and surveyed him curiously, with ears sharply pricked forward. The man looked down at his hands in order to locate them, and found them hanging on the ends of his arms. It struck him as curious that one should have to use his eyes in order to find out where his hands were. He began thrashing his arms back and forth, beating the mittened hands against his sides. He did this for five minutes, violently, and his heart pumped enough blood up to the surface to put a stop to his shivering. But no sensation was aroused in the hands. He had an impression that they hung like weights on the ends of his arms, but when he tried to run the impression down, he could not find it.

A certain fear of death, dull and oppressive, came to him. This fear quickly became poignant as he realized that it

was no longer a mere matter of freezing his fingers and toes, or of losing his hands and feet, but that it was a matter of life and death, with the chances against him. This threw him into a panic, and he turned and ran up the creek bed along the old, dim trail. The dog joined in behind and kept up with him. He ran blindly, without intention, in fear such as he had never known in his life.

It struck him as curious that he could run at all on feet so frozen that he could not feel them when they struck the earth and took the weight of his body. He seemed to himself to skim along above the surface, and to have no connection with the earth. Somewhere he had once seen a winged Mercury,* and he wondered if Mercury felt as he felt when skimming over the earth.

And all the time the dog ran with him, at his heels. When he fell down a second time, it curled its tail over its forefeet and sat in front of him, facing him, curiously eager and intent. The warmth and security of the animal angered him, and he cursed it till it flattened down its ears appeasingly. This time the shivering came more quickly upon the man. He was losing in his battle with the frost. It was creeping into his body from all sides. The thought of it drove him on, but he ran no more than a hundred feet, when he staggered and pitched headlong. It was his last panic. When he had recovered his breath and control, he sat up and entertained in his mind the conception of meeting death with dignity. However, the conception did not come to him in such terms. His idea of it was that he had been making a fool of himself, running around like a chicken with its head cut off—such was the simile that occurred to him. Well, he was bound to freeze, anyway, and he might as well take it decently. With this new-found peace of mind came the first glimmerings of drowsiness. A good idea, he thought, to sleep off to death. It was like taking an

anæsthetic.¹ Freezing was not so bad as people thought. There were lots worse ways to die.

He pictured the boys finding his body next day. Suddenly he found himself with them, coming along the trail and looking for himself. And, still with them, he came around a turn in the trail and found himself lying in the snow. He did not belong with himself any more, for even then he was out of himself, standing with the boys and looking at himself in the snow. It certainly was cold, was his thought. When he got back to the States, he could tell the folks what real cold was. He drifted on from this to a vision of the old-timer on Sulphur Creek. He could see him quite clearly, warm and comfortable, and smoking a pipe.

"You were right, old hoss; you were right," the man mumbled to the old-timer of Sulphur Creek.

Then the man drowsed off into what seemed to him the most comfortable and satisfying sleep he had ever known. The dog sat facing him and waiting. The brief day drew to a close in a long, slow twilight. There were no signs of a fire to be made, and, besides, never in the dog's experience had it known a man to sit like that in the snow and make no fire. As the twilight drew on, its eager yearning for the fire mastered it, and with a great lifting and shifting of fore-

feet, it whined softly, then flattened its ears down in anticipation of being chidden by the man. But the man remained silent. Later the dog whined loudly. And still later it crept close to the man and caught the scent of death. This made the animal bristle and back away. A little longer it delayed, howling under the stars that leaped and danced and shone brightly in the cold sky. Then it turned and trotted up the trail in the direction of the camp it knew, where were the other food-providers and fire-providers.

Study Hints

1. Read "Riding the Rim Rock" (p. 409) and "Rab and his Friends" (p. 413). Both are stories in which men and animals depend on each other in distress.

2. Do you agree with the statement made in the introductory note that each paragraph brings a new picture?

3. If you can find the time, read "The Call of the Wild." It gives an excellent picture of the rush to the Klondike.

4. Learn the definition of a romance.* Does this story meet the requirements of the definition?

5. In one hundred words, tell how to build a fire on the Yukon trail.

6. Is the introductory note correct in saying that the story is straightforward?

7. Do you find any lines or sentences that could be illustrated? Make a list of them.

¹ A sleep-producing drug.

Drama



As You Like It

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE* (1564–1616)

["As You Like It" is a charming play — charming in plot, in characters, and in setting.

Frederick, having banished the real Duke, is ruling as a petty despot. He has a daughter, Celia, the dear beloved companion of her cousin, Rosalind, the daughter of the banished Duke. At the same time in the same land live the two sons of a wealthy nobleman. Oliver, the elder of the brothers, is depriving the younger, Orlando, of his just inheritance. One day a champion wrestler appears and challenges all comers. Two fall before him. Then Orlando decides to enter the contest. Impressed by his nobility and winning grace, Celia and Rosalind try to persuade him not to wrestle with the champion. Nevertheless he enters the ring, and throws the mighty Charles. During their short talk Rosalind and Orlando fall in love with each other. Orlando now finds his brother Oliver very bitter toward him and, to escape his anger, goes into exile. Learning that Rosalind is in love with the son of the banished Duke's friend, Frederick banishes Rosalind. Celia decides to go with her cousin. They set forth into banishment — and adventure.

Rosalind, Orlando, Celia, and Jaques are the most delightful characters. Orlando is brave, gentle, modest, and kindly. He is one who is "never school'd, and yet learn'd," who thinks of his noble birth only that he may not dishonor it, who is as gracious to his aged servant as he would be to a high-born Duke, who writes love verses of feminine delicacy, and who bravely risks his life to save that of the man who is wronging him. All these things combine to make him a proper sweetheart for the kindly Rosalind. She too is a charming character, the personification of mischievous gayety and natural womanly tenderness. She talks — talks to conceal

the tumult in her heart, talks herself out of breath, and talks herself more deeply in love. But as the play nears its end she becomes a mere onlooker of the tumult in others. Why should she not detach herself, since she is now secure in her father's return to his dukedom and in her own betrothal to the princely Orlando?

Hardly less likable than Rosalind is Celia, a woman of sincere moral beauty as well as grace and charm. She is one whose silent and retired nature is a proper relief to the talkativeness of Rosalind. Oliver, we feel sure, will be serenely happy in his wedded life with Celia.

Slightly in the background is Jaques, one who, having spent his inheritance in travel, is now living to enjoy his experience. He is a puzzling character. He is carried away by the power of song, he goes wild with laughter when he sees the motley-clad fool, he utters his merry-sad opinions on life upon any and all occasions; he spends all his time thinking, but he thinks to no purpose; he is, in short, an utterly harmless but an utterly useless man. He takes delight in the company of those who deserve the best but who have received the worst — and such he finds in the banished Duke, in Orlando, in Rosalind, and in Celia — all his companions in the Forest of Arden.

The Forest of Arden is a delightfully romantic land. Just what it looked like, what trees grew there, or what animals lived there the play only vaguely tells. It is rather a fairy land, where the very air seems to breed poetry, and where we are concerned less with what is done than with what is said. Is it any wonder that in such a place men and women come to escape the "penalty of Adam" and learn that

Sweet are the uses of adversity?

Is it any wonder that in its sequestered glades and romantic aisles, Rosalind and Celia find abiding loves, Orlando and Oliver, find charming brides, Frederick finds courage to do the right, and the banished Duke finds grace to forgive those by whom he has been wronged? Is it any wonder, either, that when the wedding bells have pealed for the four pairs of lovers, they hesitate to go back to court and courtly life, accepting it rather as a punishment than a reward?

"As You Like It" was written in 1600. It was published in the first collection of Shakespeare's works (the First Folio, 1623). It attained its first great popularity in 1740, and since that time it has been a favorite play of all who love to read the works of the greatest dramatist of the English-speaking people.]

Suggestions for Study

First read the play rapidly, using the short introductions to the scenes to help you get the drift of the plot. Then read it more slowly, trying all the while to imagine what action accompanies each speech. Try especially to imagine what the actors on the stage, other than the speaker, may be doing during the speech. As you read be sure to use the footnotes to make doubtful passages clearer, and, above all, be sure you understand every word marked with a star. They are all words that you will find frequently in later reading. Do not spend too much time in trying to reduce the very short speeches to present-day English. The best literature is, after all, to be found in the longer speeches.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, living in banishment.

FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.

AMIENS, } lords attending on the banished
JAQUES, } Duke.

LE BEAU, a courtier attending upon Frederick.

CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.

OLIVER,

JAQUES, } sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.

ORLANDO,

ADAM, } servants to Oliver.
DENNIS,

TOUCHSTONE, a clown.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.

CORIN, }
SILVIUS, } shepherds.

WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.

A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished Duke.

CELIA, daughter to Frederick.

PHEBE, a shepherdess.

AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Oliver's house, Duke Frederick's court, and the Forest of Arden.*

ACT I

SCENE I. Orchard of OLIVER'S house

[Scene i shows Oliver, the elder brother, oppressing the hero, his younger brother Orlando. When Orlando rebels, Oliver plots to have him injured in a wrestling match.]

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM

ORLANDO. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeath'd me by will but poor a thousand¹ crowns; and, as thou say'st, charg'd² my brother, on his blessing, to breed³ me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit⁴; for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays⁵ me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred⁶ better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage,⁷ and to that end riders dearly hir'd: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me,

¹ A mere thousand. ² Commanded.

³ Bring me up.

⁴ Excellence in scholarship.

⁵ Detains.

⁶ Brought up.

⁷ Taught their manage. Trained.

the something that nature gave me his countenance¹ seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds,² bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines³ my gentility⁴ with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

ADAM. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

ORLANDO. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

[ADAM *retires*]

Enter OLIVER

OLIVER. Now, sir! what make you⁵ here?

ORLANDO. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

OLIVER. What mar you then, sir?

ORLANDO. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

OLIVER. Marry, sir, be better employ'd, and be naught awhile.⁶

ORLANDO. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

OLIVER. Know you where you are, sir?

ORLANDO. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

OLIVER. Know you before whom, sir?

ORLANDO. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood,⁷ you should so know me. The courtesy of nations⁸ allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition⁹ takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers be-

twixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.¹

OLIVER. What, boy!

ORLANDO. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young² in this.

OLIVER. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain³?

ORLANDO. I am no villain⁴; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast rail'd on thyself.

ADAM. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

OLIVER. Let me go, I say.

ORLANDO. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities.⁵ The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises⁶ as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery⁷ my father left me by testament⁸; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

OLIVER. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

ORLANDO. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

OLIVER. Get you with him, you old dog!

ADAM. Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. — God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM*]

¹ Entitles you to more respect.

² You are not strong enough to do what you are trying to do. (Orlando seizes Oliver, to show him that he is no "boy.")

³ Here, scoundrel.

⁶ Employments.

⁴ Here, lowborn fellow.

⁷ Portion.

⁵ Pursuits.

⁸ Will.

¹ Treatment. ² Servants. ³ Destroys.

⁴ Noble birth. ⁵ Are you doing?

⁶ A mischief on you.

⁷ As becomes well-born brothers.

⁸ The customs of civilized countries. ⁹ Custom.

OLIVER. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness,¹ and yet give no thousand crowns neither. — Holla, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS

DENNIS. Calls your worship?

OLIVER. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

DENNIS. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

OLIVER. Call him in. [*Exit DENNIS*]
 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES

CHARLES. Good morrow to your worship.

OLIVER. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

CHARLES. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banish'd by his younger brother the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

OLIVER. Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banish'd with her father?

CHARLES. O, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred² together, that she would have follow'd her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less belov'd of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies lov'd as they do.

OLIVER. Where will the old Duke live?

CHARLES. They say he is already in the forest of Arden,³ and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin * Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him

every day, and fleet the time carelessly,¹ as they did in the golden world.²

OLIVER. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

CHARLES. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with³ a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well.⁴ Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil⁵ him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal⁶; that either you might stay him from his intendment,⁷ or brook⁸ such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

OLIVER. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand⁹ means labour'd to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it¹⁰ is the stubborn young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator¹¹ of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief¹² thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee,¹³ he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I

¹ Free from care. ² Golden * Age.

³ Tell you of. ⁴ Will have to wrestle skillfully.

⁵ Unwilling to defeat. ⁶ With the matter.

⁷ Prevent him from carrying out his intention.

⁸ Endure. ⁹ Secret. ¹⁰ He.

¹¹ Here, rival. ¹² I would as soon.

¹³ Distinguish himself by overcoming you.

¹ Cure your rashness. ² Brought up.

³ Probably an imaginary forest.

speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but, should I anathematize¹ him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

CHARLES. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment²: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

OLIVER. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit CHARLES*] — Now will I stir this gamester³: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle⁴; never school'd, and yet learn'd; full of noble device⁵; of all sorts enchantingly belov'd; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether mispris'd.⁶ But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle⁷ the boy thither; which now I'll go about.

[*Exit*]

SCENE II. *Lawn before the DUKE'S palace*

[Scene ii introduces Rosalind and Celia and shows how dearly they love each other. The wrestler overcomes two contenders. Orlando enters the ring amid the protests of his friends. He throws Charles. Rosalind falls in love with Orlando, and Celia prepares to be her ally.]

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA

CELIA. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz,⁸ be merry.

ROSALIND. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banish'd father, you must not learn⁹ me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

¹ Expose thoroughly.

² Punishment.

³ Wild fellow.

⁴ Of noble family.

⁵ Lofty purposes.

⁶ Undervalued.

⁷ Incite.

⁸ My dear cousin.

⁹ Teach.

CELIA. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banish'd father, had banish'd thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

ROSALIND. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

CELIA. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have¹: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce,² I will render³ thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

ROSALIND. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports.⁴ Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

CELIA. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

ROSALIND. What shall be our sport, then?

CELIA. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune* from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestow'd equally.

ROSALIND. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplac'd; and the bountiful blind woman⁵ doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

CELIA. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest⁶; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.⁷

ROSALIND. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune

¹ Nor is likely to have.

² By force.

³ Give.

⁴ Plan merriment.

⁵ Why does Rosalind use these words?

⁶ Virtuous.

⁷ Homely.

reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE

CELIA. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout¹ at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

ROSALIND. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural² the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

CELIA. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. — How now, wit! whither wander you?

X TOUCHSTONE. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

CELIA. Were you made the messenger?

X TOUCHSTONE. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

ROSALIND. Where learn'd you that oath, fool?

X TOUCHSTONE. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught³: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

CELIA. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

ROSALIND. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

X TOUCHSTONE. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

CELIA. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

X TOUCHSTONE. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but, if you swear by

that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

CELIA. Prithee, who is't that thou mean'st?

X TOUCHSTONE. One that old¹ Frederick, your father, loves.

CELIA. My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him; you'll be whipp'd for taxation² one of these days.

X TOUCHSTONE. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

CELIA. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenc'd, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

ROSALIND. With his mouth full of news.

CELIA. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

ROSALIND. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

CELIA. All the better; we shall be the more marketable. —

Enter LE BEAU

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

X LE BEAU. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

CELIA. Sport! of what colour?

LE BEAU. What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

ROSALIND. As wit and fortune will.

X TOUCHSTONE. Or as the Destinies decree.

CELIA. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.³

X TOUCHSTONE. Nay, if I keep not my rank, —

ROSALIND. Thou lovest thy old smell.

LE BEAU. You amaze me, ladies: I

¹ Make fun of.

² Idiot.

³ Bad.

¹ Here, dear. ² Poking fun at things.

³ laid . . . trowel. Clumsily done.

would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

ROSALIND. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

LE BEAU. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

CELIA. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

LE BEAU. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

CELIA. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

LE BEAU. Three proper¹ young men, of excellent growth and presence.

ROSALIND. With bills² on their necks, "Be it known unto all men by these presents."³

LE BEAU. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him,⁴ and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he serv'd the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole⁵ over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

ROSALIND. Alas!⁶

X TOUCHSTONE. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

LE BEAU. Why, this that I speak of.

X TOUCHSTONE. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

CELIA. Or I, I promise thee.

ROSALIND. But is there any else longs to see⁷ this broken music⁸ in his

sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? — Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

LE BEAU. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

CELIA. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants

DUKE FREDERICK. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated,¹ his own peril on his forwardness.

ROSALIND. Is yonder the man?

LE BEAU. Even he, madam.

CELIA. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.²

DUKE FREDERICK. How now, daughter, and cousin³! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

ROSALIND. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

DUKE FREDERICK. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds⁴ in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

CELIA. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

DUKE FREDERICK. Do so: I'll not be by.

LE BEAU. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

ORLANDO. I attend them with all respect and duty.

ROSALIND. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler?

ORLANDO. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

¹ Handsome.

² Here, weapons.

³ *Be . . . presents.* Many legal papers, called "bills" in Shakespeare's day, begin with these words. Rosalind is punning.

⁴ *Which . . . him.* Whom Charles threw.

⁵ Lament.

⁶ Up to this time Rosalind has been joking. Now her womanly sympathy asserts itself.

⁷ Experience.

⁸ Here, broken ribs.

¹ Persuaded.

² Capable.

³ In Shakespeare's day this might mean any relative not of the immediate family.

⁴ Tremendous capacity.

CELIA. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise.¹ We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

ROSALIND. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be mispris'd²: we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

ORLANDO. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny³ so fair and excellent ladies any thing: but let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious⁴; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

ROSALIND. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

CELIA. And mine, to eke out hers.

ROSALIND. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you!

CELIA. Your heart's desires be with you!

CHARLES. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

ORLANDO. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

DUKE FREDERICK. You shall try but one fall.

CHARLES. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

ORLANDO. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mock'd me before: but come your ways.

ROSALIND. Now Hercules* be thy speed, young man!

CELIA. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

[CHARLES and ORLANDO wrestle]

ROSALIND. O excellent young man!

CELIA. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[CHARLES is thrown. Shout]

DUKE FREDERICK. No more, no more.

ORLANDO. Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well breath'd.¹

DUKE FREDERICK. How dost thou, Charles?

LE BEAU. He cannot speak, my lord.

DUKE FREDERICK. Bear him away.—What is thy name, young man?

ORLANDO. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

DUKE FREDERICK. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,

But I did find him still² mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exeunt DUKE FREDERICK, train,
and LE BEAU]

CELIA. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

ORLANDO. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

ROSALIND. My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,

And all the world was of my father's mind:

¹ if . . . enterprise. If you saw and recognized yourself as you are, you would be afraid and would seek a more equal opponent.

² Misjudged. ³ In denying. ⁴ Fortunate.

¹ Warmed up.

² Always.

Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto¹ entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

CELIA. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage him :
My father's rough and envious² disposition
Sticks me at heart.³ — Sir, you have well
deserv'd :

If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all
promise,
Your mistress shall be⁴ happy.

ROSALIND. Gentleman,
[Giving him a chain from her neck]
Wear this for me, one out of suits⁵ with
fortune,
That could⁶ give more, but that her hand
lacks means.—
Shall we go, coz ?

CELIA. Ay.—Fare you well,
fair gentleman.

ORLANDO. Can I not say, I thank you ?
My better parts
Are all thrown down ; and that which
here stands up

Is but a quintain,⁷ a mere lifeless block.

ROSALIND. He calls us back : my
pride fell with my fortunes ;
I'll ask him what he would.—Did you
call, sir ?—

Sir, you have wrestled well, and over-
thrown

More than your enemies.

CELIA. Will you go, coz ?

ROSALIND. Have with you.⁸—Fare
you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA*]

ORLANDO. What passion hangs these
weights upon my tongue ?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd
conference.

¹ In addition to. ² Full of ill will.

³ Stabs me to the heart. ⁴ Is sure to be.

⁵ Out of favor. ⁶ Could find courage to.

⁷ A dummy figure of wood used in tournament practice.

⁸ Have . . . you. Yes, I will come.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown !
Or Charles or something weaker masters
thee.

Reënter LE BEAU

LE BEAU. Good sir, I do in friendship
counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have
deserv'd

High commendation, true applause, and
love,

Yet such is now the Duke's condition,¹
That he misconstrues all that you have
done.

The Duke is humorous² : what he is,
indeed,

More suits you to conceive than I to
speak of.

ORLANDO. I thank you, sir : and, pray
you, tell me this ;

Which of the two was daughter of the
Duke,

That here was at the wrestling ?

LE BEAU. Neither his daughter, if we
judge by manners ;

But yet, indeed, the taller³ is his daughter :
The other is daughter to the banish'd
Duke,

And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company ; whose
loves

Are dearer than the natural bond of sis-
ters.

But I can tell you, that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle
niece,

Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her
virtues,

And pity her for her good father's sake ;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you
well :

Hereafter, in a better world than this,⁴
I shall desire more love and knowledge of
you.

¹ State of mind.

² Full of whims.

³ Follow this comparison throughout the play.

⁴ in . . . this. Amid happier surroundings.

ORLANDO. I rest much bounden to you : fare you well.

[*Exit* LE BEAU]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother ;¹

From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother :—

But heavenly Rosalind ! [*Exit*]

SCENE III. *A room in the palace*

[*Rosalind's love for Orlando, born at the wrestling match, grows rapidly. The Duke, learning of the state of affairs, banishes Rosalind. Celia decides to go with her. Dressed as men they seek the Forest of Arden — and content.*]

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND

CELIA. Why, cousin ! why, Rosalind ! Cupid* have mercy ! — not a word ?

ROSALIND. Not one to throw at a dog.

CELIA. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs ; throw some of them at me ; come, lame me with reasons.²

ROSALIND. Then there were two cousins laid up ; when the one should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

CELIA. But is all this for your father ?

ROSALIND. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world³ !

CELIA. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery : if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

ROSALIND. I could shake them off my coat⁴ : these burs are in my heart.

CELIA. Hem them away.

ROSALIND. I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.

CELIA. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

ROSALIND. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself !

¹ *smoke . . . smother.* From bad to worse.

² Talk. ³ Everyday state of affairs.

⁴ Petticoat.

CELIA. O, a good wish upon you ! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son ?

ROSALIND. The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.¹

CELIA. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly ? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly ; yet I hate not Orlando.

ROSALIND. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

CELIA. Why should I not ? doth he not deserve well ?²

ROSALIND. Let me love him for that ; and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

CELIA. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, *with* Lords

DUKE FREDERICK. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,³ And get you from our court.

ROSALIND. Me, uncle ?

DUKE FREDERICK. You, cousin ; Within these ten days if that thou be'st found

So near our public court as twenty miles, Thou diest for it.

ROSALIND. I do beseech your Grace, Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me :⁴

If with myself I hold intelligence, Or have acquaintance with mine own desires ;

If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,—

¹ Exceedingly.

² *Why . . . well ?* The sense is, "My father hated your father because of his virtues. Ought I not to hate Orlando for the same reason ?"

³ *safest haste.* The sense is, "The greater haste you make, the safer you will be."

⁴ *Let . . . me.* Let me know the nature of my misdeeds.

As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.

DUKE FREDERICK. Thus do
all traitors:¹

If their purgation² did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

ROSALIND. Yet your mistrust cannot
make me a traitor:

Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

DUKE FREDERICK. Thou art thy
father's daughter; there's enough.

ROSALIND. So was I when your High-
ness took his dukedom;

So was I when your Highness banish'd
him:

Treason is not inherited, my lord;

Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no
traitor:

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so
much

To think my poverty is treacherous.

CELIA. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

DUKE FREDERICK. Ay, Celia; we
stay'd³ her for your sake,

Else had she with her father rang'd along.

CELIA. I did not then entreat to have
her stay;

It was your pleasure and your own
remorse⁴:

I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we still have slept
together,

Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat
together;

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's*
swans,⁵

Still we went coupled and inseparable.

DUKE FREDERICK. She is too subtle
for thee; and her smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience,

Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy
name;

And thou wilt show more bright and seem
more virtuous

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have pass'd upon her: she is
banish'd.

CELIA. Pronounce that sentence, then
on me, my liege:

I cannot live out of her company.

DUKE FREDERICK. You are a fool.—
You, niece, provide yourself:

If you outstay the time, upon mine
honour,

And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt* DUKE FREDERICK and
Lords]

CELIA. O my poor Rosalind! whither
wilt thou go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give
thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd
than I am.

ROSALIND. I have more cause.

CELIA. Thou hast not, cousin.

Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not,
the Duke

Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

ROSALIND. That he hath not.

CELIA. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks,
then, the love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am
one:

Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part,
sweet girl?

No; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:

And do not seek to take your change¹
upon you,

To bear your griefs yourself, and leave
me out;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows
pale,

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with
thee.

¹ Altered fortunes; here, banishment.

¹ Thus do all traitors. The Duke does not charge
her directly with being a traitor.

² Proof of innocence. ³ Kept. ⁴ Pity.

⁵ Coupled swans drew the chariot of Venus,*
not of Juno.

ROSALIND. Why, whither shall we go?

CELIA. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

ROSALIND. Alas, what danger will it be to us,

Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

CELIA. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,

And with a kind of umber¹ smirch my face;

The like do you: so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

ROSALIND. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit² me all points like a man?

A gallant curtle-axe³ upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and — in my heart

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will —

We'll have a swashing⁴ and a martial outside;

As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it⁵ with their semblances.

CELIA. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

ROSALIND. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Gany-mede.*

But what will you be call'd?

CELIA. Something that hath a reference to my state;

No longer Celia, but Aliena.⁶

ROSALIND. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?

Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

CELIA. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,

And get our jewels and our wealth together;

Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made

After my flight. Now go in we content,¹
To liberty, and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden*

[Scene i shows the banished Duke and his followers living in Golden* Age simplicity in the Forest of Arden. "Content" is the watch-word.]

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and other Lords, like foresters

DUKE SENIOR. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet

Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods

More free from peril than the envious court?

Here feel we not the penalty² of Adam.*
The seasons' difference,³ — as the icy fang⁴

And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,

Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,

"This is no flattery," — these are counsellors

That feelingly persuade me what I am.

Sweet are the uses of adversity;⁵

Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,

¹ Note the recurrence of this word in the next act.

² What was this penalty?

³ According to classical mythology, there was perpetual spring until after the Golden* Age.

⁴ Here begins the description of the natural background that continues to the end of the Duke's speech.

⁵ Commit this and the next five lines to memory. They are often quoted.

¹ Dark-yellow earth. ² Dress. ³ Cutlass.

⁴ Swaggering. ⁵ Here, whatever may happen.

* Stranger.

Wears yet a precious jewel in his head :
And this our life, exempt from public
haunt,

Finds tongues in trees, books in the run-
ning brooks,

Sermons in stones, and good in every
thing.

AMIENS. I would not change it. Happy
is your Grace,

That can translate the stubbornness of
fortune

Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

DUKE SENIOR. Come, shall we go and
kill us venison?

And yet it irks me the poor dappled
fools,¹

Being native burghers² of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked
heads,³

Have their round haunches gor'd.

FIRST LORD. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that ;
And, in that kind, swears you do more
usurp

Than doth your brother that hath ban-
ish'd you.

To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps
out

Upon the brook that brawls along this
wood :

To the which place a poor sequester'd
stag,

That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a
hurt,

Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my
lord,

The wretched animal heav'd forth such
groans,

That their discharge did stretch his
leathern coat

Almost to bursting, and the big round
tears

Cours'd one another down his innocent
nose

In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool,

¹ Here, a term of playful endearment.

² Citizens.

³ Arrowheads.

Much marked of¹ the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift
brook,

Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE SENIOR. But what said
Jaques?

Did he not moralize² this spectacle?

FIRST LORD. O, yes, into a thousand
similes.³

First, for his weeping into the needless⁴
stream ;

"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a
testament

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much." Then,
being there alone,

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends ;

"'Tis right," quoth he ; "thus misery
doth part

The flux⁵ of company" : anon, a careless
herd,

Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him : "Ay,"
quoth Jaques,

"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
'Tis just the fashion : wherefore do you
look

Upon that poor and broken bankrupt
there?"

Thus most invectively⁶ he pierceth
through

The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life ; swearing that
we

Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's
worse,

To fright the animals and to kill them
up,⁷

In their assign'd and native dwelling-
place.

DUKE SENIOR. And did you leave him
in this contemplation?

SECOND LORD. We did, my lord, weep-
ing and commenting

Upon the sobbing deer.

¹ Noticed by.

³ Here, comparisons.

⁵ Current.

⁷ Here, thoroughly.

² Draw a lesson from.

⁴ Not needing [water].

⁶ With bitter words.

DUKE SENIOR. Show me the place:
I love to cope¹ him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

FIRST LORD. I'll bring you to him
straight. [Exeunt]

SCENE II. *A room in the palace*

[The Duke discovers the flight of Rosalind.]

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords

DUKE FREDERICK. Can it be possible
that no man saw them?
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance² in this.

FIRST LORD. I cannot hear of any that
did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her cham-
ber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning
early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their
mistress.

SECOND LORD. My lord, the roynish³
clown, at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also
missing.

Hisperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much
commend

The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy
Charles;

And she believes, wherever they are
gone,

That youth is surely in their company.

DUKE FREDERICK. Send to his brother⁴;
fetch that gallant⁵ hither:

If he be absent, bring his brother to
me;

I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail⁶
To bring again these foolish runaways.

[Exeunt]

¹ Meet. ² of . . . sufferance. In collusion.

³ Good-for-nothing. ⁴ Oliver. ⁵ Orlando.

⁶ Fail through slackness.

SCENE III. *Before OLIVER'S house*

[Scene iii reveals Oliver's hatred of the gentle and manly Orlando. The aged servant Adam warns Orlando, and offers to share his savings with him, and go with him into banishment.]

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting

ORLANDO. Who's there?

ADAM. What, my young master? O
my gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory¹
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make²
you here?

Why are you virtuous? why do people
love you?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong,
and valiant?

Why would you be so fond³ to overcome
The bonny priser⁴ of the humorous⁵
Duke?

Your praise is come too swiftly home
before you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of
men

Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle
master,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.⁶
O, what a world is this, when what is
comely⁷

Envenoms⁸ him that bears it!

ORLANDO. Why, what's the matter?

ADAM. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within
this roof

The enemy of all your graces lives:

Your brother — no, no brother; yet the
son —

Yet not the son, I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father,—
Hath heard your praises; and this night
he means

¹ Memorial. ² Do. ³ Foolishly eager.

⁴ bonny priser. Strong prize-fighter.

⁵ Full of whims.

⁶ your . . . you. Your virtues are a credit to you,
but, since they arouse your brother's jealousy,
they betrayed you.

⁷ To one's credit.

⁸ Ruins.

To burn the lodging where you use to lie,

And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:

I overheard him and his practices.¹

This is no place²; this house is but a butchery:

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORLANDO. Why, whither, Adam,
wouldst thou have me go?

ADAM. No matter whither, so you come not here.

ORLANDO. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce

A thievish living on the common road?

This I must do, or know not what to do:

Yet this I will not do, do how I can;

I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood³ and bloody brother.

ADAM. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire⁴ I sav'd under your father,

Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,

And unregarded age in corners thrown:⁵
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,

Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,⁶
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;

All this I give you. Let me be your servant:

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;

For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo

The means of weakness and debility:

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly¹: let me go with you;

I'll do the service of a younger man

In all your business and necessities.

ORLANDO. O good old man, how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world,²

When service sweat³ for duty, not for meed⁴!

Thou art not for the fashion of these times,

Where none will sweat but for promotion;⁵

And, having that, do choke their service up

Even with the having;⁶ it is not so with thee.

But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,

That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of⁷ all thy pains and husbandry.

But come thy ways; we'll go along together;

And, ere we have thy youthful⁸ wages spent,

We'll light upon some settled low content.

ADAM. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,

To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.

From seventeen years⁹ till now almost

fourscore

Here lived I, but now live here no more.

At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;

But at fourscore it is too late a week:¹⁰

Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's

debtor. [Exeunt]

¹ Plots.

² Dwelling-place.

³ *diverted blood*. A relative turned against one.

⁴ *thrifty hire*. Savings.

⁵ *to be . . . thrown*. To care for me when I am old and discarded.

⁶ *God*, who cares for all his creatures, even the wild fowls and the lowly sparrow. Read Psalms 147:9, and Luke 12:6 and 24.

¹ Natural.

² Olden time.

³ Used to sweat.

⁴ Reward.

⁵ You are not like the people of today, who refuse to work except for personal advantage.

⁶ *having . . . having*. Stop working as soon as they have got their pay.

⁷ As a reward for.

⁸ Of thy youth.

⁹ Since I was seventeen.

¹⁰ By a good deal.

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden*

[Scene iv shows Celia and Rosalind arriving in the Forest of Arden. Applying for shelter at a shepherd's cottage, they learn that the ranch is for sale. They decide to buy it and live as shepherds.]

Enter ROSALIND for GANYMEDE, CELIA for ALIENA, and TOUCHSTONE

ROSALIND. O Jupiter, how merry are my spirits!

TOUCHSTONE. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

ROSALIND. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and-hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage! good Aliena.

CELIA. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

TOUCHSTONE. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross,¹ if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

ROSALIND. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

TOUCHSTONE. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

ROSALIND. Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn² talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS

CORIN. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SILVIUS. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

¹ "To bear a cross" is a figure of speech taken from the story that Jesus was compelled to carry his own cross to the place of the crucifixion (John 19:17). Touchstone puns on the expression. The old English penny was stamped with a cross. Of course, if Celia had no money, Touchstone would bear no cross if he carried her.

² Earnest.

CORIN. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

SILVIUS. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover

As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow: But if thy love were ever like to mine,— As sure I think did never man love so,— How many actions most ridiculous Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?³

CORIN. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SILVIUS. O, thou didst then never love so heartily!

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly That ever love did make thee run into, Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now, Wearing⁴ thy hearer in thy mistress' praise, Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not broke from company Abruptly, as my passion now makes me, Thou hast not lov'd.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! *[Exit]*

ROSALIND. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine own.

TOUCHSTONE. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him⁵ take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batler⁴ and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt⁵ hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peascod⁶ instead of her; from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.⁷

¹ Love thought.

² Wearing out.

³ The stone, which stood for a rival for the love of his sweetheart, Jane Smile.

⁴ A small paddle used for beating clothes in the wash.

⁵ Chapped.

⁶ A pea pod containing nine peas was used as a love token.

⁷ mortal in folly. Exceedingly foolish.

ROSALIND. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art ware of.

X TOUCHSTONE. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

ROSALIND. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion

Is much upon my fashion.

X TOUCHSTONE. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

CELIA. I pray you, one of you question yond man,

If he for gold will give us any food:

I faint almost to death.

X TOUCHSTONE. Holla, you clown!

ROSALIND. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

CORIN. Who calls?

X TOUCHSTONE. Your betters, sir.

CORIN. Else are they very wretched.

ROSALIND. Peace, I say. — Good even to you, friend.

CORIN. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

ROSALIND. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold

Can in this desert¹ place buy entertainment,²

Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:³

Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd

And faints for succour.⁴

CORIN. Fair sir, I pity her,

And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,

My fortunes were more able to relieve her; But I am shepherd to another man

And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:

My master is of churlish disposition;

And little recks⁵ to find the way to heaven

By doing deeds of hospitality:

Besides, his cote,⁶ his flocks, and bounds of feed,⁷

Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now,

By reason of his absence, there is nothing That you will feed on; but what is, come see,

And in my voice¹ most welcome shall you be.

ROSALIND. What is he that shall² buy his flock and pasture?

CORIN. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,

That little cares for buying any thing.

ROSALIND. I pray thee, if it stand³ with honesty,

Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,

And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

CELIA. And we will mend⁴ thy wages.

I like this place,

And willingly could waste⁵ my time in it.

CORIN. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:

Go with me: if you like upon report The soil, the profit, and this kind of life, I will your very faithful feeder⁶ be, And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE V. *The forest*

[Scene v shows the banished Duke and his companions making merry in the forest. The scene reveals the melancholy nature of Jaques.]

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others

SONG

AMIENS. Under the greenwood tree Who loves to lie with me, And turn his merry note⁷

Unto the sweet bird's throat,

Come hither, come hither, come hither:

Here shall he see

No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

¹ *in my voice*. So far as I am concerned.

² *What . . . shall*. What is the rank of the one that is going to.

³ Be consistent with.

⁴ Improve, raise.

⁵ Spend.

⁶ Shepherd.

⁷ *turn . . . unto*. Adapt his song unto.

¹ Uninhabited.

² Lodging.

³ Buy food.

⁴ Is weak for lack of help.

⁵ Cares.

⁶ Cottage.

⁷ *bounds of feed*. Pasture land.

JAQUES. More, more, I prithee, more.

AMIENS. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

JAQUES. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

AMIENS. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

JAQUES. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza: call you 'em stanzas?

AMIENS. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

JAQUES. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

AMIENS. More at your request than to please myself.

JAQUES. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

AMIENS. Well, I'll end the song. — Sirs, cover¹ the while²; the Duke will drink under this tree. — He hath been all this day to look you.³

JAQUES. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable⁴ for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG [*All together here*]

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

¹ Lay the cloth for a meal. ³ Hunting for.

² In the meantime. ⁴ Inclined to dispute.

JAQUES. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.¹

AMIENS. And I'll sing it.

JAQUES. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:²
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
And if he will come to me.

AMIENS. What's that "ducdame"?

JAQUES. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born³ of Egypt.

AMIENS. And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepar'd.

[*Exeunt severally*]

SCENE VI. *The forest*

[Scene vi shows Orlando and his aged servant arriving in the Forest of Arden]

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM

ADAM. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

ORLANDO. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort⁴ a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth⁵ forest yield any thing savage,⁶ I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit⁷ is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die:

¹ in . . . invention. In spite of my lack of imagination.

² A nonsensical refrain. Do not look for a meaning.

³ Here, perhaps, humankind in general.

⁴ Rest thyself.

⁶ Wild.

⁵ Unknown.

⁷ Imagination.

but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly; and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [Exeunt]

SCENE VII. *The forest*

[Scene vii shows Orlando in the forest, discovered by Jaques. The famished youth demands food of the foresters. Being asked to help himself, he declines until he can provide for his faithful servant, Adam.]

A table set out. Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and Lords like outlaws

DUKE SENIOR. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

FIRST LORD. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

DUKE SENIOR. If he, compact of jars,¹
grow musical,

We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.²

Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES

FIRST LORD. He saves my labour by his own approach.

DUKE SENIOR. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company!

What, you look merrily!

JAQUES. A fool, a fool! — I met a fool i' the forest,

A motley³ fool; — a miserable world! —

¹ *compact of jars.* Not at all musical.

² *discord . . . spheres.* The stars will not sing in harmony. The morning stars singing together (Job 38:7) is one of the oldest figures of speech in literature.

³ The professional fool wore motley, a varicolored dress. Here, the word means merely fool,

As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,

And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,

In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.

"Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,

"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune":¹

And then he drew a dial² from his poke,³

And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:

Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags:

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;

And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;

And thereby hangs a tale.⁴" When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral⁵ on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,⁶

That fools should be so deep-contemplative;

And I did laugh sans⁷ intermission

An hour by his dial. — O noble fool

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

DUKE SENIOR. What fool is this?

JAQUES. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier;

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,

They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit

After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd

With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms. — O that I were a fool!

I am ambitious for a motley coat.

DUKE SENIOR. Thou shalt have one.

¹ Don't call me a fool until I am rich.

² Watch.

³ Wallet.

⁴ That's another story.

⁵ A cock.

⁶ Moralize; draw a lesson.

⁷ Without.

JAQUES. It is my only suit¹;
Provided that you weed your better
judgments²

Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please;³ for so fools
have;

And they that are most galled with my
folly,

They most must laugh. And why, sir,
must they so?

The "why" is plain as way to parish
church:

He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances⁴ of the
fool.

Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through
and through

Cleanse the foul body of the infected
world,

If they will patiently receive my medi-
cine.

DUKE SENIOR. Fie on thee! I can tell
what thou wouldst do.

JAQUES. What, for a counter,⁵ would
I do but good?

DUKE SENIOR. Most mischievous foul
sin, in chiding sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting⁶ itself;
And all the embossed sores and headed⁷
evils,

That thou with license of free foot hast
caught,

¹ Here used as a pun.

² *weed . . . judgments.* Weed your judgments and so make them better.

³ *wind . . . please.* The poet probably has in mind John 3:8: "The wind bloweth where it listeth."

⁴ *squandering glances.* Random hits or thrusts.

⁵ Here, money.

⁶ Animal passion.

⁷ *embossed . . . headed.* The figure is suggested by a boil—a raised (embossed) sore that comes to a head.

Wouldst thou disgorge into the general
world.

JAQUES. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax¹ any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoul-
ders?²

Who can come in and say that I mean
her,

When such a one as she such is her
neighbour?

Or what is he of basest function,³
That says his bravery⁴ is not on my
cost,

Thinking that I mean him, but therein
suits

His folly to the mettle of my speech?

There then; how then? what then? Let
me see wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do
him right,⁵

Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be
free,⁶

Why, then my taxing like a wild-geese
flies,

Unclaim'd of any man. — But who comes
here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn

ORLANDO. Forbear, and eat no more!

JAQUES. Why, I have eat none yet.

ORLANDO. Nor shalt not, till necessity
be served.

JAQUES. Of what kind should this cock
come of?

DUKE SENIOR. Art thou thus bolden'd,
man, by thy distress,

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility⁷ thou seem'st so empty?

ORLANDO. You touch'd my vein⁸ at
first: the thorny point

¹ Accuse.

² *city-woman . . . shoulders.* The city man's wife dresses too extravagantly.

³ Occupation. ⁶ If he have a clear conscience.

⁴ Finery.

⁷ Manners.

⁵ Justice.

⁸ Inmost spirit.

Of bare distress hath ta'en me from the
show

Of smooth civility : yet am I inland bred,¹
And know some nurture.² But forbear,
I say :

He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered

JAQUES. And you will not be answer'd
with reason, I must die.

DUKE SENIOR. What would you have?
Your gentleness shall force,

More than your force move us to gentle-
ness.

ORLANDO. I almost die for food ; and
let me have it.

DUKE SENIOR. Sit down and feed, and
welcome to our table.

ORLANDO. Speak you so gently ? Par-
don me, I pray you :

I thought that all things had been³ sav-
age here ;

And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er
you are,

That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of
time ;

If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to
church,

If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement
be :

In the which hope I blush, and hide my
sword.

DUKE SENIOR. True is it that we have
seen better days,

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to
church,

And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd
our eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engen-
der'd :

And therefore sit you down in gentleness,

¹ Trained in good manners.

² Good breeding. ³ Were.

¹ take upon command. Help yourself to.

² Weakening.

³ All the world, etc. Commit this entire speech

to memory. It is a famous passage.

⁴ Leopard.

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³ All the world, etc. Commit this entire speech

Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then
 the justice,
 In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,¹
 With eyes severe and beard of formal
 cut,
 Full of wise saws² and modern instances³;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age
 shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloen,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on
 side,
 His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too
 wide
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly
 voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble,
 pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of
 all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans⁴ teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans
 every thing.

Reënter ORLANDO, with ADAM

DUKE SENIOR. Welcome. Set down
 your venerable burthen,
 And let him feed.

ORLANDO. I thank you most for him.

ADAM. So had you need;
 I scarce can speak to thank you for my-
 self.

DUKE SENIOR. Welcome; fall to: I
 will not trouble you
 As yet, to question you about your for-
 tunes. —

Give us some music; and, good cousin,
 sing.

SONG

AMIENS. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind⁵
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

¹ Filled.

² Maxims.

³ *modern instances.* Commonplace examples.

⁴ Without.

⁵ Unnatural.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green
 holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere
 folly:

Then, heigh-ho, the holly!

This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

Thou dost not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,¹

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho! sing, etc.

DUKE SENIOR. If that you were the
 good Sir Rowland's son,
 As you have whisper'd faithfully you
 were,

And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
 Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
 Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
 That lov'd your father: the residue of
 your fortune,

Go to my cave and tell me. Good old
 man,

Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
 Support him by the arm. Give me your
 hand,

And let me all your fortunes understand.
 [Exeunt]

ACT III

SCENE I. *A room in the palace*

[The Duke orders Oliver to be banished at
 the end of a year unless he can produce
 Orlando.]

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER,
 Lords, and Attendants*

DUKE FREDERICK. Not see him since?
 Sir, sir, that cannot be:
 But were I not the better² part made
 mercy,
 I should not seek an absent argument³
 Of my revenge; thou present. But look
 to it:

¹ Weave; that is, freeze.

² Greater. ³ Subject.

Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle¹; bring him dead
or living

Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou
no more

To seek a living in our territory.

Thy lands and all things that thou dost
call thine

Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit² thee by thy brother's
mouth³

Of what we think against thee.

OLIVER. O that your Highness knew
my heart in this!

I never lov'd my brother in my life.

DUKE FREDERICK. More villain thou.

— Well, push him out of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature

Make an extent upon⁴ his house and
lands:

Do this expediently and turn him going.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II. *The forest*

[Scene ii shows Orlando and Rosalind in the Forest of Arden. Orlando writes love verses praising the charms of Rosalind, and hangs them on trees, where she finds them. Jaques reads them and chides the poet. Rosalind reads them and wonders who the poet is. At last the lovers meet. Since Rosalind is dressed in boy's clothes, Orlando does not recognize her. She offers to teach him the gentle art of courting.]

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper

ORLANDO. Hang there, my verse, in
witness of my love:

And thou, thrice-crowned queen⁵ of
night, survey

With thy chaste eye, from thy pale
sphere⁶ above,

Thy huntress' name, that my full life
doth sway.

¹ Thoroughly.

² Clear.

³ Words.

⁴ *make . . . upon*. Seize upon; levy on.

⁵ She is Luna* in the sky, Diana* on earth, and Proserpina* in the land of spirits.

⁶ The moon.

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my
books,

And in their barks my thoughts I'll
character¹;

That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every-
where.

Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive²
she.³

[*Exit*]

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE

CORIN. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

TOUCHSTONE. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

CORIN. No more but that I know, the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learn'd no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding,⁴ or comes of a very dull kindred.

TOUCHSTONE. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

CORIN. No, truly.

TOUCHSTONE. Then thou art damn'd.

CORIN. Nay, I hope,—

TOUCHSTONE. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

¹ Write.

² Indescribable.

³ Woman.

⁴ *may . . . breeding*. Complain of the lack of good breeding.

CORIN. For not being at court? Your reason.

TOUCHSTONE. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous¹ state, shepherd.

CORIN. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss² your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

TOUCHSTONE. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

CORIN. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells,³ you know, are greasy.

TOUCHSTONE. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

CORIN. Besides, our hands are hard.

TOUCHSTONE. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder⁴ instance, come.

CORIN. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet.

TOUCHSTONE. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend⁵: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend⁶ the instance, shepherd.

CORIN. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

TOUCHSTONE. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision⁷ in thee! thou art raw.

CORIN. Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

TOUCHSTONE. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

CORIN. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper

ROSALIND. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on
the wind,
Through all the world bears
Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lin'd¹
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

TOUCHSTONE. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.²

ROSALIND. Out, fool!

TOUCHSTONE. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop³ of verses: why do you infect⁴ yourself with them?

¹ Perilous. ² but . . . kiss. Without kissing.

³ Skins. ⁴ more sounder. Better.

⁵ Reflect. ⁶ Improve.

⁷ This probably refers to bloodletting.

¹ Drawn.

² It (the rime) jogs along as one butter-woman follows another to market.

³ false gallop. Irregular rhythm.

⁴ Pollute.

ROSALIND. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

TOUCHSTONE. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

ROSALIND. I'll graff it with¹ you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar²: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for³ you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

TOUCHSTONE. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, reading a paper

ROSALIND. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

CELIA. [*Reads*]

Why should this desert be?

For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil⁴ sayings show:

Some, brief how the life of man
Runs his erring⁵ pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,

Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence⁶ of every sprite
Heaven would in little⁷ show.

Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd
That one body should be fill'd
With all graces wide-enlarg'd:

Nature presently distill'd
Helen's* cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's* majesty,
Atalanta's* better part,⁸
Sad Lucretia's* modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devis'd;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,

To have the touches dearest priz'd.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,

And I to live and die her slave.

¹ Graft it on.

² A fruit that ripens late, but rots very soon.

³ Since.

⁶ Purest quality.

⁴ Courteous.

⁷ Miniature.

⁵ Wandering.

⁸ better part. Fleetness of foot.

ROSALIND. O most gentle pulpiter!¹ what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

CELIA. How now! back, friends! — Shepherd, go off a little. — Go with him, sirrah.

TOUCHSTONE. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip² and scrippage.³

[*Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE*]

CELIA. Didst thou hear these verses?

ROSALIND. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

CELIA. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

ROSALIND. Ay, but the feet were lame and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

CELIA. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

ROSALIND. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so berhym'd⁴ since Pythagoras'* time, that I was an Irish rat,⁵ which I can hardly remember.

CELIA. Trow you who hath done this?

ROSALIND. Is it a man?

CELIA. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

ROSALIND. I prithee, who?

CELIA. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes and so encounter.⁶

¹ Preacher.

² A small wallet.

³ A word made from "scrip" as "baggage" is made from "bag." ⁴ Written about in verse.

⁵ Superstition said that Irish enchanters could charm rats to death with their rimes.

⁶ An old proverb said, "Friends may meet, but mountains never greet."

ROSALIND. Nay, but who is it?

CELIA. Is it possible?

ROSALIND. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

CELIA. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!¹

ROSALIND. Good my complexion!² dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch³ of delay more is a South-sea of discovery: I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tidings. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

CELIA. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

ROSALIND. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay⁴ the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

CELIA. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

ROSALIND. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.⁵

CELIA. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

ROSALIND. Orlando?

CELIA. Orlando.

ROSALIND. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did

he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he?¹ What makes² he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

CELIA. You must borrow me Gargantua's* mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.³

ROSALIND. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestl'd?

CELIA. It is as easy to count atomies⁴ as to resolve⁵ the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance.⁶ I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

ROSALIND. It may well be call'd Jove's* tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

CELIA. Give me audience, good madam.

ROSALIND. Proceed.

CELIA. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

ROSALIND. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

CELIA. Cry "holla"⁷ to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd⁸ like a hunter.

ROSALIND. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.⁹

CELIA. I would sing my song without a burthen: thou bring'st me out of tune.

ROSALIND. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

CELIA. You bring me out.¹⁰ — Soft! comes he not here?

¹ *out . . . hooping!* Beyond all exclamations of surprise.

² *Good my complexion!* A humorous exclamation.

³ Delay another minute and I'll overwhelm you with an ocean of questions.

⁴ Wait for.

⁵ *Speak . . . maid.* Speak the truth, as you are a true maid.

¹ How was he dressed?

² Does.

³ Questioning.

⁴ Atoms.

⁵ Answer.

⁶ Attention.

⁷ A term used by a rider when he wished to hold a horse in check.

⁸ Dressed and equipped.

⁹ A pun on "hart."

¹⁰ *bring me out.* Put me out.

Enter ORLANDO and JAUQUES

ROSALIND. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

JAUQUES. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself aloné.¹

ORLANDO. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

JAUQUES. God be wi' you! let's meet as little as we can.

ORLANDO. I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAUQUES. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

ORLANDO. I pray you, mar no moe² of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.³

JAUQUES. Rosalind is your love's name?

ORLANDO. Yes, just.

JAUQUES. I do not like her name.

ORLANDO. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

JAUQUES. What stature is she of?

ORLANDO. Just as high as my heart.

JAUQUES. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?⁴

ORLANDO. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,⁵ from whence you have studied your questions.

JAUQUES. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

ORLANDO. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

JAUQUES. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

¹ By myself. ² More. ³ In the wrong spirit.

⁴ conn'd . . . rings. Learned them out of rings.

Jauques asks whether Orlando has not learned his pretty sayings by frequenting goldsmiths' shops and memorizing the mottoes engraved in the rings.

⁵ In Shakespeare's time maxims were often painted on cloth or curtains.

ORLANDO. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

JAUQUES. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

ORLANDO. He is drown'd in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

JAUQUES. There I shall see mine own figure.

ORLANDO. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

JAUQUES. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

ORLANDO. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

[Exit JAUQUES]

ROSALIND. [Aside to CELIA] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey,¹ and under that habit play the knave with him. — Do you hear, forester?

ORLANDO. Very well: what would you?

ROSALIND. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

ORLANDO. You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

ROSALIND. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

ORLANDO. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

ROSALIND. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal,² who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

ORLANDO. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

ROSALIND. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a se'nnight,³ Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

ORLANDO. Who ambles Time withal?

ROSALIND. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the

¹ Boy servant. ² With. ³ Seven nights.

gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burthen of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burthen of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.

ORLANDO. Who doth he gallop withal?

ROSALIND. With a thief to the galloWS; for, though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

ORLANDO. Who stays it still withal?

ROSALIND. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

ORLANDO. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

ROSALIND. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

ORLANDO. Are you native of this place?

ROSALIND. As the cony,¹ that you see dwell where she is kindl'd.²

ORLANDO. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase³ in so remov'd⁴ a dwelling.

ROSALIND. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland⁵ man; one that knew courtship⁶ too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd⁷ with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd⁸ their whole sex withal.

ORLANDO. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

ROSALIND. There were none principal: they were all like one another as halfpence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

ORLANDO. I prithee, recount some of them.

ROSALIND. No, I will not cast away my physic¹ but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger,² I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian³ of love upon him.

ORLANDO. I am he that is so love-shak'd: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

ROSALIND. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

ORLANDO. What were his marks?

ROSALIND. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye⁴ and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable⁵ spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue;⁶ then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation: but you are no such man; you are rather point-device⁷ in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

ORLANDO. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROSALIND. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good

¹ Medicine.

² Dealer in love.

³ A fever that recurs daily.

⁴ Blue circles about the eyes.

⁵ Unwilling to talk.

⁶ *Simply . . . revenue.* In simple truth, your growth of beard is small.

⁷ Exact.

¹ European rabbit. ² Born. ³ Acquire.

⁴ Remote (from the city). ⁵ Well-bred.

⁶ A pun on courting and court rules.

⁷ Affected.

⁸ Blamed.

sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admir'd?

ORLANDO. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

ROSALIND. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

ORLANDO. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

ROSALIND. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

ORLANDO. Did you ever cure any so?

ROSALIND. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish¹ youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic.² And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver³ as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

ORLANDO. I would not be cur'd, youth.

ROSALIND. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

¹ Variable. ² *merely monastic*. Entirely secluded.

³ In Shakespeare's day the liver was supposed to be the seat of the intense feelings.

ORLANDO. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

ROSALIND. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

ORLANDO. With all my heart, good youth.

ROSALIND. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. — Come, sister, will you go?

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III. *The forest*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY;
JAQUES behind*

TOUCHSTONE. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats,¹ Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature² content you?

AUDREY. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

TOUCHSTONE. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious³ poet, honest Ovid,* was among the Goths.

JAQUES. [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited,⁴ worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!⁵

TOUCHSTONE. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.⁶ Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

AUDREY. I do not know what "poetical" is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

TOUCHSTONE. No, truly; for the

¹ Goats were considered more rustic than sheep.

² Probably, looks.

³ Goatlike. "Goths" is a play on "goats." The people among whom Ovid* was banished were formerly supposed to be Goths.

⁴ Poorly lodged.

⁵ According to mythology, Jupiter and Mercury, while wandering in human form, were once lodged in a poor cottage.

⁶ A big bill for a poor lodging.

truest poetry is the most feigning;¹ and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

AUDREY. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

TOUCHSTONE. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest²: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

AUDREY. Would you not have me honest?

TOUCHSTONE. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd³; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

JAQUES. [*Aside*] A material⁴ fool!

AUDREY. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

TOUCHSTONE. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul⁵ slut⁶ were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

AUDREY. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.⁷

TOUCHSTONE. Well, prais'd be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir⁸ Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

JAQUES. [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

AUDREY. Well, the gods give us joy!

TOUCHSTONE. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger⁹ in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though?¹⁰ Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said, "Many a man knows no end of his

goods": right! many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? — even so: — poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.¹ Is the single man therefore bless'd? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence² is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want. Here comes Sir Oliver. —

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us³ here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

SIR OLIVER. Is there none here to give the woman?

TOUCHSTONE. I will not take her on gift of any man.

SIR OLIVER. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

JAQUES. [*Coming forward*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

TOUCHSTONE. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild⁴ you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: — even a toy in hand here, sir; — nay, pray be cover'd.⁵

JAQUES. Will you be married, motley?

TOUCHSTONE. As the ox hath his bow,⁶ sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

JAQUES. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you

¹ Do you think Touchstone is right in making this remark?

² Virtuous. ³ Harsh-featured. ⁴ Full of sense.

⁵ Dirty. ⁶ Careless woman. ⁷ Homely.

⁸ In Shakespeare's day, a proper title for clergymen of a certain rank.

⁹ Hesitate. ¹⁰ What though it be so?

¹ A lean deer. ² The art of self-defense.

³ Here, marry us. ⁴ Reward.

⁵ Please put on your hat.

⁶ The part of the yoke that fitted the neck.

together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

TOUCHSTONE. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better¹ to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

JAQUES. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

TOUCHSTONE. Come, sweet Audrey: Farewell, good Master Oliver; not,—

O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee;

but, —

Wind away,
Be gone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* JAQUES, TOUCHSTONE, and
AUDREY]

SIR OLIVER. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit*]

SCENE IV. *The forest*

[Scene iv shows Rosalind fretting at the non-appearance of Orlando. Celia plays pranks on her.]

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA

ROSALIND. Never talk to me; I will weep.

CELIA. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

ROSALIND. But have I not cause to weep?

CELIA. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

ROSALIND. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

CELIA. Something browner² than

¹ *I . . . better.* I believe that it would be better for me.

² In old paintings Judas is represented as having red hair.

Judas's*: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

ROSALIND. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

CELIA. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

ROSALIND. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

CELIA. He hath bought a pair of cast¹ lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

ROSALIND. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

CELIA. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

ROSALIND. Do you think so?

CELIA. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

ROSALIND. Not true in love?

CELIA. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

ROSALIND. You have heard him swear downright he was.

CELIA. "Was" is not "is": besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confinner of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

ROSALIND. I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question² with him: he ask'd me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

CELIA. O, that's a brave³ man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths and breaks them bravely, quite traverse⁴, athwart the heart of his lover⁵; as a puisny⁶ tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side,

¹ Discarded.

² Conversation.

³ Fine.

⁴ A lance broken crosswise (traverse) indicated an awkward knight.

⁵ Here, sweetheart.

⁶ Weak.

breaks his staff like a noble¹ goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. — Who comes here?

Enter CORIN

CORIN. Mistress and master, you have oft inquir'd

After the shepherd that complain'd of love,

Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

CELIA. Well, and what of him?

CORIN. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,

Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,

Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

ROSALIND. O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. —

Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[Exeunt]

SCENE V. *Another part of the forest*

[Scene v shows Silvius vainly pleading his love to Phebe. Phebe, on the other hand, being scolded by Rosalind, almost falls in love with her, but recovers her composure and goes out with Silvius.]

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE

SILVIUS. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:

Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of
death makes hard,

Falls not² the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon:³ will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives⁴ by bloody drops?

¹ Here used in derision.

² Does not let fall.

³ The executioner knelt and begged pardon of the condemned.

⁴ Lives and dies.

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and
CORIN, behind*

PHEBE. I would not be thy executioner:

I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.

Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:

'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;

And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:

Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;

Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,

Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains

Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice¹ and capable impressure²
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;

Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

SILVIUS. O dear Phebe,

If ever, — as that ever may be near, —
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,³

Then shall you know the wounds invisible

That love's keen arrows make.

PHEBE. But till that time
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

¹ Here, imprint.

² *capable impressure*. Impression that can be felt.

³ Love.

ROSALIND. [*Advancing*] And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,

That you insult, exult, and all at once, Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,—

As, by my faith, I see no more in you Than without candle may go dark to bed,—

Must you be therefore proud and pitiless? Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?

I see no more in you than in the ordinary Of nature's sale-work.¹ 'Od's my little life,

I think she means to tangle my eyes too! No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:

'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,

Your bugle² eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,

That can entame my spirits to your worship.

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,

Like foggy south,³ puffing with wind and rain?

You are a thousand times a properer⁴ man Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you That makes the world full of ill-favour'd children:

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;

And out of you she sees herself more proper

Than any of her lineaments can show her.

But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:

For I must tell you friendly in your ear, Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:

Cry the man mercy;⁵ love him; take his offer:

Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.¹—

So, take her to thee, shepherd; fare you well.

✓PHEBE. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

ROSALIND. He's fallen in love with your foulness and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. — Why look you so upon me?²

✓PHEBE. For no ill will I bear you.

ROSALIND. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,

For I am falsher than vows made in wine:

Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,

'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.—

Will you go, sister? — Shepherd, ply her hard.—

Come, sister. — Shepherdess, look on him better,

And be not proud: though all the world could see,

None could be so abus'd in sight as he.³ — Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN*]

✓PHEBE. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,⁴—

"Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?"

SILVIUS. Sweet Phebe,—

PHEBE. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

SILVIUS. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

¹ *Foul . . . scoffer.* An ugly person is uglier if he increases his ugliness by being a scoffer besides.

² Shakespeare believed that love is born of looking.

³ *though . . . he.* If all men could see you, none except him could be so deceived as to think you beautiful.

⁴ Phebe comprehends what the poet Marlowe (the "dead shepherd") meant when he wrote the line that follows.

¹ Ready-made goods.

⁴ Handsomer.

² Here, black.

⁵ Beg the man's pardon.

³ The rainy wind.

PHEBE. Why, I am sorry for thee,
gentle Silvius.

SILVIUS. Wherever sorrow is, relief
would be :

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.¹

PHEBE. Thou hast my love: is not
that neighbourly?

SILVIUS. I would have you.

PHEBE. Why, that
were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so
well,

Thy company, which erst was irksome
to me,

I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art
employ'd.

SILVIUS. So holy and so perfect is my
love,

And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous
crop

To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now
and then

A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

PHEBE. Know'st thou the youth that
spoke to me erewhile?

SILVIUS. Not very well, but I have
met him oft;

And he hath bought the cottage and the
bounds

That the old carlot² once was master
of.

PHEBE. Think not I love him, though
I ask for him;

'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do
well

When he that speaks them pleases those
that hear.

It³ is a pretty youth — not very pretty;

¹ Exterminated; that is, destroyed. ² Peasant.

³ Here used contemptuously.

But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride
becomes him:

He'll make a proper man: the best thing
in him

Is his complexion; and faster than his
tongue

Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's
tall:

His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:

There was a pretty redness in his lip,

A little riper and more lusty red

Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just
the difference

Betwixt the constant red and mingled
damask.¹

There be some women, Silvius, had they
mark'd him

In parcels² as I did, would have gone
near

To fall in love with him: but, for my
part,

I love him not, nor hate him not; and
yet

I have more cause to hate him than to
love him:

For what had he to do to chide at me?³

He said mine eyes were black, and my
hair black;

And, now I am remember'd,⁴ scorn'd at
me:

I marvel why I answer'd not again:

But that's all one; omittance is no
quittance.⁵

I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou,
Silvius?

SILVIUS. Phebe, with all my heart.

PHEBE. I'll write it straight⁶;
The matter's in my head and in my
heart:

I will be bitter with him and passing⁷
short.

Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt*]

¹ White and red mixed.

² In detail.

³ For . . . me? Why did he find fault with me as
he did?

⁴ Recollect.

⁵ Though I omitted to pay you back, yet we are
not quits.

⁶ At once.

⁷ Very.

ACT IV

SCENE I. *The forest*

[Scene i shows Jaques, as usual, in search of company. He meets Rosalind. Orlando and Rosalind continue their mock wooing.]

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAKUES

JAKUES. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

ROSALIND. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

JAKUES. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

ROSALIND. Those that are in extremity of¹ either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern² censure³ worse than drunkards.

JAKUES. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

ROSALIND. Why, then 'tis good to be a post.

JAKUES. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic⁴; nor the lady's, which is nice⁵; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own,⁶ compounded of many simples,⁷ extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination⁸ wraps me in a most humorous⁹ sadness.

ROSALIND. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes⁶ and poor hands.

JAKUES. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

ROSALIND. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to

make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter ORLANDO

ORLANDO. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

JAKUES. Nay, then, God be wi' you, and you talk in blank verse! [*Exit*]

ROSALIND. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and wear strange suits;¹ disable² all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity³ and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.⁴ — Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! And you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

ORLANDO. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

ROSALIND. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid* hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder,⁵ but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

ORLANDO. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

ROSALIND. Nay, and you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

ORLANDO. Of a snail?

ROSALIND. Ay, of a snail; for, though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head,—a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman:⁶ besides, he brings his destiny with him.

ORLANDO. What's that?

ROSALIND. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholding⁷ to your wives for: but he comes arm'd in his

¹ wear . . . suits. That is, act like a foreigner.

² Speak ill of. ³ Nationality.

⁴ swam in a gondola. Been in Venice.

⁵ clapp'd . . . shoulder. That is, has tapped him on the shoulder to show friendly encouragement.

⁶ he . . . woman. He is better off than a woman because he enjoys all the time the possession of his house, whereas a woman cannot possess hers until her husband dies. ⁷ Indebted.

¹ in . . . of. Extremely given to. ² Ordinary.

³ Judgment. ⁴ Pretended.

⁵ Dainty. ⁶ That is, peculiar to Jaques.

⁷ Here, ingredients. ⁸ Meditation. ⁹ Whimsical.

fortune and prevents¹ the slander of² his wife.

ORLANDO. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

ROSALIND. And I am your Rosalind.

CELIA. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer³ than you.

ROSALIND. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, and I were your very very Rosalind?

ORLANDO. I would kiss before I spoke.

ROSALIND. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd⁴ for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking — God warn us! — matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

ORLANDO. How if the kiss be denied?

ROSALIND. Then she puts you to entreaty and there begins new matter.

ORLANDO. Who could be out, being before his belov'd mistress?

ROSALIND. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

ORLANDO. What, of my suit?

ROSALIND. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

ORLANDO. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

ROSALIND. Well, in her person, I say, I will not have you.

ORLANDO. Then in mine own person, I die.

ROSALIND. No, faith, die by attorney.⁵ The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet,⁶ in a love-cause. Troilus* had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die

before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander,* he would have liv'd many a fair year, though Hero* had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont,* and, being taken with the cramp,¹ was drown'd: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found² it was — Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

ORLANDO. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

ROSALIND. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on³ disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

ORLANDO. Then love me, Rosalind.

ROSALIND. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

ORLANDO. And wilt thou have me?

ROSALIND. Ay, and twenty such.

ORLANDO. What say'st thou?

ROSALIND. Are you not good?

ORLANDO. I hope so.

ROSALIND. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing? — Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. — Give me your hand, Orlando. — What do you say, sister?

ORLANDO. Pray thee, marry us.

CELIA. I cannot say the words.

ROSALIND. You must begin, "Will you, Orlando,—"

CELIA. Go to.— Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

ORLANDO. I will.

ROSALIND. Ay, but when?

ORLANDO. Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.

ROSALIND. Then you must say, "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

¹ *Troilus . . . cramp.* The Grecian club and Leander's cramp are Rosalind's inventions.

² Brought in a verdict, as a coroner's jury would do.

³ Ready.

¹ Anticipates.

⁴ Stuck.

² Caused by.

⁵ Substitute.

³ Appearance.

⁶ That is.

ORLANDO. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

ROSALIND. I might ask you for your commission¹; but, I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before² the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

ORLANDO. So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

ROSALIND. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possess'd her.

ORLANDO. For ever and a day.

ROSALIND. Say "a day," without the "ever." No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangl'd than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain³; and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry: I will laugh like a hyen,⁴ and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

ORLANDO. But will my Rosalind do so?

ROSALIND. By my life, she will do as I do.

ORLANDO. O, but she is wise.

ROSALIND. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make⁵ the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the case-ment; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

ORLANDO. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, "Wit, whither wilt?"⁶

¹ Authority to perform the marriage ceremony.
² Faster than.

³ *Diana . . . fountain.* Figures of Diana were a common ornament in fountains in Shakespeare's time.

⁴ The bark of the hyena resembles a loud laugh.

⁵ Close.

⁶ *Wit . . . will.* Whither will your wit lead you?

ROSALIND. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,¹ let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

ORLANDO. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

ROSALIND. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

ORLANDO. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

ROSALIND. Ay, go your ways, go your ways: I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

ORLANDO. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

ROSALIND. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological² break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

ORLANDO. With no less religion³ than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

ROSALIND. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [*Exit ORLANDO*]

CELIA. You have simply misus'd⁴ our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

ROSALIND. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many

¹ That is, manage to blame her husband for her own misdeeds. ² Strict observance.

³ Distressing.

⁴ Abused.

fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.¹

CELIA. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

ROSALIND. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus* that was begot of thought,² conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow³ and sigh till he come.

CELIA. And I'll sleep. [Exeunt]

SCENE II. *The forest*

Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters

JAQUES. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

A LORD. Sir, it was I.

JAQUES. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

FORESTER. Yes, sir.

JAQUES. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG

FORESTER.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin, and horns to wear.

Then sing him home:

[*The rest shall bear this burthen*]

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn:

It was a crest ere thou wast born;

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it:

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[Exeunt]

SCENE III. *The forest*

[Scene iii shows Rosalind receiving a reproachful letter from Phebe. Oliver brings a bloody handkerchief and tells how his wronged brother has saved his life at the peril of his own.]

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA

ROSALIND. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much¹ Orlando!

CELIA. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS

SILVIUS. My errand is to you, fair youth:

My gentle Phebe bid me give you this: I know not the contents; but, as I guess By the stern brow and waspish action Which she did use as she was writing of it,

It bears an angry tenour²: pardon me; I am but as a guiltless messenger.

ROSALIND. Patience herself would startle at this letter

And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:

She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;

She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,

Were man as rare as phoenix.* 'Od's my will!

Her love is not the hare that I do hunt: Why writes she so to me? — Well, shepherd, well,

This is a letter of your own device.

SILVIUS. No, I protest, I know not the contents:

Phebe did write it.

ROSALIND. Come, come, you are a fool,

And turn'd into the extremity of love. I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand, A freestone-colour'd³ hand; I verily did think

¹ The sea off the coast of Portugal is of tremendous depth.

² Here, melancholy brooding.

³ A shady place.

¹ Here, none at all. ² Tone. ³ Dirty, soiled.

That her old gloves were on, but 'twas
her hands:

She has a huswife's¹ hand; but that's no
matter.

I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention² and his hand.³

SILVIUS. Sure, it is hers.

ROSALIND. Why, 'tis a boisterous and
a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies
me,

Like Turk to Christian: women's gentle
brain

Could not drop forth such giant-rude⁴
invention,

Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you
hear the letter?

SILVIUS. So please you, for I never
heard it yet;

Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

ROSALIND. She Phebes me: mark how
the tyrant writes:

[*Reads*]

Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?—

Can a woman rail thus?

SILVIUS. Call you this railing?

ROSALIND. [*Reads*]

Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?—

Did you ever hear such railing?—

[*Reads*]

Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me:—

Meaning me a beast.—

[*Reads*]

If the scorn of your bright eyne⁵
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!⁶
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How, then, might your prayers move!

¹ Hardened with work. ² Composition.

³ Handwriting. ⁴ Very rude. ⁵ Eyes.

⁶ in mild aspect. If they were favorably inclined.

He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;¹
Whether that thy youth and kind²
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make³;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

SILVIUS. Call you this chiding?

CELIA. Alas, poor shepherd!

ROSALIND. Do you pity him? no, he
deserves no pity.— Wilt thou love such
a woman? What, to make thee an in-
strument and play false strains upon
thee! not to be endur'd! Well, go your
way to her,— for I see love hath made
thee a tame snake,⁴— and say this to
her: That, if she love me, I charge her to
love thee; if she will not, I will never
have her unless thou entreat for her. If
you be a true lover, hence, and not a
word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit* SILVIUS]

Enter OLIVER

OLIVER. Good morrow, fair ones⁵:
pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieu⁶ of this forest
stands
A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive
trees?

CELIA. West of this place, down in the
neighbour bottom⁷:
The rank of osiers by the murmuring
stream
Left⁸ on your right hand brings you to
the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep
itself;

There's none within.

OLIVER. If that an eye may profit by
a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;

¹ And . . . mind. Seal up a return note, and
send him with it.

² youth and kind. Youthful nature.

³ Earn.

⁴ Here, a term of contempt.

⁵ Ladies.

⁶ Borders. ⁷ Valley; the word is still so used.

⁸ Being left.

Such garments and such years: "The boy is fair,
Of female favour,¹ and bestows himself
Like a ripe² sister; the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are
not you

The owner of the house I did inquire for?

CELIA. It is no boast, being ask'd, to
say we are.

OLIVER. Orlando doth commend him
to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin.³ — Are you
he?

ROSALIND. I am: what must we un-
derstand by this?

OLIVER. Some of my shame; if you
will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and
where

This handkercher was stain'd.

CELIA. I pray you, tell it.

OLIVER. When last the young Orlando
parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through
the forest,

Chewing the food of sweet and bitter
fancy,⁴

Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd
with age,

And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with
hair,

Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd
itself,

Who with her head, nimble in threats,
approach'd

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented⁵ glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,

Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-
like watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir;
for 'tis

The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as
dead.

This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder
brother.

CELIA. O, I have heard him speak of
that same brother;
And he did render him¹ the most un-
natural

That liv'd amongst men.

OLIVER. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

ROSALIND. But, to Orlando:² did he
leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

OLIVER. Twice did he turn his back,
and purpos'd so;

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just
occasion,³

Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which
hurtling⁴

From miserable slumber I awak'd.

CELIA. Are you his brother?

ROSALIND. Was't you he rescu'd?

CELIA. Was't you that did so oft con-
trive⁵ to kill him?

OLIVER. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do
not shame⁶

To tell you what I was, since my con-
version

So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

ROSALIND. But, for the bloody nap-
kin? —

OLIVER. By and by.

When from the first to last betwixt us
two

Tears our recountments⁷ had most kindly
bath'd,

¹ Appearance. ² Fully grown. ³ Handkerchief.

⁴ Thinking sweet and bitter thoughts.

⁵ Curved, waving.

¹ Describe him as. ² But to come to Orlando.

³ just occasion Fair chance for revenge.

⁴ Clashing.

⁵ Here, plot.

⁶ I am not ashamed.

⁷ Stories.

As how I came into that desert place; —
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertain-
ment,

Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself; and here upon
his arm

The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now
he fainted

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his
wound;

And, after some small space, being strong
at heart,

He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise; and to give this
napkin,

Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd
youth

That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

CELIA. Why, how now, Ganymede!
sweet Ganymede!

[ROSALIND swoons]

OLIVER. Many will swoon when they
do look on blood.

CELIA. There is more in it.— Cousin
Ganymede!

OLIVER. Look, he recovers.

ROSALIND. I would I were at home.

CELIA. We'll lead you thither.—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

OLIVER. Be of good cheer, youth. You
a man! you lack a man's heart.

ROSALIND. I do so, I confess it. Ah,
sirrah, a body¹ would think this was well
counterfeited! I pray you, tell your
brother how well I counterfeited.—
Heigh-ho!

OLIVER. This was not counterfeit:
there is too great testimony in your
complexion that it was a passion of
earnest.²

ROSALIND. Counterfeit, I assure you.

OLIVER. Well then, take a good heart
and counterfeit to be a man.

¹ Person. ² *passion of earnest*. Real feeling.

ROSALIND. So I do; but i' faith, I
should have been a woman by right.

CELIA. Come, you look paler and
paler: pray you, draw homewards.—
Good sir, go with us.

OLIVER. That will I, for I must bear
answer back

How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

ROSALIND. I shall devise something:
but, I pray you, commend my counter-
feiting to him.— Will you go?

[*Exeunt*]

ACT V

SCENE I. *The forest*

[Act V shows Oliver and Orlando at peace
with each other. Duke Frederick comes
under the spell of the Forest of Arden, aban-
dons the duties of his dukedom, and puts
"on a religious life." The four pairs of lovers
are happily married, and peace and serenity
reign over all.]

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

TOUCHSTONE. We shall find a time,
Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

AUDREY. Faith, the priest was good
enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

TOUCHSTONE. A most wicked Sir
Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext.
But, Audrey, there is a youth here in
the forest lays claim to you.

AUDREY. Ay, I know who 'tis: he
hath no interest in me in the world: here
comes the man you mean.

TOUCHSTONE. It is meat and drink to
me¹ to see a clown: by my troth, we that
have good wits have much to answer for;
we shall be flouting;² we cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM

WILLIAM. Good ev'n, Audrey.

AUDREY. God ye good ev'n,³ William.

WILLIAM. And good ev'n to you, sir.

¹ We should say, "It is a feast to me."

² *we . . . flouting*. We must be joking.

³ *ye . . . ev'n*. Give you good evening.

TOUCHSTONE. Good ev'n, gentle friend. Cover thy head,¹ cover thy head; nay, prithee, be cover'd. How old are you, friend?

WILLIAM. Five and twenty, sir.

TOUCHSTONE. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

WILLIAM. William, sir.

TOUCHSTONE. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

WILLIAM. Ay, sir, I thank God.

TOUCHSTONE. "Thank God"—a good answer. Art² rich?

WILLIAM. Faith, sir, so so.

TOUCHSTONE. "So so" is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

WILLIAM. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

TOUCHSTONE. Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise; but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

WILLIAM. I do, sir.

TOUCHSTONE. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

WILLIAM. No, sir.

TOUCHSTONE. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

WILLIAM. Which he, sir?

TOUCHSTONE. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this

female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado,¹ or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction;² I will o'er-run thee with policy³; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

AUDREY. Do, good William.

WILLIAM. God rest you merry,⁴ sir.

[Exit]

Enter CORIN

CORIN. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

TOUCHSTONE. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [Exeunt]

SCENE II. *The forest*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER

ORLANDO. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

OLIVER. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's, will I estate⁵ upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

ORLANDO. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the Duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

¹ A cudgeling.

² *bandy* . . . *faction*. Defeat you at every turn.

³ Stratagem. ⁴ A common farewell. ⁵ Bestow.

¹ William has removed his hat out of respect for Touchstone. ² Are you.

Enter ROSALIND

ROSALIND. God save you, brother.

OLIVER. And you, fair sister. [*Exit*]

ROSALIND. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

ORLANDO. It is my arm.

ROSALIND. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

ORLANDO. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

ROSALIND. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he show'd me your handkercher?

ORLANDO. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROSALIND. O, I know where you are:¹ — nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical² brag of — "I came, saw, and overcame": for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they look'd; no sooner look'd but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees³ have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent⁴: they are in the very wrath⁵ of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

ORLANDO. They shal be married to-morrow, and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

ROSALIND. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

ORLANDO. I can live no longer by thinking.

ROSALIND. I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit¹: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe, then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, convers'd with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable.² If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is,³ and without any danger.

ORLANDO. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

ROSALIND. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly,⁴ though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for, if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

PHEBE. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,

To show the letter that I writ to you.

ROSALIND. I care not if I have; it is my study

To seem spiteful and ungentle to you. You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd:

Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

¹ Sense.

² Deserving punishment.

³ That is, in human form.

⁴ *tender dearly*. Offer at great peril. At the time this play was written magicians were severely punished.

¹ *I . . . are*. 'I know what you mean.

² Boastful.

⁴ At once.

³ Steps.

⁵ Rapture.

PHEBE. Good shepherd, tell this youth
what 'tis to love.

SILVIUS. It is to be all made of sighs
and tears;

And so am I for Phebe.

PHEBE. And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO. And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND. And I for no woman.

SILVIUS. It is to be all made of faith
and service;

And so am I for Phebe.

PHEBE. And I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO. And I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND. And I for no woman.

SILVIUS. It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of
wishes;

All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience and impa-
tience,

All purity, all trial, all observance¹;
And so am I for Phebe.

PHEBE. And so am I for Ganymede.

ORLANDO. And so am I for Rosalind.

ROSALIND. And so am I for no woman.

PHEBE. If this be so, why blame you
me to love² you?

SILVIUS. If this be so, why blame you
me to love you?

ORLANDO. If this be so, why blame
you me to love you?

ROSALIND. Why do you speak too,
"Why blame you me to love you?"

ORLANDO. To her that is not here, nor
doth not hear.

ROSALIND. Pray you, no more of this;
'tis like the howling of Irish wolves³
against the moon.—[To SILVIUS] I will
help you, if I can:—[To PHEBE] I
would love you, if I could.—To-morrow
meet me all together.—[To PHEBE] I
will marry you, if ever I marry woman,
and I'll be married to-morrow:—[To
ORLANDO] I will satisfy you, if ever I sat-
isfied man, and you shall be married to-
morrow:—[To SILVIUS] I will content
you, if what pleases you contents you,

and you shall be married to-morrow.—
[To ORLANDO] As you love Rosalind,
meet:—[To SILVIUS] As you love Phebe,
meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet.
—So, fare you well: I have left you
commands.

SILVIUS. I'll not fail, if I live.

PHEBE. Nor I.

ORLANDO. Nor I.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III. *The forest*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

TOUCHSTONE. To-morrow is the joyful
day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be
married.

AUDREY. I do desire it with all my
heart; and I hope it is no dishonest¹
desire to desire to be a woman of the
world.² Here come two of the banish'd
Duke's pages.

Enter two Pages

FIRST PAGE. Well met, honest gentle-
man.

TOUCHSTONE. By my troth, well met.
Come, sit, sit, and a song.

SECOND PAGE. We are for you: sit i'
the middle.

FIRST PAGE. Shall we clap into't
roundly,³ without hawking, or spitting,
or saying we are hoarse, which are the
only⁴ prologues to a bad voice?

SECOND PAGE. I' faith, i' faith; and
both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass

In the spring time, the only pretty ring
time,⁵

When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

¹ Immodest.

² A married woman.

³ *clap . . . roundly*. Begin at once.

⁴ *the only*. Only the.

⁵ Marriage time.

¹ Courtesy.

² For loving.

³ That is, dismal and tiresome.

Between the acres¹ of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie
In spring time, etc.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, etc.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In spring time, etc.

TOUCHSTONE. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter² in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

FIRST PAGE. You are deceiv'd, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

TOUCHSTONE. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! — Come, Audrey.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV. *The forest*

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, JAQUES,
ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA

DUKE SENIOR. Dost thou believe,
Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

ORLANDO. I sometimes do believe, and
sometimes do not;

As those that fear they hope, and know
they fear.³

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE

ROSALIND. Patience once more, whiles
our compact is urg'd.—
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

DUKE SENIOR. That would I, had I
kingdoms to give with her.

ROSALIND. And you say, you will have
her, when I bring her?

ORLANDO. That would I, were I of all
kingdoms king.

ROSALIND. You say, you'll marry me,
if I be willing?

PHEBE. That will I, should I die the
hour after.

ROSALIND. But if you do refuse to
marry me,

You'll give yourself to this most faithful
shepherd?

PHEBE. So is the bargain.

ROSALIND. You say, that you'll have
Phebe, if she will?

SILVIUS. Though to have her and
death were both one thing.

ROSALIND. I've promis'd to make all
this matter even.

Keep you your word, O Duke, to give
your daughter; —

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter: —

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll
marry me,

Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd: —

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll
marry her,

If she refuse me: — and from hence I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND and CELIA]

DUKE SENIOR. I do remember in this
shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's
favour.¹

ORLANDO. My lord, the first time that
I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your
daughter:

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,

And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY

JAQUES. There is, sure, another flood
toward, and these couples are coming to

¹ Appearance.

¹ Here, fields.

² Meaning.

³ As those who fear that their hope is only a hope, but know for certain that they fear.

the ark.* Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are call'd fools.

TOUCHSTONE. Salutation and greeting to you all!

JAQUES. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

TOUCHSTONE. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation.¹ I have trod a measure; I have flatter'd a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

JAQUES. And how was that ta'en up?²

TOUCHSTONE. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

JAQUES. How seventh cause? — Good my lord, like this fellow.

DUKE SENIOR. I like him very well.

TOUCHSTONE. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives,³ to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood⁴ breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

DUKE SENIOR. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

TOUCHSTONE. According to the fool's bolt,⁵ sir, and such dulcet diseases.⁶

JAQUES. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

TOUCHSTONE. Upon a lie seven times remov'd; — bear your body more seeming,⁷ Audrey; — as thus, sir: I did dis-

like the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is call'd the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again, "it was not well cut," he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is call'd the Quip Modest. If again, "it was not well cut," he disabl'd¹ my judgment: this is call'd the Reply Churlish. If again, "it was not well cut," he would answer, I spake not true: this is call'd the Reproof Valiant. If again, "it was not well cut," he would say, I lie: this is call'd the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

JAQUES. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

TOUCHSTONE. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measur'd swords, and parted.

JAQUES. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

TOUCHSTONE. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book²; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too with an If. I knew³ when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as "If you said so, then I said so"; and they shook hands, and swore⁴ brothers. Your If is the only peacemaker; much virtue in If.

JAQUES. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

¹ my purgation. The test. ² Made up.

³ Here, couples wishing to be married. ⁴ Passion.

⁵ "A fool's bolt (arrow) is soon shot," is an old proverb.

⁶ dulcet diseases. Probably a nonsense phrase.

⁷ More modestly.

¹ Disqualified.

² Probably an allusion to books on dueling.

³ Have known.

⁴ Swore to be.

DUKE SENIOR. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse,¹ and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA*

Still² Music

HYMEN.

Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone³ together.—

Good Duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,

Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is.

ROSALIND. [*To the DUKE*] To you I
give myself, for I am yours.—

[*To ORLANDO*] To you I give myself, for
I am yours.

DUKE SENIOR. If there be truth in
sight, you are my daughter.

ORLANDO. If there be truth in sight,
you are my Rosalind.

PHEBE. If sight and shape be true,
Why, then, — my love adieu!

ROSALIND. [*To the DUKE*] I'll have no
father, if you be not he: —

[*To ORLANDO*] I'll have no husband, if
you be not he: —

[*To PHEBE*] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you
be not she.

HYMEN. Peace, ho! I bar⁴ confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take
hands

To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.—

[*To ORLANDO and ROSALIND*] You and
you no cross shall part: —

[*To OLIVER and CELIA*] You and you are
heart in heart: —

[*To PHEBE*] You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your
lord: —

[*To TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY*] You and
you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning¹;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG

Wedding is great Juno's* crown:

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock, then, be honoured:

Honour, high honour, and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town!

DUKE SENIOR. O my dear niece, wel-
come thou art to me,
Even daughter, welcome, in no less
degree!

PHEBE. [*To SILVIUS*] I will not eat my
word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth com-
bine.²

Enter JAKES DE BOYS

JAKES DE BOYS. Let me have au-
dience for a word or two:

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair
assembly:

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every
day

Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power;³ which were
on foot,

In his own conduct,⁴ purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the
sword:

And to the skirts of this wild wood he
came;

Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question⁵ with him, was con-
verted

Both from his enterprise and from the
world;

¹ Talking.

² Bind.

³ Address'd a mighty power. Prepared a powerful
force.

⁴ In . . . conduct. Under his leadership. ⁵ Talk.

¹ A horse used in hunting. Hidden by the horse,
the hunter could come nearer the game.

* Soft.

³ Are at one; agree.

⁴ Forbid.

His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

DUKE SENIOR. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly¹ to thy brothers' wedding:
To one² his lands withheld; and to the other³

A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends⁴
That here were well begun and well begot;
And after, every⁵ of this happy number,
That have endur'd shrewd⁶ days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,

According to the measure of their states.⁷
Meantime forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.—

Play, music!—and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.

JAQUES. Sir, by your patience. — If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,⁸
And thrown into neglect the pompous⁹ court?

JAQUES DE BOYS. He hath.

JAQUES. To him will I: out of these convertites¹⁰

There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—

[To DUKE SENIOR] You to your former honour I bequeath;¹¹

Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:—

[To ORLANDO] You to a love that your true faith doth merit:—

[To OLIVER] You to your land, and love, and great allies:—

[To SILVIUS] You to a long and well-deserved bed:—

[To TOUCHSTONE] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd. — So, to your pleasures:

I am for other than for dancing measures.
DUKE SENIOR. Stay, Jaques, stay.

JAQUES. To see no pastime I: what you would have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.
[Exit]

DUKE SENIOR. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.
[A dance]

EPILOGUE

ROSALIND. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue;¹ but it is no more unhandsome² than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush,³ 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you⁴ in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnish'd like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you⁵: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them,) that between you and the women the play

¹ offer'st fairly. Make a handsome present.

² Oliver. ³ Orlando.

⁴ do . . . ends. Accomplish those purposes.

⁵ Every one. ⁶ Bitter. ⁷ Estates.

⁸ put . . . life. Put on a hermit's dress.

⁹ Filled with ceremony. ¹⁰ Converts.

¹¹ You . . . bequeath. I restore to you your former honor.

¹ It . . . epilogue. It was not the custom for the actors who took women's parts to speak the prologue or the epilogue of the play.

² Out of place.

³ A proverb. A green bough over a door indicated a place where wine was sold.

⁴ insinuate . . . you. Ingratiate myself with you.

⁵ As may please you.

may please. If I were a woman,¹ I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me and breaths that I defied² not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [Exeunt]

Study Hints

Act I. Scene i

1. Pick out two interesting speeches. Tell why each one interests you.
2. What are Orlando's causes for complaint against his brother?

Scene ii

1. Why was the place of the wrestling match changed?
2. Does Rosalind say anything about women in general that does not apply to her in particular?

Scene iii

1. What has been accomplished in Act I?

Act II. Scene i

1. Explain the principal figures of speech in the words of Jaques quoted by First Lord.

Scene ii

2. A certain detail of this scene promises trouble. Which is it?

Scene iii

1. Which of the earlier scenes is very much like this one?
2. What "qualities of birth and breeding" does Orlando show in this scene?

Scene iv

1. Is Silvius intended to be a humorous character?
2. Why does Rosalind abandon the idea of seeking her father in the forest?

¹ If . . . woman. In Shakespeare's day women's parts were played by boys. ² Disliked.

Scene v

1. Could this scene be omitted in performing the play?
2. What new character does the scene introduce?
3. Point out examples of description in this scene.

Scene vi

1. Which earlier scene is similar to this?

Scene vii

1. This scene is marked by a famous speech. Find it and commit it to memory.
2. Why does the song form an appropriate ending for this scene and act?

Act III. Scene ii

1. Why do not Orlando and Jaques like each other?
2. Point out all the covert references made by Rosalind to her true person.
3. Which speech of Orlando pleases Rosalind most? Why?

Scene iii

1. Give examples of words that are used in a sense different from their use today.

Scene v

1. Just how many pairs of sweethearts do we find in this play?

Act IV. Scene i

1. How do we learn that Orlando's and Rosalind's playful game is growing more serious?
2. Is Celia's final speech an appropriate ending for the scene?

Scene ii

1. What purpose does this short scene serve?

Scene iii

1. Why does Rosalind chide Silvius so severely?
2. An intensely dramatic moment occurs in this act. Where is it?

3. Does Oliver see through Rosalind's disguise immediately? Give a reason for your answer.

Act V. Scene i

1. What is the purpose of this scene?

Scene ii

1. Why does Oliver ask Orlando's consent to the marriage?

Scene iii

1. What is the purpose of this scene?

Scene iv

1. Why does Jaques leave before the ceremony?

2. Why does the Duke return to a "life of painted pomp" after his happy sojourn in the Forest of Arden?

Study Hints on the Entire Play

1. Certain critics regard "Sweet are the uses of adversity" as the main theme of the play. Criticize this opinion.

2. What details suggest that the Forest of Arden was in the tropics? That it was in a temperate climate?

3. Group the characters in balanced pairs.

4. Select ten epigrams from the play. Are any of them familiar to you?

5. Select five figures of speech. What makes each one emphatic?

6. Would the play be as good without the melancholy, moralizing Jaques?

7. Which characters experienced the sweet uses of adversity in the Forest of Arden? What was the adversity of each one?

Suggestions for Short Themes

1. The Forest of Arden.

2. Write a letter to a friend telling him the story of the play.

3. The wrestling match.

4. A character study of Jaques; of Orlando; of Rosalind; of the Duke; of Touchstone.

Dictionary of Names and Phrases



KEY TO PRONUNCIATION. făt, fâte, necklăce, ârm, âsk, căre, sofa; mêt, mête, ênough, hêr, novgl; it, ice; nôt, nôte, ôbey, hôrse, sôft, anchqr; fôot, fôod; ūs, ūse, ûnite, natûre, fûr, stirrup; bathe; iŋk; ou as in out; k like the *ch* in the German *ach*

Achilles (ă kîl'êz). The swift-footed, dauntless, noble Achilles is the great Greek hero of the Iliad.* He was but a youth at the time of the Trojan* War, but though he knew he would not return, he chose to take part in it, for he preferred an early death, with fame, to a long life without glory. At Troy he was distinguished as the handsomest and bravest of all the Greeks. Once during the war, because a beautiful female captive was awarded to Agamemnon rather than to himself, he sulked in his tent, and the Trojans won for the time being. His friend Patroclus* put on Achilles' armor and drove the Trojans back, but lost his life. Because of Patroclus' death Achilles returned to the fight, defeated the Trojans, and killed their hero Hector.* Other Greek poems say that when Achilles was a baby his mother took him by the heel and dipped him in the river Styx. By this ceremony his whole body except his heel became invulnerable. He died from a wound in the heel, inflicted by a Trojan arrow.

Adam. According to the Bible, Adam was the first man, and Eve the first woman, created by God. They were placed in the Garden of Eden, but were forbidden to eat of the fruit of one particular tree. Tempted by Satan disguised in the form of a serpent, they ate of the forbidden fruit and were driven out of the garden. For the full account read the third chapter of Genesis.

Adonis (ă dō'nîs). In classical mythology, a beautiful young hunter beloved of Venus.* He was slain by a wild boar sent by a rival lover. "Adonis" is now used as a synonym for "handsome man."

Ajax (ă'jăks). 1. Ajax the Great, son of Telamon; a Greek hero of great stature, and second only to Achilles in valor and beauty. 2. Ajax the Less, son of Oileus; next to Achilles in swiftness.

Alan Breck. Read the introduction to "Kidnapped" (p. 1).

Albany, Duke of. During the early youth of James V of Scotland (1512-1542), the Duke of Albany was appointed regent (ruler) by Parliament. His rule was powerless because of the opposition of the Earl of Angus, uncle to the Douglas of "The Lady of the Lake."

Alcinous (ăl sîn'ô ūs). The king of the Phæacians. His daughter, Nausicaa, befriended Ulysses* when he was shipwrecked on her father's island (see Books VI-IX of the Odyssey).

Allegory. A type of literature in which the story has at least two meanings. On the surface it tells a tale just as any other story does, but in a well-constructed allegory there lies beneath the surface another and deeper meaning, frequently of a spiritual or political character. (See "Slough* of Despond.")

Alliteration. The repetition of the same letter or the same sound at the beginning of two or more words immediately following one another or very near together; as, "For the fair field of fighting men."

Amalec (ăm'a lěk). A son of Esau, the father of the Amalekites, a fierce, wandering desert tribe, the most bitter enemy of the children of Israel. So bitter, indeed, was the hatred that various Israelite leaders declared that their national safety required the destruction of all the Amalekites.

Aphrodite (ăf rô dî'tê). See "Venus."*

Apple of Discord. Eris, or Discord, not being invited to the wedding of Peleus and Thetis, threw into the midst of the company a golden apple bearing the words, "For the most beautiful." Juno, Venus, and Minerva each claimed the prize. Jupiter refused to decide the matter, and sent them to Mt. Ida, where Paris, son of Priam, king of Troy, was tending his flocks. Venus (Aphrodite) offered him the most beautiful woman in the world if he would decide in her favor. When he awarded the apple to her, she helped him to

carry off Helen, and thus caused the Trojan* War.

Arabian Nights. A famous collection of Oriental tales, some of them very ancient. The stories, said to have been originally told by a queen to her royal husband, are filled with charming women, shrewd men, gilded palaces, lovely gardens, and thrilling adventures. All these captivate the reader and transport him to a land of wonder and enchantment.

Ark. A huge vessel built by Noah (a patriarch of Bible times), in which he saved himself, his family, and specimens of all living creatures from death in the Flood.

Ascabart (äs'kə bārt) (Ascopart). A giant in "Bevis of Hampton," one of the most popular early English romances.* He is said to have been thirty feet high. A figure representing Ascopart stands opposite the statue of Bevis at the gate of Southampton, England.

Atalanta (ät ə län'tə). In classical mythology, a princess noted for her fleetness of foot. She challenged her suitors to a race. The prize was her hand in marriage; the penalty for losing was death. Hippomenes (hī pōm'ē nēz) outstripped her by dropping, along the course, three golden apples given to him by Aphrodite* (äf rō dī'tē), which Atalanta stopped to pick up.

Audubon (ō'dōō bōn), **John James.** A distinguished early American naturalist. He was born near New Orleans, Louisiana. While still a child he moved to San Domingo, where he lost his mother in a Negro uprising. He studied art in France and then became manager of a plantation in the beautiful Perkiomen valley, near Philadelphia. He was fond of studying birds, and wandered in search of them from Louisiana to Labrador, and from Miami to St. Paul. While living in Pennsylvania he wrote his great work, "Birds of America," and painted the magnificent pictures that adorn it. He shares with Alexander Wilson the honor of being the father of nature study in America.

Babel (bā'bəl). According to the Bible, mankind, after the Flood, traveled east to Shinar's* Plain. Here they tried to build a tower high enough to reach heaven, above any possible flood, but God caused their language to become confused so that they could no longer understand one another, and they were unable to finish the work. The word "Babel" has become a synonym for a confusion of languages. Read the Bible, Gen. 11:1-9.

Balaklava (bá lā klä'vá). A small seaport in southern Russia. During the Crimean* War, on October 25, 1854, a battle was fought between the Russians and the British on the heights north of the town. The battle accomplished little, but it was marked by the brilliant charges of the British heavy and light cavalry. The charge of the Light Brigade has been made famous by Tennyson's poem on the event.

Balboa, Vasco Núñez de (bäl bō'ä, väs'kō nōō'nyäth dā). A Spanish soldier who discovered the Pacific Ocean. He came to America with other adventurers. Hearing of a great sea toward the west, he set out to find it. On September 25, 1513, he saw the Pacific, being the first European to behold this great expanse of water from the shores of America.

Ballad. A song that tells a story. Most older ballads are simple in structure, divided into stanzas, and marked by a frequently repeated line or phrase that serves as a refrain.

Balquidder (bäl kwīd'ēr). A village and district near the east end of Loch Voil, in Scotland, the scene of many of the exploits of the outlaw Rob Roy and of his burial. The braes, or slopes, are on the north side. The inhabitants used to set the dry heather on fire so that a new growth might make better pasture for sheep. The fires, which looked beautiful at night, are occasionally mentioned in literature.

Barkis. A carrier, or expressman, in Dickens's novel "David Copperfield." He sent his proposal of marriage to David's nurse, Peggotty, in the words, "Barkis is willin'."

Barons of the Exchequer. Originally great lords, or barons, of England who were appointed to care for the funds that went into the king's exchequer, or treasury. Later they were chosen from the lawyers of the kingdom.

Beala-nam-bo (bē lə nām bō'). "The Pass of the Cattle," a mountain valley in Scotland, near Loch Katrine, so called because cattle stolen from the Lowlands were often driven through it.

Beal'maha (bēl mäh hä'). "The Pass of the Plain," on the east of Loch Lomond, Scotland.

Beltane (bēl'tān). An ancient springtime festival of the Celtic peoples. It is believed to have celebrated the return of warm weather. A part of the celebration consisted in driving cattle through a sacred fire as a

protection against disease. Our May Day festivities are in some ways descendants of the ancient Beltane rites.

Ben Lomond. The tallest mountain on the shore of Loch Lomond, Scotland.

Ben-an. "Little Mountain." It stands just north of the Trosachs* in Scotland.

Benharrow. A mountain near the head of Loch Lomond, in Scotland.

Benledi (bĕn lē'dī). "Hill of God," a beautiful mountain in Scotland.

Ben-Shie (bĕn'shē) (more usually *banshee*). In Scottish and Irish folklore, a female fairy who watches over the fortunes of a particular family. She appears in the form of an ugly little old woman and shrieks mournfully just before the family is to suffer some misfortune, such as the death of one of its members.

Black Watch. The name given to a body of Scottish Highlanders employed by the English government in 1688, and later, to maintain peace in the Highlands. The name came from the uniform, a dark-colored tartan,* which distinguished the Black Watch from the "red soldiers," as the British regular troops were called.

Blank verse. Unrimed verse, especially unrimed iambic pentameter.

Blantyre (blăn tīr'). A priory, or monastery, opposite Bothwell Castle, on the Clyde River near Glasgow, Scotland.

Bleeding Heart. A bleeding heart was the emblem of the Douglas family, in memory of the fact that Robert Bruce, on his deathbed, gave to his friend James Douglas his heart, so that it might be carried to Jerusalem and placed in the Holy Sepulcher.

Blenheim (blĕn'ĕm), **Battle of.** A great battle in which the English and their allies defeated the French and Bavarians at the village of Blenheim, on the banks of the Danube, August 13, 1704. About fifty thousand men perished by the sword or in the waters of the Danube.

Bochastle (bō'kās'l). A flat, sandy plain near Callander, Scotland. It is the site of an ancient Roman camp.

Border. The boundary between England and Scotland. For hundreds of years the region was the scene of raids, war, and bloodshed. Out of the Border disturbances came many ballads, legends, and traditions that have often been used by English writers, especially Sir Walter Scott in his novels and poems.

Bothwell. A castle, now in ruins, on the river Clyde near Glasgow, Scotland.

Bothwell, James of. James Hepburn (1536?-1578), Earl of Bothwell, who was banished from Scotland for an attempt to seize Mary Queen of Scots. He was later restored to favor and married her, but was afterwards divorced, became a pirate, was finally imprisoned, and died insane. Scott applies some of the events of Bothwell's life to the Douglas of "The Lady of the Lake."

Bracklinn. A fifty-foot waterfall on the Keltie, in the Highlands of Scotland.

Braddock's Army. On July 9, 1755, a British army under the command of General Edward Braddock was surprised by the French and Indians near the Monongahela River, in southern Pennsylvania. The army was almost annihilated, and the commander mortally wounded. A Virginia boy, George Washington, displayed remarkable coolness, and thus saved a part of the British force.

Breadalbane (brĕd ōl'bān). A region in the Scottish Highlands,* north of the Trosachs. The district is celebrated in song and story.

Breck, Alan. Read the introduction to "Kidnapped" (p. 1).

Brown, Dr. John. A Scottish physician and author. He studied medicine at Edinburgh and practiced in that city. His literary motto was, "Publish nothing unless you have something to say, and then criticize well before you publish." Consequently his works are few. They are marked by humor, tenderness, and an unusual sympathy for animals.

Browning, Robert. An English poet of the nineteenth century. He was born of well-to-do parents, was educated for the most part under private tutors, and read extensively. He began to write verses at the age of six, and "for fifty years hardly a week passed that he did not write poetry." He eloped with and married the invalid Elizabeth Barrett, the most famous English literary woman of his day. With her he spent many happy years in Italy. He is buried beside Tennyson in Westminster Abbey. Much of his poetry is hard to understand, but when he chose he could write simply and clearly, as in the children's classic "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." His poetry is generally optimistic.

Burns, Robert. A celebrated Scottish poet of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. He grew up in the country with few books and little schooling. Although driven almost to despair by overwork and many hardships, Burns still found time, while

working in the fields or while in his frigid room at night, to read and to write poetry. Needing a little money, he sold some poems to a printer. Their publication made him famous. He went to Edinburgh and became the "lion" of the capital. Two years of this life made him long for the brooks and rills of his native Ayrshire. He returned, married Jean Armour, and settled down to a quiet if not prosperous life. He died at the age of thirty-seven, an embittered man.

Cæsar, Julius. A famous Roman general, statesman, and author. He was born about 100 B.C. He early entered public life, in which he distinguished himself by taking the side of the common people. After being elected governor of Gaul he conducted the famous Gallic War, ending with the invasion of Britain in 55 B.C. By the year 46 B.C. he had become master of the Roman world. At the height of his power, in 44 B.C., he was assassinated by men who professed to be his friends. Few names in history have been so frequently mentioned as Cæsar's. In literature he is often referred to as a type of the world conqueror. His name is the source of the German title "Kaiser" and the Russian "Czar." His "Commentaries" (an account of his campaigns in Gaul) are remarkable for their clear style.

Caledon. See "Caledonia."*

Caledonia (kăl ě dō'nĭ ġ). An ancient name for Scotland.

Cambus-kenneth (kăm bys kěn'ĕth). An ancient abbey situated near Stirling, Scotland.

Campbell, Thomas. An English poet of Scottish descent. He was educated at Glasgow. In 1800 he went abroad and "became inspired with the sublimity of war from seeing the battle of Regensburg and hearing the thunders at Hohenlinden." Upon his return to England he composed his war songs, which contain his best poetry.

Cardross (kär'drōs). Cardross Castle, famous as the place where the great Scottish patriot Robert Bruce died, is situated on the banks of the river Clyde, near Glasgow. In former times a banner waving over its gate indicated war.

Caroline, Queen. Wilhelmina Caroline of Ansbach, the wife of King George II of England.

Casabianca (kă sâ bĭ ăŋ'kă). The son of Louis Casabianca, a French naval officer who took part in the American Revolution. He was on his father's ship when it caught fire at

the battle of the Nile, but he refused to leave the place where he had been told to stay. Both father and child perished. Mrs. Hemans has immortalized the lad in her poem "Casabianca" (p. 125).

Casson, Herbert Newton. An American editor and biographer; born at Toronto in 1869. After his graduation from Victoria College he joined the staff of the *New York World*. He later became an assistant editor of *Munsey's Magazine*. His dramatic accounts of the work of great inventors brought him a fortune. Since 1906 he has lived in London.

Celtic languages. See "Gaelic."*

Centaur (sĕn'tôr). In classical mythology a race of beings half horse and half man, who inhabited a land to the north of Greece. Perhaps the Greeks, who seldom rode horses, imagined these horsemen of the northern plains to be parts of the animals they rode. In general the centaurs are represented as wild and lawless. The battles between these creatures and the Greeks are symbolical of the struggles between civilization and barbarism. (See "Pirithôus."*)

Chagres River (chă'grĕs). A large stream that flows almost entirely across the Isthmus of Panama. By damming its waters the builders of the Panama Canal formed an immense lake, which, backing through the Culebra* Cut (Gaillard Cut), makes the "upper level" of the canal.

Charlemagne (shăr'lĕ măn). "Charles the Great," king of the Franks after A.D. 768 and emperor from 800 to 814 of what later became the Holy Roman Empire. He was crowned emperor by Pope Leo III at St. Peter's Church in Rome on Christmas Day in the year 800. As emperor he ruled over a large part of Europe. He did much to spread the teachings of the Church, especially in the lands he conquered. He gathered many scholars at his court and fostered the sciences and liberal arts. He also promoted agriculture and commerce. He died January 28, 814.

Charleston earthquake. An earthquake that destroyed a large part of Charleston, South Carolina, on August 31, 1886. More than \$5,000,000 worth of property was damaged, hundreds of people were injured, and two score were killed.

Clan-Alpine. See "Clans,* Scottish."

Clans, Scottish. The name "clans" is applied to the tribes, or families, in the Highlands* of Scotland. A clan differs from any

other tribe by reason of the fact that all members of the clan are believed to be descended from a common ancestor and are called by his name (for example, the MacAlpines, or the "sons of Alpine"). Each clan lived in its own valley, owned the land in common, and followed its own chief, to whom the members of the clan paid the utmost obedience as the living representative of their common ancestor.

Cleopatra (klē ō pā'trā). Queen of Egypt. With her beauty she bewitched Antony, one of the three rulers of the Roman world after the death of Julius Cæsar,* with almost disastrous consequences to the Roman Empire.

Climax. An arrangement of words, phrases, clauses, or sentences in a series constantly increasing in force, as in the sentence "I came, I saw, I conquered."

The name "climax" is also applied to the point of greatest interest in a story. In Browning's "Incident of the French Camp" the climax is the boy's cry, "Nay, I'm killed, Sire!"

Cobb, Irvin Shrewsbury. An American humorist, newspaper man, and writer of short stories. He was born in Paducah, Kentucky, in 1876. At the age of seventeen he was holding a regular position as a newspaper reporter. His best-known work includes his stories about Old Judge Priest.

Coir-(nan)-Uriskin (kō ĩr năn ōōr'is kĭn). "The Cave of the Goblins," a hollow, or cave, on the side of Benvenue, a mountain in the Highlands of Scotland.

Cossack (kōs'ak). A name applied to certain military tribes living in southern and eastern Russia. They are skillful and daring horsemen, and possess great strength and courage. They have often been employed as cavalry in the Russian armies.

Court of Session. The highest civil court in Scotland. It was established in 1532 to relieve King James V of the great volume of law cases that came before him. Originally the court consisted of fourteen judges and a president, appointed by the king. At first half the judges were churchmen; now all are men trained in the law.

Covenant. One who followed the National Covenant — the Scottish* Covenant.

Cowper (cōō'pēr), **William.** An English poet of the eighteenth century. He was born near London, of cultured parents. He was naturally shy and delicate. At school he was in constant terror of the rough and brutal boys.

When he was thirty-two years of age he suffered a nervous breakdown, from which he never completely recovered. He had frequent attacks of melancholia. During his last years he was really insane. As he spent most of his life in retirement, his poetry shows little knowledge of the outside world and its ways; yet he often writes with real sympathy of lowly life and humble scenes. Deeply impressed by the Methodist movement, he composed many hymns, some of which are still sung in our churches. At times he writes with delightful humor, as in "The Diverting History of John Gilpin."

Crimean (krĭ mē'an) **War.** A war (1854-1856) in which Russia fought against France, England, and Turkey. The cause of the war was the age-old struggle of the Russians for an ice-free port, and the determination of England to keep her from getting possession of such an outlet on the south. The war was marked by desperate fighting and tremendous bloodshed on both sides.

Cross of Fire. See "Fiery* Cross."

Culebra (kōō lā'brā) **Cut** (Gaillard Cut). A deep excavation through the Culebra* Hills to let the dammed-up waters of the Chagres* River fill up the level from the Gatun* Locks to the Pedro Miguel Locks of the Panama Canal. To make the cut, more than forty-five million cubic yards of earth were removed. It was the largest excavating project of its day.

Culebra Hills. The highest hills along the line of the Panama Canal. They are the site of the famous Culebra* Cut (Gaillard Cut).

Culloden (kū lōd'en). A moor, or sandy and marshy waste, in the north of Scotland, the scene of the final defeat of a Highland army fighting under Charles Edward Stewart* (the Young Pretender), April 27, 1746. The battle is noteworthy as the last attempt of the Jacobites* to place a Stewart on the throne of England. Among the Scots "Culloden" has become a term of reproach because of the harsh means which the successful leader of the English, the Duke of Cumberland,* took to prevent the clans from rallying. To what extent his measures were inspired by his own cruelty, and to what extent they were the natural result of the clans' having shielded the Pretender, will probably never be known.

Cumberland. The Duke of Cumberland (often called the Butcher), the leader of the English forces at the battle of Culloden.* After that battle he imposed severe restraints

upon the Highlanders,* and punished anyone who disregarded his regulations. He forbade the wearing of the Highland dress and the possession of any kind of firearms. He also tried to prevent the chieftains from exercising any authority over their clans. His measures accomplished little except to make his name hated. In 1782 the restrictions on dress were removed.

Cupid. In Roman mythology, the god of love (in Greek, Eros), the son of Venus. He was capable of all sorts of pranks. He rode on a bear or on a dolphin. In art he is represented as a chubby, naked boy carrying a bow and a quiver filled with arrows. If he shot with a golden arrow, the victim fell in love; if with a leaden arrow, the effect was the opposite.

Darien (dā rī' ěn'). A name applied to that part of the Isthmus of Panama which is now called the Republic of Panama.

David, King. The greatest king of Israel. In his early life he was a shepherd. While still a boy he encountered the giant Philistine leader, Goliath, and killed him with a stone from a sling. He was called to court to cheer with his harp the ailing King Saul. Later he himself became king. As king he used every effort to better his people. He is noted as a writer of psalms and as a singer, as well as a brave fighter.

Dennan's Row. A point at the foot of Ben Lomond, in Scotland, a favorite place from which to begin the ascent of that mountain.

Dermid (dĕr'mid) (Diarmid, Dermot). An ancient Celtic chieftain and hero, the founder of a Scottish clan.

Diana. In classical mythology, a goddess noted for her coldness toward her suitors, and the chastity of her life. In art and in literature she is represented as a huntress bearing a bow and a quiver filled with arrows, and fearlessly wandering through the forest wilds.

Disarming Act, The. An act passed by the English Parliament after the battle of Culloden*; it forbade the Scottish Highlanders to have firearms in their possession.

Dobson, Austin. An English poet of the early twentieth century. He began to write when very young. His poetry is marked by clear and brilliant thought and by great delicacy of phrase.

Douglas. Lord James Douglas of Bothwell, the father of Ellen in "The Lady of the Lake," is imaginary, but his character in the poem is based partly upon that of a real person, — Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie, uncle

of the Earl of Angus, who was banished by King James V of Scotland in 1528 (see "James* Fitz-James" and "Bothwell,* James of"). The Douglasses are an ancient and noble family, and have often been associated with the fortunes of the rulers of Scotland.

Doone (dōōn), **Braes of.** The rolling land on the north side of the river Teith near Doone Castle in Scotland. In Scott's "Waverley" Doone Castle is the place where the hero is confined by the Highlanders.

Drake, Sir Francis. A famous British admiral who lived during the time of Queen Elizabeth. With the authority of the Queen he visited the Spanish Main and the West Indies, and in 1570 and the following years robbed and burned many Spanish ships and settlements. He led a band of soldiers across the Isthmus of Panama and was the first British commander to see the Pacific Ocean. He was also the first Englishman to sail around the world. For this achievement the Queen made him a knight and ordered his ship to be preserved. When his vessel was finally broken up, a chair was made of the timber and presented to Oxford University. Drake died in the West Indies in 1596. He has been often celebrated in English song and story as a great naval hero.

Druids (drōō'idz). Priests, or ministers of religion, among the Celts of Gaul, Britain, and Ireland before the coming of Christianity. Not much is known of them. They are said to have had charge of religious matters, and to have acted as judges and teachers. There is also a tradition that they worshiped in oak groves and held the mistletoe sacred. Scott refers to the story that they sacrificed human beings.

Duchray (dōō krā'). An ancient castle in the Highlands of Scotland.

Duncraggan. A village near the Brigg of Turk, in the Highlands of Scotland.

Echetus (ĕk'ĕ tŭs). In classical mythology, a king of Epirus, noted for the severe punishment which he inflicted upon his daughter and her lover when he discovered that they had brought disgrace upon his family.

Eden. The garden in which Adam* and Eve* were placed by the Creator. Read the second chapter of Genesis. The term "Eden" is now used as a synonym for a place of innocence, ease, pleasure, and beauty.

Edinburgh (ĕd'n būr ō) **Castle.** A castle standing on a rocky eminence overlooking the

city of Edinburgh, in Scotland. Part of it was built in the twelfth century. It was the ancient residence of the Scottish kings, and more than one Scottish sovereign has been imprisoned within its gray walls. It is often referred to in literature, and hence is much visited by tourists.

Essay. A literary composition in which the writer deals with a subject in a rather limited and personal fashion. The interest of the essay generally lies more in the writer's point of view than in the facts presented. An essay is usually brief and adapted for reading at one sitting.

Ettrick (ět'rik) **Forest.** A forest along the Ettrick river in Selkirkshire, Scotland. The district has many literary associations. It contains several castles formerly occupied by members of the Scott family. The English poet James Hogg, who was born in the parish of Ettrick, is often called the Ettrick Shepherd.

Eurymachus (û rîm'ă kûs). One of the boldest of the suitors of Penelope.* He was slain by Ulysses.*

Eurytion (û rîsh'î ŋn). In classical mythology, a centaur* who attempted to steal the bride at the wedding feast of Pirithôus. He was seized by the other guests and severely punished. He was afterwards slain by Hercules.

Eve. According to the Bible, Eve was the first woman whom God created. Read the second chapter of Genesis.

Falstaff (fôl'stăf). A fat, boastful, jolly, cowardly knight who figures in several of Shakespeare's plays. He is noted for his inimitable humor.

Ferragus (fêr'ă gûs) (Ferracute (fêr'ă kût)). An exceedingly tall and strong giant celebrated in medieval romance.

Fiery Cross. A small cross prepared in various ways appropriate to the occasion. It was used by the Scottish clans to warn one another of danger. A swift messenger carried the cross from clan to clan. The clansmen read the symbols and acted as clan custom dictated under such circumstances. (See "The Lady of the Lake," Canto Third, and "Kidnapped," chap. xxi.)

Fortuna (Fortuna in Latin). In Roman religion, the goddess of fortune, worshiped in many different forms. In art she is represented as bearing a cornucopia (horn of plenty) and as standing on a ball to symbolize the unstable state of fortune, and as holding a

wheel symbolical of her control over destiny. In poetry she is spoken of as being blind.

Franklin, Benjamin. An early American author, scientist, philosopher, and statesman. He was of New England stock, but when still young settled in Philadelphia, where he established a printing house. Politics claimed a large part of his time throughout his long life. He was a leading spirit in the Revolutionary War, especially as envoy to France. He helped establish peace with the mother country. His greatest literary works are "Poor Richard's Almanac," published through many years, and his "Autobiography," written in his old age to entertain his grandchildren.

Friar Tuck. A jolly friar, boon companion of Robin Hood in many legends of that famous outlaw. He appears in "Ivanhoe" as the Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst.

Gaelic (găl'ik). A Celtic language spoken in northern Scotland, in some of the neighboring islands, and in parts of Ireland.

Galahad (găl'ă hăd), **Sir.** The most virtuous of King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table. He alone was able to find the Holy Grail (the sacred cup out of which Jesus drank at the Last Supper and into which his blood dropped when he hung upon the Cross), for there was a prophecy that the Grail could be seen only by a maiden knight, chaste in thought, word, and deed. Sir Galahad was also noted for helping ladies in distress.

Galveston (găl'ves tûn). A large city in Texas situated on the Gulf of Mexico. In 1900 it was practically destroyed by storm and flood, with great loss of life.

Ganymede (găn'î mēd). In classical mythology, a beautiful boy whom Jupiter*, in the form of an eagle, carried up to Olympus to be the cupbearer of the gods.

Gargantua (găr găn'tû ă). A giant in Rabelais's "Gargantua," noted for his tremendous appetite. He swallowed five pilgrims in a salad.

Gatun (gă tōōn') **Dam.** A large dam near the eastern end of the Panama Canal. It was built to raise the level of the Chagres River high enough to allow ships to pass from one side of the isthmus, through the Culebra* Cut (Gaillard Cut), to the other side, where they are lowered to the sea level by locks.

Glencoe (glên'kō). The Scottish Highlanders who fought for the dethroned King James II of England were promised safety if they would surrender to William and Mary

before December 31, 1691. The chief of a small clan of the MacDonalds living in the valley of Glencoe delayed in giving himself up until the appointed time had passed, whereupon his enemies suppressed his promise to submit and secured an order from the English authorities calling for the destruction of the whole clan. Accordingly, a band of men belonging to the Campbell clan visited Glencoe under the pretense of friendship, and, after twelve days of feasting, attacked their hosts early one morning and slew about forty of them. Hence the word "Glencoe" suggests treachery and disaster.

Golden Age. A mythical period in the history of mankind, when the earth bore crops without cultivation, and when all human beings were virtuous and happy. The Golden Age has long been a favorite theme among writers.

Gothic (gŏth'ik) **architecture.** A type of architecture characterized by pointed arches and long, slender windows.

Graces. In classical mythology, three sister goddesses whose names were Aglaia (Brilliance), Euphrosyne (Mirth), and Thalia (Bloom). They attended Cupid * (Eros), Venus * (Aphrodite), and Bacchus (Dionysus). To those whom they favored they gave wisdom, charm, love, and joy.

Greek met Greek. An allusion to the words "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war," which occur in "Alexander the Great," a drama by Nathaniel Lee (1653?–1692). The meaning is, "When powerful antagonists meet, the conflict is terrific."

Grenville, Sir Richard. A British naval hero, the cousin of Sir Walter Raleigh. In 1585 he set out with a small fleet to colonize Virginia. In 1591 he was sent with the *Revenge* and fifteen other British vessels under the command of Lord Thomas Howard to the Azores Islands. Here the ships were surprised by fifty-three Spanish men-of-war. Lord Howard, with fifteen of the English ships, escaped, but Grenville remained in order to bring on board his sick men, who were on shore. With the *Revenge* alone he stood off fifteen of the Spanish ships for fifteen hours, and did not surrender till all but twenty of his men were killed or wounded. Three days later he himself died of wounds.

Guinea (gŭn'ē). An English gold coin issued from 1663 to 1813. It took its name from the fact that the earliest guineas were coined from gold found on the west coast of Africa on the

Guinea Coast. In English money twenty-one shillings, worth about five dollars, is still called a guinea.

Hector (hĕk'tēr). Son of Priam and Hecuba, husband of Andromache, called by Homer the "prop or stay of Troy." He was the principal character of the Iliad on the Trojan side. He was slain by Achilles, who, after chasing him three times around the walls of Troy, slew him, and tying the body to his chariot dragged it away to the Greek camp.

Helen. In Greek legend, the fairest of women, the wife of Menelaus (mĕn'ē lā'us), king of Sparta. Her being carried away to Troy by Paris was the cause of the Trojan * War. It is her beauty that is most frequently alluded to in literature.

Hellespont (hĕl'ēs pŏnt). An ancient name for the Dardanelles, the strait that connects the Sea of Marmora with the Ægean Sea.

Hemans (hĕm'anz), **Felicia Dorothea.** An English poet of the early nineteenth century. Her verse is tuneful and pleasing and has an air of sincerity. In England "Graves of a Household" is perhaps her most popular poem; in America her best-known poems are probably "Casabianca" and "The Breaking Waves Dashed High."

Henry, O. See "O.* Henry."

Hercules (hĕr'kū lĕz). A hero of Greek mythology best known for his twelve "labors," among which the most famous are these: cleansing the Augean stables, in which three thousand oxen had been kept for thirty years; the capture of the oxen of the three-bodied Geryon; fetching the golden apples from the garden of the Hesperides; and bringing the fierce dog Cerberus from the infernal regions. Soon after finishing these tasks he died of poison absorbed from a cloak saturated with the blood of Nessus. "A labor of Hercules," or "a herculean task," has become a synonym for a stupendous piece of work. "Cleansing the Augean stables" has become a synonym for accomplishing a much-needed reform. (Hercules cleansed the stables in one day by turning two rivers through them.)

Hero. In Greek legend, a priestess of Aphrodite (Venus*). Leander fell in love with her, and swam across the Hellespont * nightly, guided by her lamp, to visit her. One stormy night he was drowned. In her grief Hero cast herself into the sea.

Herodotus (hĕrŏd'ŏ tus). A Greek historian who lived about five hundred years

before Christ, and has been called the Father of History.

Hesperides (hēs pēr'ī dēz), **Apples of the.** In classical mythology, apples which the goddess Gæa (Earth) gave as a wedding gift to Zeus and Hera (Jupiter* and Juno*). They were kept by the daughters of Hesperus (Night) on an island far out in the western ocean, and were guarded by a dragon. Fetching these apples was one of the celebrated labors of Hercules.

Highlanders. The inhabitants of the Highlands of Scotland. They are mostly of Celtic stock. Until comparatively recent years they differed from the Lowlanders in speech, in dress, and in manner of living. They spoke the Gaelic* language, dressed in kilts, and were less given to the peaceful life of farmers and herdsmen than the Lowlanders.

Highlands. A district including the northern and western parts of Scotland and some of the neighboring islands. It contains the highest mountains in Great Britain and is noted for its romantic scenery and associations.

Hohenlinden (hō ɛn līn'dēn). A village near Munich, in Upper Bavaria. It is noted as the scene of a battle fought between the French ("furious Frank") and the Austrians ("fiery Hun") on December 3, 1800. The French, who were strongly entrenched, were attacked by the Austrians in a blinding snowstorm. The Austrians lost twenty thousand men but failed to dislodge their opponents. The French lost only five thousand.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell. A distinguished American author. He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was educated at Harvard, where he studied law and medicine. He practiced as a physician and taught anatomy, first at Dartmouth, later at Harvard. His chief reputation rests upon his prose writings, which are characterized by a light, intimate, winning style. Most of his poetry was written for special occasions.

Holy-Rood (hōl'ī rōōd). The ancient palace of the kings of Scotland, situated in Edinburgh. The word means "holy cross." The following story is told to explain how the place, originally occupied by an abbey, got its name. On this spot, according to the legend, King David I (died 1153) was miraculously saved from an infuriated stag. Just as the animal was about to toss the king, a small cross fell from its antlers. Upon seeing this token the stag fled, and the King was saved. In memory of the event an abbey was founded.

Homer. The great epic poet of Greece, the author of the Iliad and the Odyssey. Tradition says that he was blind, and that he traveled from place to place, earning his living by reciting his poems for the entertainment of the people.

Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged for bread.

ANONYMOUS

Hotspur. A name given to Sir Henry Percy (1364-1403). He won his greatest fame by fighting for the king of England on the Border,* where he became the terror of the Highland marauders (see "Highlanders"*). In 1388 he took part in the Battle of Otterburn, celebrated in the ballads known as "The Battle of Otterburn" and "The Hunting of the Cheviot" or "The Battle of Chevy Chase." He died as he might have wished, in battle.

Howard, John. A Marylander of good family. He was killed in the battle of Eutaw Springs.

Huxley, Thomas Henry. A British naturalist, teacher, and lecturer of the second half of the nineteenth century. He is noted especially for his remarkably clear explanations of scientific subjects. He is the father of modern scientific writing.

Hymen. In classical mythology, the god of marriage. He is represented as carrying a taper and wearing a robe.

Iduna (ē dōō'n'a). In Scandinavian mythology, a goddess who possessed a box filled with apples by which the gods preserved their youth. She was carried off by Thiassi and Loki,* whereupon the gods began to grow old, and demanded her return.

Idyl (ī'dīl). A type of literature in which the author describes simple, natural people in humble surroundings. Some idyls are written in prose; usually, however, they are in verse. An idyl may also be defined as a "picture poem"; that is, the emphasis is on situation rather than action.

Iliad (īl'ī ād). One of the two great narrative poems (epics) of ancient Greece. It tells of the events of a part of the last year of the siege of Troy. (See "Trojan* War.")

Ind. A short word for "India." In literature it often means a far-off land of riches and beauty.

Inquisition (īn kwī zīsh'un). A tribunal of the Catholic Church formerly used for the discovery and punishment of heresy, which

has always been considered a crime among Christians. It was most active in Spain and Portugal. The hearings were secret. Accused persons were not allowed to face their accusers. They were sometimes forced to confess by torture. Originally the Inquisition was a Church court, but in Spain it became a part of the State government. It was the government appointees who were responsible for most of the tortures. The Popes tried to make the local courts less severe.

Irving, Washington. Our first glimpse of this early American author shows him a chubby child of four walking down the streets of New York. His nurse, seeing the First President entering a store, accosted the great man and told him that her charge was named for him. Whereupon Washington turned and blessed little Washington Irving. Episodes just as dramatic were to fill his long life. His school days were a long succession of pranks, low marks, winning smiles, and forgivenesses. He finally left school and began to study law, but poor health sent him abroad. His travels were a round of adventures, ranging from being taken for a spy to being robbed by pirates.

He went into the hardware business with his brothers, but the brothers managed the business. In 1815 he sailed for England, planning to be gone a few months; he stayed seventeen years. The failure of the hardware business set him to writing for a livelihood. "The Sketch Book" was the first result. A diplomatic post in Spain gave him time for further writing. His other books followed rapidly. In 1846, when he was sixty-three years old, he returned to Sunnyside, his home on the Hudson, where he lived and wrote until his end came at the age of seventy-six.

Jackson, Helen Hunt. An American poet and novelist of the middle of the nineteenth century. She was born in Massachusetts, lived for a long period in Colorado, and spent her last years in California. In 1883 she was appointed to examine into the condition of the Mission Indians of California. Because of the sad state in which she found them, she wrote two books in their defense. The better known of these is "Ramona." Her best poems are found in her "Sonnets and Lyrics."

Jacobites (jăk'ô bits). A name applied, after the Revolution of 1688, to those who sympathized with the dethroned King

James II or with his descendants, the Old and Young Pretenders. The Jacobites were especially numerous in Scotland. Many Scottish Jacobites took part in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745. Though most of them were Catholics, they were not confined to one sect. After the Battle of Culloden * the party declined and ceased to be a menace. The last Jacobite executed was Archibald Cameron, in 1753. By 1800 the party was a mere name, though the word "Jacobite" was used as a term of reproach long afterward. Many songs and ballads were written to support the Jacobite cause. Jacobite traditions were used by Scott in "Waverley." The name has much the same force as "Tory" once had in the United States.

James Fitz-James. King James V, king of Scotland from 1513 to 1542. He was fond of going about among his people in disguise. After the death of his father, James IV, his mother married Archibald Douglas, earl of Angus, while her son was still a boy. Douglas kept the young king under close guard, while pretending to rule in his name. In 1528 James rebelled against this unjust treatment and not only banished Archibald, but turned against the whole Douglas family, including Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie (the Lord James Douglas of "The Lady of the Lake").

Jotunheim (yō'tōon hām). In Scandinavian mythology, the home of the giants, or Jotunns. It was thought of as situated in the Far North.

Jove. See "Jupiter." *

Judah. In the Bible, the fourth son of Jacob and Leah. He was the ancestor of the tribe of Judah, later the most powerful of the tribes of Israel.

Judas. The disciple who betrayed Christ. He pointed out his Master to the Roman soldiers by kissing him.

Juno. In Roman mythology, the queen of the gods, the sister and wife of Jupiter.* The first of the month was sacred to her. She was the protector of wives and mothers. Peacocks were sacred to her. In poetry she is always spoken of as dignified and sedate. She is recognized among the gods by her stately bearing.

Jupiter. In Roman mythology, the king of the gods. The middle of the month was sacred to him. He was the god of battles. His weapon was the thunderbolt (lightning). He was the giver of rain and sunshine.

Kilmer, Joyce. An American poet of the beginning of the twentieth century. He received his academic training at Rutgers and at Columbia. He did his first writing for the *New York Times*. His poetry and essays early attracted the attention of critics, and won him a place among American men of letters. He gave his life on a battlefield in France, during the World War.

Lane, Franklin K. An American lawyer and statesman. He was born in Canada in 1864. His parents moved to California, and he was educated at the University of California. In 1913 he was called to President Wilson's cabinet as Secretary of the Interior. He served faithfully during Wilson's two terms. He died in 1921.

Leander. See "Hero."

Lee, Robert E. A celebrated American soldier and educator of the nineteenth century. He belonged to the famous Virginia family of Lees. He married the granddaughter of Martha Custis Washington. He served with distinction in the Mexican War, constructed forts in Baltimore, and led cavalry against the Indians. In 1861 he cast his lot with his native state, later assumed command of the armies of the South, and led them through the Civil War. When the cause was lost, he showed himself the true cavalier by his noble acceptance of defeat. Offered the presidency of Washington College (afterwards Washington and Lee University), he accepted in the beautiful sentence, "I have led the men of the South in battle; now I must teach their sons the ways of peace." He died in 1870, venerated alike by all.

Lesseps, Ferdinand de (dě lě sěps'). A French diplomat and engineer who planned and supervised the construction of the Suez Canal in the years 1859-1869. In 1879 he began the construction of the Panama Canal, but failed to complete the work.

Leuctra (lūk'trā). A village near the coast of southern Greece. It is famous as the scene of the final defeat, in 371 B. C., of the Spartans by the Thebans, who were led by the hero Epaminondas. As the result of this battle the power and the spirit of Sparta were broken forever.

Lincoln, Abraham. Sixteenth president of the United States. He was born in Kentucky in a log cabin, and later settled in Springfield, Illinois. He was largely self-educated. He was by turns farm hand, country-store merchant, surveyor, soldier, lawyer, member of

the Illinois legislature, congressman, and president. In 1858 he acquired a national reputation by opposing the extension of slavery. In 1860 he was elected president. After the Civil War he planned to undertake the work of Reconstruction along humane lines, but his labors came to an end when he was killed by John Wilkes Booth at Ford's Theater, Washington, D. C., on April 14, 1865. Lincoln's speeches are deservedly famous for their sincere, clear, simple, manly style. He always went at once to the heart of the matter he was discussing.

Lisbon earthquake. On November 1, 1755, an earthquake destroyed the greater part of Lisbon, Portugal, killing many thousand people.

Little John. A companion of Robin Hood in the Robin Hood ballads. He was noted for his great height and strength. He alone could vie with Robin in shooting.

Littleton, Martin W. A New York lawyer noted as a speaker. He was born in Tennessee and began his law career in Dallas, Texas.

Logic. The science of the distinction between true and false reasoning.

Loki (lō'kē). In Scandinavian mythology, the god of mischief. He had an evil disposition. He is known principally for bringing about the death of Balder, and for stealing the apples of Iduna,* which had caused the gods to remain young.

London, Jack. An American journalist, lecturer, and novelist of the early twentieth century. He was born in San Francisco, where he spent the idle hours of his boyhood loafing on the wharves of the city. Later he was by turns cowboy, sailor, stevedore, tramp, and author. He followed the "gold rush" of 1897 to Alaska, where he gathered much material which he afterwards used in his books. He often lived with social outcasts. He loved to write of primitive conditions—men and animals shifting for themselves without help from others. His most popular book is "The Call of the Wild," a stirring picture of the manner in which men and animals adapt themselves to their surroundings.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. An American poet and teacher. He was born in Portland, Maine, and was educated at Bowdoin College, where he was a conscientious student. He also studied and traveled extensively abroad. He became Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin and later at

Harvard. So little progress had the teaching of modern languages made that he was forced to write his own French and Spanish textbooks. His contributions to American magazines, his activity as a teacher, and his translation of Dante served to make him the most eminent representative of American political and social ideals of his day. His verse, though it seldom treats of an unusual subject, is written with great care. He is famous largely because he is a successful story-teller and because the tone of his poetry is gentle. His style is simple and cultivated, and appeals to the popular mind. He is probably America's best-known and best-loved poet. He is also read and admired abroad.

Lowlanders. The inhabitants of the Lowlands* of Scotland. They speak an English dialect. They have more English blood in their veins than have the Highlanders,* and are more given to farming and stock-raising. For hundred of years the Lowlanders and Highlanders were engaged in continual raids and warfare.

Lowlands. The less mountainous region of Scotland, situated south and east of the Highlands.*

Lucretia (lū krē'shī ā). A Roman woman, famous for her virtue and honor. Dishonored by one of the Tarquins, she killed herself.

Luna. In Roman mythology, the goddess of the moon, worshiped in Italy from primitive times. In Rome she had three temples.

Lyric (līr'ik). A poem in which the writer's chief purpose is to express feeling or emotion. Lyrics are usually short and musical.

Maelstrom (māl'strōm). A celebrated whirlpool in the Arctic Ocean off the west coast of Norway. It was formerly supposed to suck in all ships that came near it. The word "maelstrom" has come to mean any destructive or wide-reaching harmful influence.

Maid Marian. The sweetheart of Robin* Hood. She followed her lover into the forest and lived as an outlaw until the two could be married.

Marathon (mār'ə thōn). A plain in south-eastern Greece, noted as the scene of a battle (490 B.C.), in which the Greeks overcame the Persians. According to tradition, the messenger who announced the victory to the anxious citizens of Athens ran the whole distance to the city, twenty-two miles, without stopping. From this incident we have our "Marathon races."

Mark Twain. The pen name of Samuel

Langhorne Clemens. The name comes from a call used by pilots on the Mississippi River in taking soundings. Clemens was a celebrated American humorist and writer. As a boy he had very little schooling. Later he became by turns river pilot, printer, reporter, prospector, lecturer, and internationally famous humorist and author. He is best known as the creator of two characters who have always been great favorites with boys—Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn.

Marlboro, Duke of. A celebrated English general during the War of the Spanish* Succession. He won four brilliant victories over the French, which left the road to Paris open, but a quarrel between his wife and Queen Anne of England deprived him of his command and prevented him from leading an army to the French capital. In spite of many services to his country his old age was lonely and friendless.

Maronnan's (mār ōn'nānz) **Cell.** A cell, or hermitage, in Scotland near the eastern end of Loch Lomond, said to have been built by an obscure Saint Maronnan.

Mask (masque). A form of dramatic entertainment in which the stage setting, costumes, and music are more prominent than in ordinary plays, and in which the characters represent abstract ideas, such as virtue, vice, and patriotism.

Mercury. In Roman mythology, the conductor of souls to the lower world and the messenger of the gods; hence a symbol of swiftness. In art he is usually represented as a young man wearing a winged hat and winged sandals. He was the patron of thieves. An hour after his birth he stole the cattle of his brother Apollo. When accused, he denied the theft and enchanted Apollo with a lyre which he had invented from a tortoise shell. In later times he was known as the god of eloquence and of science. In Greek mythology he is called Hermes.

Midian (mīd'ī ān). A name applied somewhat loosely by Old Testament writers to various wandering tribes. The Midianites kept up a constant warfare against Israel until their power was broken by Gideon at Karkar.

Mills, Enos A. A famous Rocky Mountain guide; also a lecturer, naturalist, and writer. He was born at Fort Scott, Kansas. He chose to establish himself, Thoreau* fashion, in a log cabin, but his ability as a guide, his knowledge as a naturalist, his force

as a writer and lecturer, and his charm as a man brought the world to his door.

Mission lands. A name applied to the lands owned by the California Indians converted to Christianity by Father Serra and his followers. In 1831 there were nineteen thousand Indians on the lands, but with the arrival of the Americans in 1849 came oppression, spoliation, and destruction. Helen Hunt Jackson* took up the cause of the Indians with her pen. She secured a little relief, but not enough to enable them to restore their former civilization.

Muse. In classical mythology, the nine Muses were goddesses who presided over music, literature, and the other arts, and science.

Mutch. A bailiff in Ben Jonson's "Sad Shepherd," a drama dealing with Robin* Hood.

Naiads (nā'yădz). In classical mythology, maidens who lived in springs and along rivers. Caves, especially those with fresh water, were sacred to them. Since the water of many springs was medicinal, the naiads were associated with healing. They were also connected with prophecy.

Napoleon. The most prominent military and political figure of the nineteenth century; Emperor of France. He conquered practically all of Europe, leading the armies of France north as far as Moscow. He went also into Africa, but was defeated at the Battle of the Nile. His career ended when nearly all of Europe united against him in 1815 in the Battle of Waterloo. As a hero in literature he compares with Hannibal, Alexander, and Julius Cæsar.* His name is a synonym for perfect and uncompromising military genius.

Needwood. A royal forest in Staffordshire, mentioned in the ballads of Robin* Hood.

Nestor. A Greek hero noted for his strength at an advanced age and for his clear wisdom. He appears in the Trojan* War as the adviser of the younger generals. His name is a synonym for a wise and vigorous old man.

Nightingale, Florence. An English philanthropist of the nineteenth century. Early in life she became interested in hospitals, and traveled extensively to study such institutions. She also studied nursing. During the Crimean* War she organized a system of hospitals, thereby greatly relieving the sufferings of the sick and wounded. During the Civil War and during the Franco-Prussian

War she was frequently consulted on the administration and sanitation of hospitals.

Normans. The descendants of Norsemen, or Scandinavians, who settled in northern France about A.D. 911. At first they were rude and barbarous, but they intermarried with the French and rapidly became more polished. They were fierce in battle, but in peace they loved law and order. After conquering various parts of Europe, they invaded England in 1066 under their duke, who later became known as William the Conqueror.

Numidian lion. A species of lion celebrated in song and story for great ferocity. "Numidia" is an old name for Algeria, in northern Africa.

Nymph (nĭmf). In classical mythology, the nymphs were beautiful maidens who lived in forests, in springs of water, or in the sea.

O. Henry (William Sydney Porter). An American short-story writer. He was born at Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1862. He received but little schooling, and worked as a land agent and as a bank teller in Texas. While serving a short prison term he began writing for magazines. He rose rapidly in popularity until, at the time of his death in 1910, he was known as one of the best story-writers in our language. His greatest fame came after his death. By 1920 he was known and read throughout the English-speaking world. He is famous for his humor, for his clever turns of sentences, and for his handling of "trick" plots.

Odysseus. See "Ulysses."*

Oileus (ō'īlūs). Pope uses "Oileus" for Ajax,* son of Oileus.

Ovid (ōv'ĭd). A Roman poet of the time of Christ. He was educated at Athens, and traveled extensively. In his later years, for some unexplained reason, he was banished. During his sojourn abroad he composed what is now regarded as his best poetry. His "Metamorphoses," stories of the mythical transformations of men, animals, and gods, is his best-known work.

Paine, Ralph D. An American editor and author. He was educated at Yale. He served as a war correspondent in Cuba, in China, and in Europe. While acting as an associate editor of *Outing*, he wrote his stories of intercollegiate athletics, which are his best works.

Pallas. In Greek mythology, the goddess of wisdom and learning. By the Greeks she was called Pallas Athena; by the Romans,

Minerva. She was said to have sprung full-grown from the head of Jove. The owl, the snake, and the olive were sacred to her. She watched over the various crafts, especially those in which women worked. She never married. In art she is represented as carrying a shield adorned with a Gorgon's head, which turned to stone all who looked upon it.

Parkman, Mary R. An American writer of biographies of noted people. She comes of a long line of famous Americans, among whom are the New England divine Ebenezer Parkman and the historian Francis Parkman.

Parliament, Act of. Several unusually strict acts or laws were passed by the British Parliament to govern the Scottish Highlanders* after the Jacobite* defeat at Culloden.* One of these acts forbade the possession of firearms; another was intended to prevent the chiefs from exercising any power over their clans.

Patroclus (pə trō'klūs). In Greek legend, the friend of Achilles.* While Achilles sulked in his tent, Patroclus put on Achilles' armor and led the Greeks to victory, but lost his life.

Pedro de Alcantara (pă drō dă əl kăn'-tā rā), **Dom.** Emperor of Brazil from 1841 to 1889. His reign was marked by a great increase in the wealth and cultural development of Brazil. He established schools and encouraged commerce, particularly by opening the Amazon River to traders of all nations. He was dethroned by a revolution in 1889.

Penelope (pē nēl'ō pē). In Homer's *Odyssey*, the faithful wife of the Greek hero Ulysses.* During her husband's long absence after the fall of Troy, she refused to believe him dead. She was courted by many eligible suitors, but she put them all off, saying that she would not give a definite answer till she had finished a shroud for Laertes, her aged father-in-law. Each night she unraveled what she had woven during the day, thus keeping her suitors in suspense until Ulysses finally returned and rescued her. In literature, Penelope is a type of wifely chastity and faithfulness.

Percy's Norman pennon. A banner taken from Hotspur* in 1388, during the raid that led to the Battle of Otterburn.

Philistine (fī līs'tin). In the Bible, a name applied to a nation that lived on the seacoast southwest of the Holy Land. The Philistines were constantly at war with the Israelites. The Jews always spoke of the Philistines in terms of contempt. The word "Philistine" is still applied to people who are regarded as narrow, ignorant, and prejudiced.

Phœbus (fē'būs). In classical mythology, an epithet applied to Apollo. Among the later Latin poets, and almost universally among the English poets, Phœbus is alluded to as the sun god.

Phoenix (fē'nīks). A fabled bird of great beauty that burned itself up every so often and then rose from its ashes as lovely as ever. According to ancient story, there was only one phoenix. In literature, the phoenix is the symbol of unequalled beauty and excellence.

Pirithoüs (pīrith'ō ūs). In classic mythology, the king of the Lapithæ. At his marriage the centaur Eurytion, while intoxicated, attempted to steal the bride, but was prevented by Pirithoüs' friends. After the death of his wife, Pirithoüs attempted to steal Proserpina from her lord, Pluto. For this crime he was bound to a rock forever.

Pliny (plīn'i) **the Elder.** A Roman writer of a work on nature. He lived during the first century after Christ.

Pomona (pō mō'nā). In classic mythology, the goddess of the garden and of fruits. From her name is derived our word "pomology," the science and practice of growing fruits.

Pope, Alexander. A famous English poet. Our first glimpse of him shows a pale, lame boy "lispering in numbers" and learning his letters at the knee of a sympathetic aunt. We next see him a wistful youth denied a university training by his religion, and being taught Latin and Greek by several priests who were attracted toward him by his extraordinarily brilliant mind. Our next view shows him as an accomplished versifier writing poems to please his friends or satirize his enemies. Again we find him a retired country gentleman, living amid "trim gardens" at Twickenham, near London, where he entertained the famous men and beautiful women that flocked to see him. At Twickenham he built a grotto, or tunnel, under the highway, and adorned it with every conceivable kind of colored glass, which sparkled in the sunlight reflected by mirrors. Our final view shows him the most famous poet of the first half of the eighteenth century, wielding an influence that was to continue in his native land and even to dominate in far-off America for many years after his death. The poetry of Pope is marked by its polished style and exact meter.

Porter, William Sydney. See "O.* Henry."

Preston Pans. A seaside summer resort

near Edinburgh, Scotland. The name "Pans" dates back to 1185, when pans for the evaporation of salt were first established here. About one mile east of the city is the battlefield on which, in 1745, the Highland forces under Charles Edward Stewart,* the Young Pretender, gained a complete victory over the army of the king under the command of Sir John Cope.

Proserpina (prō sēr'pī nā) (in Greek, Persephone (pēr sēf'ō nē)). In classical mythology, wife of Pluto, and queen of the underworld. She was the daughter of Ceres (sēr'rēz), the Roman goddess of grains and fruits. One day her mother left her gathering flowers in a meadow, and Pluto came and carried her away. Ceres put a blight on the earth, and nothing grew. To save the human race from starvation, Jupiter persuaded Pluto to let Proserpina return. But she had already eaten part of a pomegranate in the lower world, and could not leave Pluto forever. It was arranged that thereafter she should spend half the year on earth and the other half with her husband in the gloomy land of shades.

Pythagoras (pī thăg'ō rās). A Greek philosopher and mathematician who lived about 585 B.C. He seems to have been the founder of a school of mathematics and of a system of philosophy, but records of him are so hazy that the world will probably never know exactly what Pythagoras taught.

Randall, James Ryder. An American journalist. He was educated at Georgetown College. He traveled in South America and then became a newspaper man in New Orleans. Hearing of the clash between the Massachusetts soldiers and the Baltimore mob, he dashed off the famous lyric "Maryland." It is his best poem and is the chief cause of his being remembered.

Ratisbon (Regensburg). A small city in Bavaria. In 1809 an Austrian army, after being defeated by the French, retired to Regensburg, where the pursuing French overtook them and attacked them with heavy slaughter.

Rednock. A castle, now in ruins, near the village of Callander, Scotland.

Revenge, The. See "Grenville,* Sir Richard."

Robin Hood. A famous outlaw celebrated in English song and story. Whether such a person ever actually lived or not will probably never be known. He is said to have been the chief of a band of outlaws and to have

haunted Sherwood Forest, robbing the rich and helping the poor. Once when Robin Hood became ill he asked his cousin, a prioress, to bleed him, as it was believed that to lose a small amount of blood was good for certain ailments. The woman, however, allowed too much blood to flow, and he died.

Roderick, Sir. A Highland chieftain in Scott's "Lady of the Lake." He was called Roderick Dhu, that is, Roderick the Black, from his dark complexion. Probably no such person ever actually lived.

Romance (rō măn's). A story in which the interest lies not so much in a picture of life or in portrayal of character as in accounts of adventures or records of surprising incidents. "Romance" is also a term applied to the real or commonplace made beautiful by imagination.

Roosevelt (rō'zē vēlt), **Theodore.** The twenty-sixth president of the United States. At various times he was cowboy, deputy sheriff, police commissioner, soldier, lecturer, hunter, author, assistant Secretary of the Navy, governor of New York, vice president, and president. He was born in 1858 and died in 1919.

Root, Elihu. An American statesman of the early twentieth century. He was born at Clinton, New York, and was educated at Hamilton College. He served as Secretary of War under McKinley and as Secretary of State under Roosevelt.

Saint Bride (Saint Bridget). A famous saint of Ireland of the beginning of the sixth century. A large number of stories of miracles center about her. She was famous also in England and in Scotland. A chapel dedicated to Saint Bridget (Bride) formerly stood near Loch Lubnaig, in the Highlands of Scotland. The burial ground and a few relics of the chapel are all that now remain.

Saint Fillan. A Scottish abbot of the eighth century. Two springs bear his name — one at the east end of Loch Earn, the other thirty miles away. The water of the second one was supposed to cure insanity.

Saint Hubert (hū'bért). A bishop of Liège, the traditional patron saint of hunters. In his honor the abbots of Saint Hubert's in England kept up the breed of big black hunting dogs named for him.

Saint Lawrence. In A.D. 258 the Roman emperor Valerian decreed that all bishops, priests, and deacons should be put to death. In the same year Saint Lawrence was appre-

hended and executed by being tortured on a hot gridiron.

Saint Modan. A Scottish abbot of the seventh century. Whether or not he performed on the harp is not known. The poets, however, have used his name in connection with sacred music.

Saint Monan. A Scottish martyr of the fourth century.

Samson. A "judge" of Israel, noted for feats of strength. Read the fourteenth and following chapters of the book of Judges.

Sanscrit (Sanskrit). An ancient language of Asia. For two thousand years it has served as the means of communication between the members of the learned classes in India.

Santiago de Cuba (săn tē ä'gō dā kōō'bă). A city at the eastern end of Cuba, the scene of fierce fighting between the Spanish and the Americans early in July, 1898, during the Spanish-American War.

Saracens (săr'ă sēnz). Originally a name applied to wandering tribes of the deserts between Syria and Arabia. Later it was applied to an Asiatic Mohammedan people who conquered Spain and invaded France. In the Middle Ages it was used as a synonym for any non-Christian nation.

Satire (săt'ir). A type of literature that attacks or ridicules folly, incapacity, failure, or vice. The satirist's "foe is folly and his weapon wit." A satire may be written in prose or in verse.

Satyrs (săt'ērz). In classic mythology, creatures with the heads of men and the bodies of goats. They are usually spoken of with disgust, as beings without grace or virtue.

Scarlet, Will. A companion of Robin * Hood.

Scathelocke (skăth'lök). Another name for Will Scarlet.*

Scott, Sir Walter. Our first glimpse of Sir Walter Scott shows a lame little boy looking eagerly up into the intelligent, kindly face of his aunt, Janet Scott, as she told him of his famous ancestor, Auld Watt (the Walter Scott of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"), or read to him from a collection of old ballads. At a little more advanced age Pope's translation of Homer (see page 149) became his favorite reading, especially the "descriptions of battles and intense strife." His preparatory-school life was marked by "meteor-like flashes from one end of his class to the other," but he kept on until he won the recognition of his master and was admitted to

Edinburgh University. At the university he failed to win distinction, and after two years withdrew to read law in the office of his father. He was admitted to the bar in 1792. Four years later he published his first poem, but fame did not come to him until the publication of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" in 1805. "Marmion," in 1808, and "The Lady of the Lake," in 1810, were other poems that brought him fame and fortune. In 1814 he turned to prose. He immediately won recognition, and continued to write novels until his death. He became a rich man, built a country house, and lived in baronial style, hunting and playing, and entertaining the hosts of friends who flocked to visit him. When a publishing house in which he had invested failed, Scott, though bound by no legal obligation, attempted to pay the debts with his pen. His health gave way under the strain, and he died at the age of sixty-one, in 1832. He was "one of the manliest men of the English race." Scott was a master story-teller. After a hundred years his romances — both his novels and his poems — charm many readers. His verse is simple in style and is marked by an easy, steady flow that makes it good reading.

Scottish clans. See "Clans,* Scottish."

Scottish Covenant. An agreement entered into, on February 28, 1638, as the result of a dispute concerning the use of an unpopular service book in St. Giles's Church, Edinburgh. The Scottish people in general objected to the book because it contained a new form of worship and was forced upon them by the English. Those who signed the Covenant bound themselves to maintain what they believed to be the old, pure form of worship.

Sedan, Battle of. A battle fought between the Prussians and the French on September 1, 1870, during the Franco-Prussian War. It resulted in the defeat and surrender of the French army of more than eighty thousand men. It also led to the fall of the French Empire and the establishment of the Republic.

Seeger (sēg'ēr), **Alan.** An American poet. He was born in New York City, and educated at the Horace Mann School and at Harvard. He wrote for several years without winning much recognition. He then went to study in Paris. When the World War broke out, he enlisted as a private soldier. Many consider his letters to the New York *Sun* and his articles in the *Nation* his best literary work. "I Have a Rendezvous with Death" is his best-known poem.

Seine (sān). A river that flows through Paris, France.

Shakespeare, William. The most famous dramatist in English literature. Very little is known of his life. He was born about 1564 in the small country town of Stratford-on-Avon. Here he spent his boyhood, probably meeting with the usual experiences of a boy growing up in the country. In 1582 he married Ann Hathaway, and we hear nothing more of him for eight years. He then reappeared in London as the author of a play. For the next twenty years he apparently worked diligently, for three dozen plays and several long poems came from his pen. He became rich, went back to his home town, bought a residence, and lived in retirement until his death in 1616.

Sheba, Queen of. A rich and beautiful queen who came from a great distance to test the wisdom of Solomon.* Astounded at what she learned, she reported, "The half was not told me." The saying, in a slightly different form, has passed into common use. (Read I Kings 10.)

Shinar's (shī'nār's) **Plain.** A plain in ancient Babylonia, noted as the site of the Tower of Babel.*

Siboney (sē bō nā'). A camp established in 1898 at Siboney, Cuba, for yellow-fever patients during the Spanish-American War.

Siren. In classic mythology, the sirens were sea nymphs,* usually spoken of as three in number, who sat upon rocky reefs in the ocean and lured sailors to destruction by their sweet singing.

Slough (slou) **of Despond.** The marsh into which Christian, the hero of John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," fell on his way to the Celestial City. Like most things described in the book, the slough is used allegorically; that is, it has two meanings: it is a real morass, and also, as the word "Despond" suggests, it represents the deep discouragement and despondency into which even an earnest Christian may fall. "Pilgrim's Progress" is one of the most famous allegories* in all literature.

Solomon. One of the most famous of the kings of Israel. Given the choice of all possible gifts, he asked for wisdom, and so became the wisest man in the world. Out of this wisdom grew the magnificence of his realm. He built the Jewish temple, established peaceful relations with other great powers, and fostered learning and commerce.

His wisdom, the famous visit of the Queen of Sheba,* and his numerous wives are frequently alluded to in literature.

Southey (south'i), **Robert.** An English author of the early part of the nineteenth century. In early life he was interested in social reforms. "The Battle of Blenheim," a biting satire upon war, is a product of this early period.

Spanish Succession, War of the. A war waged from 1701 to 1714 between nearly all the states of western Europe, to determine which of two rival families (Hapsburg or Bourbon) should occupy the throne of Spain. The treaty which followed this bloody struggle provided that the crown of France and that of Spain should never be worn by the same person.

Sparta. The capital of ancient Laconia, in southern Greece. The Spartans were said to have sprung from the dragon's teeth sown by Cadmus (the word "Sparti" means "sown"). They were noted for the sternness with which they trained their young people. Weak children are said to have been killed at birth. The adjective "Spartan" has come to mean "hardy," "able to endure."

Spartacus (spär'ta küs). A celebrated gladiator who lived during the first century before Christ. He escaped from the gladiatorial school, fled to the mountains, eluded the soldiers sent to capture him, gathered a force of dissatisfied men, and for two years defeated all Roman armies sent against him. He was killed in 71 B.C. while fighting at the head of his troops. The address "Spartacus to the Gladiators" is the product of a modern writer's imagination.

Spartan. See "Sparta."*

Stevenson, Robert Louis. A noted British author of the second half of the nineteenth century. As a child he was sickly and did not attend school regularly. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh. He studied law, but, finding it distasteful, gave it up and spent three years in aimless wanderings, during which he gathered literary material. His first important work appeared in 1878. About this time he met a Mrs. Osborne, an American woman with whom he fell in love. He followed her to California, traveling partly by steerage and partly by emigrant train. In California the two were married and set out in search of a spot favorable to Stevenson's health. They finally settled on one of the Samoan islands, in the Pacific Ocean, where Stevenson

became a great favorite with the natives. Here he lived and wrote until his death. The affectionate natives cut a road through the jungle and carried his body on their shoulders to the top of Mount Vaea, where it now rests. Stevenson suffered constantly from disease, but in spite of all his misery he was remarkably cheerful. No more courageous man ever lived. His prose is written in a pure, clear style. Among his poetical works his "Child's Garden of Verses" will long remain a favorite with both young and old.

Stewart, Charles Edward. The Young Pretender. In 1688 King James II, of the Scottish royal family of Stewarts, lost the British throne and fled to France. He had, however, many supporters in England and in Scotland. His followers were called Jacobites.* These friends attempted to place his son James, commonly called the Old Pretender, on the throne, but failed. In 1745 Charles Edward Stewart, son of the Old Pretender, called the Young Pretender, raised an army among the Highland clans and began a campaign against the forces of King George II. He captured Edinburgh and overcame the English at Preston* Pans and at Falkirk, but in April, 1746, he was utterly defeated at Culloden.* Friendly clans protected him for many weeks. With the help of a Highland girl he escaped to the Island of Skye, whence he managed to reach France.

Stirling. A picturesque castle built on a rocky eminence above the village of Stirling. It was an ancient seat of the Scottish kings.

Sudbury. A village near Boston, noted as the site of the inn made famous by Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

Suez Canal. A ship canal connecting the Red Sea with the Mediterranean. It was completed in 1869 by the French, but has since passed under the control of Great Britain.

Tacitus (tăs'ĭ tŭs), **Publius Cornelius.** A Roman historian of the first century.

Taft, William H. (1857-1930). The twenty-seventh president of the United States. After his retirement from the presidency he became a professor in the Yale Law School. Later he became chief justice of the United States Supreme Court.

Taghairm (tä'hârm). Among the ancient Gaels important matters, such as the choice of a king, were sometimes decided by a man who wrapped himself in the hide of a newly slain bull and then lay down in some lonely spot. Whatever wandering thoughts occurred

to him were regarded as prophetic and hence important. The word "taghairm" means "oracle of the hide."

Tale. A short narrative, or story, usually in prose, characterized by a small cast of characters, a lack of dramatic plot, and rapid forward movement.

Tantalus (tăn'tă lŭs). In classical mythology, a mortal who, because he offended the gods, was condemned to be forever hungry and thirsty. Food and drink, always within reach, moved away as soon as he put out his hand to touch them. From this story comes our word "tantalize."

Tartan. Cross-barred woolen cloth worn in Scotland. The pattern of the cross bars differed with each separate clan, and identified the clan of the wearer.

Taylor, Bayard. An American poet, journalist, translator, and traveler of the nineteenth century. He was born of Quaker stock in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and was educated in the public schools of his native community. He later traveled over most of Europe, but, as his means were limited, he was often in want. Later he was appointed United States minister to Germany. His poetry and his work as a translator show ability, and he has been praised for his literary criticism; but most of his books deal with his travels. He describes his experiences and observations with accuracy and picturesque charm.

Tennyson, Alfred, Lord. A celebrated English poet of the nineteenth century, poet laureate from 1850 until 1892. His father was a clergyman in the Lincolnshire village of Somersby, where Alfred was born. He began writing while still a boy, mainly poems in imitation of Scott and Pope. He also collaborated with his brother Charles in the production of a book entitled "Poems by Two Brothers." While at Trinity College, Cambridge, he won the Chancellor's gold medal with a poem. His real poetic career, however, began when he was thirty-three years old, and from then on to the end of his long life his music never ceased to roll. His work is marked by faultless diction, by dainty felicity of phraseology, by a lofty moral sense, and by a courteous manner. He touched upon all the subjects of his day—religion, science, labor, women's rights, politics, machinery, and commerce. But whatever the subject, his touch is the same. The Tennyson we love is the one that we find in the mystic beauty of "Sir Galahad," in the

musical harmony of the lyrics, and in the romantic tales of the "Idylls of the King."

Teucer (tū'sēr). A famous archer of Greece and one of the heroes of the Trojan* War.

Thermopylæ (thēr mōp'ī lē) ("Hot Gates"). A narrow gatelike mountain pass noted as the place where Leonidas and three hundred Spartans withstood the Persian hordes until a traitor led the Persians across the hills to the rear of the Greeks. The pass is named from the hot springs found there.

Thiassi (thyà'sī). A goddess in Scandinavian mythology. She helped Loki* spirit away Iduna* and the apples by which the gods renewed their youth.

Thoreau (thō'rō), **Henry D.** An early American writer. He has been called "that strange haunter of the woods . . . ill at ease in the midst of conventionalities and at home in the wilderness, the preacher of a simpler and more unfettered life." He was born at Concord, Massachusetts, and educated at Harvard. After graduation he refused to learn from books, but chose rather nature and men. For a while he withdrew from society and lived in the woods, at Walden Pond, near Concord. He was by turns teacher, carpenter, lecturer, surveyor, and pencil-maker.

Thracians. Wild tribes that lived on the plains along the lower Danube. In song and story they are spoken of as uncivilized and cruel.

Tiber. The river that flows through Rome. In its rapid descent of the hills it gathers much mud, and hence is often referred to as "yellow."

Tinchel. A device formerly used in hunting deer in Scotland; the hunters formed a circle and moved slowly toward a central point, driving the game before them.

Troilus (trō'ī lus). A Trojan warrior, son of Priam, slain by Achilles.* He was prominent in medieval legend, and the hero of the drama "Troilus and Cressida," by Shakespeare.*

Trojan War. A war, a part of which is described in Homer's Iliad,* waged between Greece and Troy about eleven hundred years before Christ. The immediate purpose of the war was to avenge an injury done to the Greek prince Menelaus by the Trojan prince Paris, who eloped with Menelaus' wife, Helen. The war lasted ten years and ended with the destruction of Troy.

Trojans. The people of ancient Troy, which was destroyed by the Greeks in the Trojan* War. The expression "work (endure,

study, etc.) like a Trojan" refers to the endurance and determination of the Trojans in defending their city during the ten years' siege.

Trosachs (trōs'aks). A mountain region in the Highlands* of Scotland, noted for its wild, picturesque beauty.

Troubadour (trōō'bā dōōr). The troubadours were the poets and singers of southern France about the time of the Crusades.

Tullibardine (tūl'īlī bār dīn). The ancient seat of the Murray family, about twenty miles from Stirling.*

Twain, Mark. See "Mark* Twain."

Uam-Var (ōō'ā vār). A mountain region in the Highlands of Scotland. Its name comes from a large cavern (uam) in the side of the mountain, said to have been the abode of a giant.

Ulysses (ū līs'ēz) (Odysseus) (ō dīs'ūs). A Greek leader during the Trojan* War. He was noted for his craft, wisdom, and eloquence; the hero of the Odyssey, Ulysses is the typical Greek for wisdom, as Achilles is for prowess.

Unicorn. A fabled beast of old, said to have had but one large horn growing from the center of its forehead.

Vandals. Originally, one of the Germanic peoples living south of the Baltic between the Vistula and the Oder. In the fifth century they overran France, Spain, northern Africa, and northern Italy. In Rome they wantonly destroyed many monuments of art and literature. Hence anyone who willfully mars or destroys a beautiful thing is called a vandal.

Venus. In classical mythology, the goddess of love and beauty. She is also the goddess of fertility and of flowers. Her name is now a synonym for a very beautiful woman. She became identified with the Greek goddess, Aphrodite.

Vestals. In ancient Rome, a band of maidens who tended the fire on the altar of Vesta, the goddess of the hearth.

Vinci, Leonardo da (lā ō nār'dō dā vën'-chē). An Italian architect, engineer, scientist, and poet of the fifteenth century. His most famous painting is "The Last Supper," on the wall of the refectory in the monastery of Santa Maria delle Grazie, at Milan. Almost equally famous is his "Mona Lisa," the pride of the Louvre in Paris.

Washington, George. A famous American soldier and statesman, the first president of the United States. He was born in Virginia. He went to school until he was sixteen and

then became a surveyor. He held various military positions, including that of aide to General Braddock at the battle of Monongahela in 1755 (see "Braddock's* Army"). In 1759 he married Martha Custis and settled down as a farmer on his estate at Mount Vernon, in Virginia. During the War of Independence he was made commander in chief of the American forces. After the war he served two terms as president of the United States. He is noted for his justice, dignity, firmness, and good judgment. Both as a private citizen and as a public official he was, in the highest sense of the words, a gentleman and a man of honor. He is known as the Father of his Country.

Wellington, Duke of. A British general and statesman of the early part of the nineteenth century. He served with distinction in India. In 1808 he led a British army to assist the Spanish and the Portuguese against the French under Napoleon.* In 1815 he commanded the British army in the allied attack upon the armies of Napoleon at Waterloo.

Whig. A name for a long time applied to the liberal party in England. Originally "Whig" was a term of reproach.

White, Stewart Edward. An American traveler and story-writer. He was born at Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1873. He attended the University of Michigan. He has wandered to nearly all parts of the world by all sorts of unconventional ways. What he sees on his travels forms the material of his stories.

Wilson, Alexander. An American naturalist and poet. He was born in Scotland. He began to write poetry at an early age. He came to America and became intensely interested in the bird life of the new country. In America he became a school-teacher, but he continued to study birds, and in 1808 issued the first volume of his "American Ornithology." In his writings he combines the

imagination of a poet with the careful observation of a scientist.

Wolfe, Charles. A British clergyman, soldier, and poet of the early nineteenth century. His literary fame rests chiefly on one poem, "The Burial of Sir John Moore."

Wolfe, James. An English general, born in 1727 and killed at the Battle of Quebec, September 13, 1759. He took part in several campaigns, among them that against Charles Edward Stewart in 1745-1746. In 1759 he led a small force up the cliffs to the Heights of Abraham, above the city of Quebec, Canada, where he surprised and defeated the French under Montcalm.

Woodworth, Samuel. An American journalist and poet. He is remembered almost wholly for one song, "The Old Oaken Bucket."

Worcester (wōōs'tēr). During the summer of 1651 Charles Stewart (afterward Charles II of England) collected a large army of loyal Scots and invaded England. At Worcester he met the army of Cromwell, then Lord Protector, and was completely defeated. Barely escaping with his life, he wandered many days in great peril, on one occasion concealing himself among the branches of an oak tree. He finally got back to the Continent.

Zion. The hill in ancient Jerusalem on which stood the Jewish temple. It was the center of the Jewish religion and of the life of the nation. Thus the word "Zion" became a symbolical name for the heart of a faith or of a national spirit. In Scotland this center was the Covenant of 1638 (see "Scottish* Covenant"). In ancient Jewish story and legend King David is referred to as the sweet singer of Zion. Because of the frequent covenants that Jehovah made with them, the Jews might be referred to as a "covenanted" people. Hence the catechist in the sixteenth chapter of "Kidnapped" means that Colin Campbell is the same to the Scots as David was to the ancient Jews.

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